# SOVIET ASIA MISSION

HENRY A. SOVIET ASIA REYNAL

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**COLLECTION**

SOVIET ASIA MISSION

*OTHER BOOKS*
*BY* HENRY A. WALLACE

SIXTY MILLION JOBS
DEMOCRACY REBORN
THE CENTURY OF THE COMMON MAN
THE AMERICAN CHOICE
WHOSE CONSTITUTION?
NEW FRONTIERS

# SOVIET ASIA

with the collaboration of

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK

# MISSION

by
HENRY A. WALLACE

ANDREW J. STEIGER

PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

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*DEDICATED*
*TO THE MEMORY OF*
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

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HENRY A. WALLACE

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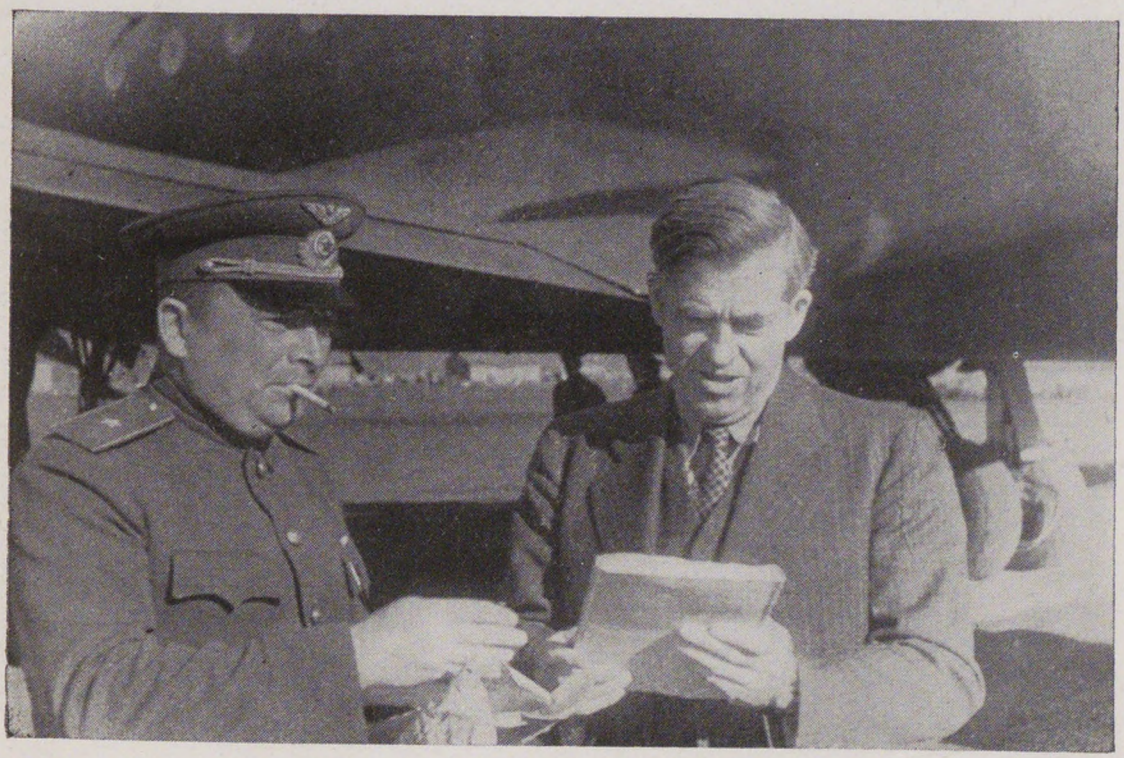
# ITINERARY

| CITY | MILEAGE | AIR-HOURS |
|---|---|---|
| Washington, D.C. *Departure—May 20, 1944* | | |
| Minneapolis | 945 | 5:05 |
| Edmonton, Canada | 1,090 | 5:37 |
| Whitehorse | 1,061 | 4:58 |
| Fairbanks, Alaska | 490 | 2:40 |
| Nome | 515 | 2:41 |
| *International Date Line—May 22–23* | | |
| Velkal, Siberia | 415 | 2:00 |
| Seimchan | 632 | 3:10 |
| Magadan | | |
| Bereliakh | *Side trip by air* | 1:30 |
| Seimchan | | |
| Yakutsk | 725 | 4:00 |
| Komsomolsk | *Side trip by air* | 4:10 |
| Yakutsk | 830 | 4:10 |
| Irkutsk | 1,168 | 5:15 |
| Ulan-Ude | 162 | 0:53 |
| Krasnoyarsk | 982 | 3:43 |
| Abakhan | | |
| Minusinsk | *Overnight by train and river boat* | |
| Shushenskoye Selo | | |
| Krasnoyarsk | | |
| Novo-Sibirsk | 403 | 2:30 |
| Semipalatinsk | 396 | 2:18 |

| CITY | MILEAGE | AIR-HOURS |
|---|---|---|
| Karaganda | | |
| Balkhash | *Side trip by air* | 2:00 |
| Semipalatinsk | | |
| Tashkent | 822 | 3:57 |
| Alma-Ata | 455 | 2:10 |
| *Cross Soviet boundary to China—June 18* | | |
| Tihwa, Sinkiang | | |
| Chungking | | |
| Lanchow | | |
| Ulan Bator, Outer Mongolia | | |
| *Cross Soviet boundary from Mongolia—July 4* | | |
| Chita, Siberia | | |
| Yakutsk | 910 | 4.10 |
| *International Date Line—July 5* | | |
| Fairbanks, Alaska | 2,510 | 10:20 |
| Norman Wells, Canada | 610 | 2:50 |
| Grand Prairie | | |
| Edmonton | | |
| Great Falls, Montana | | |
| Seattle, Washington | | |
| Washington, D.C. | *Return—July 10, 1944* | |
| *Total* | MILES 27,132 | HOURS 135:20 |

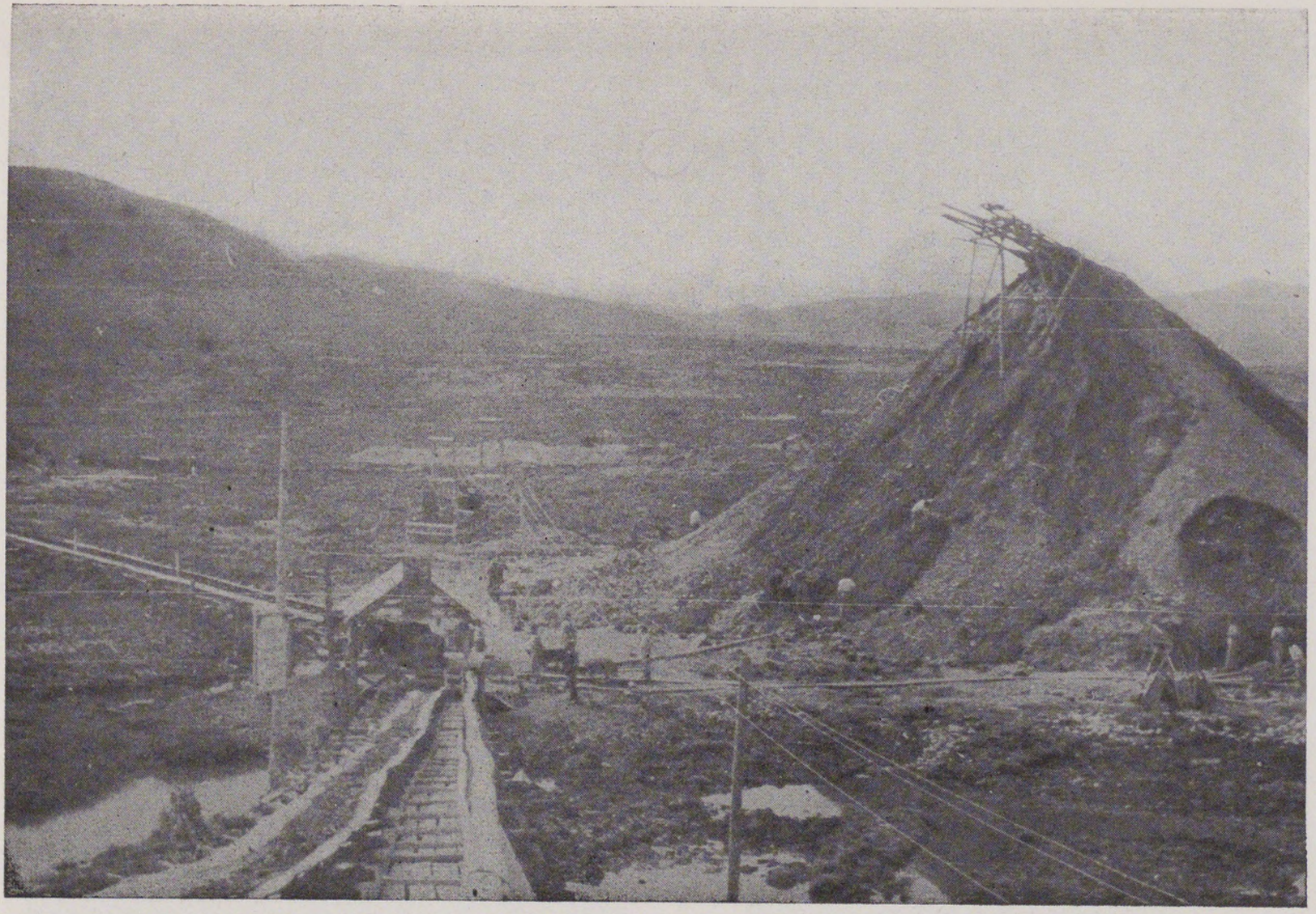
SOVIET ASIA MISSION

Under the Skymaster—members of the mission with Russian escorts.



With General Ilya S. Semeonov, commander of the Yakutsk military area.

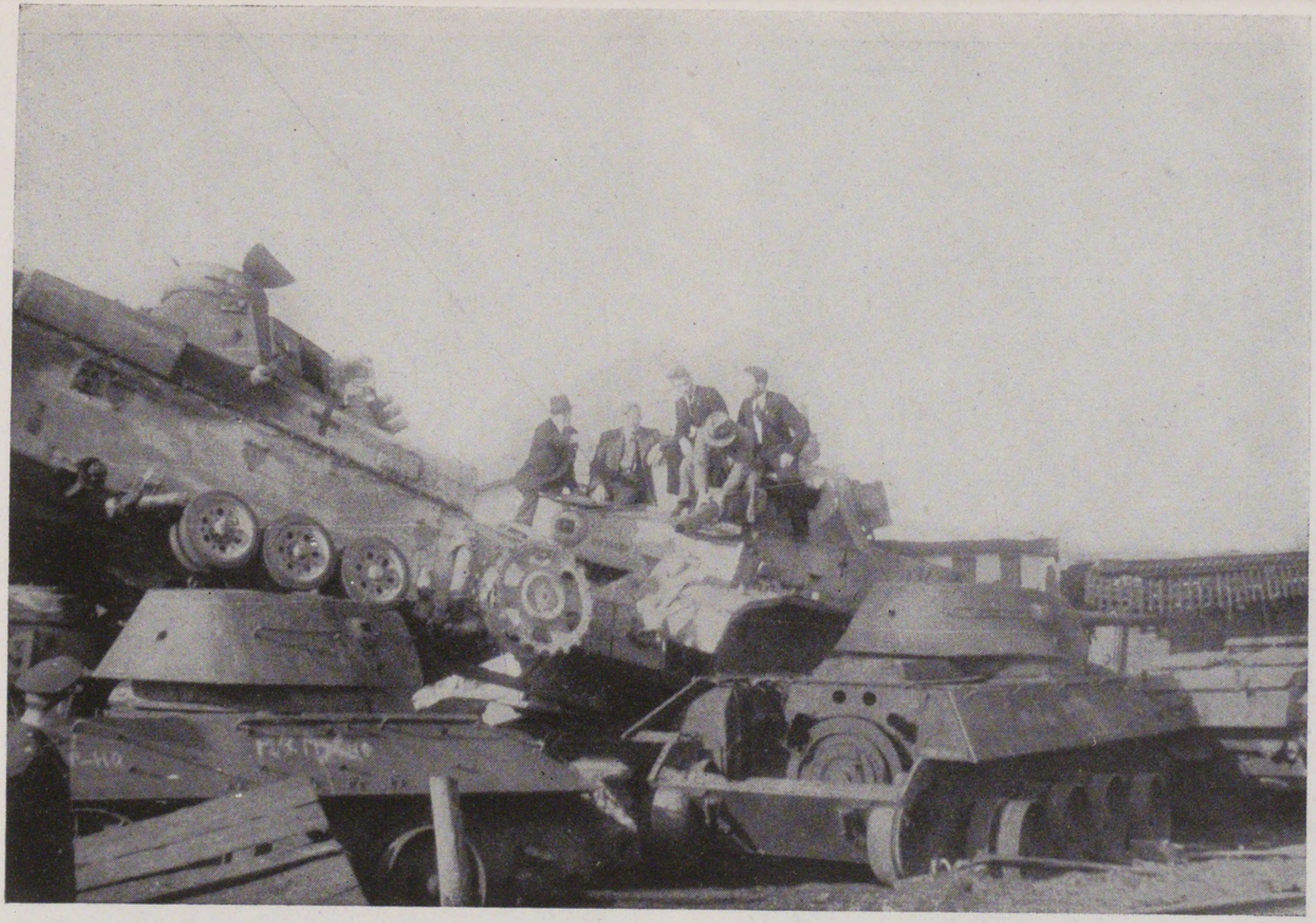
Members of the mission with Russian escorts on the steps of the Party Headquarters in Seimchan, northeast Siberia.



Placer gold mine in Kolyma field where gold is dug up and piled during the winter, washed during the summer.

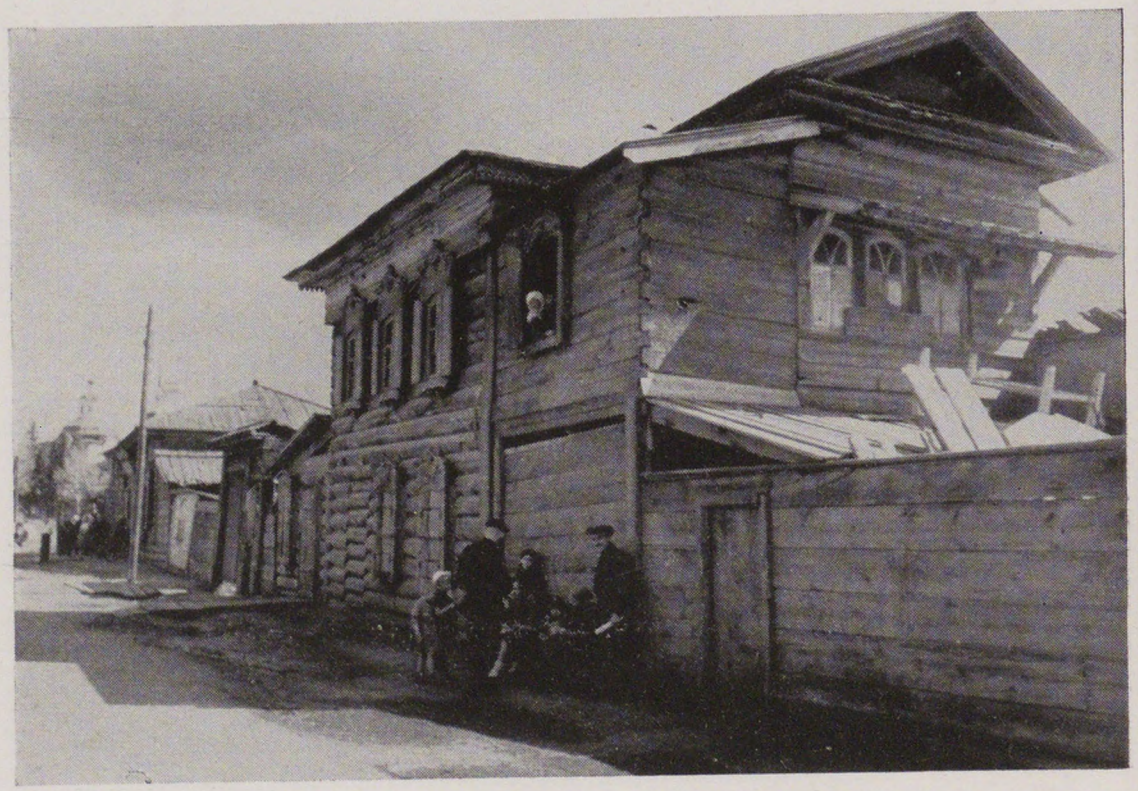
A hesitant handshake with the Russian miners at the Kolyma gold fields, north-east Siberia.

With Ivan Nikishov, Dalstroi's "boss," at Magadan.



Mountain range of scrap metal—war-wrecked German tanks at Komsomolsk, 8,000 miles east of Berlin where steel mills made armor plate for warships to use against Japan.

Rest house where we stayed at Irkutsk.



Village street in the Red Dawn collective farm, Irkutsk region.

Simmenthaler cattle are much used in Siberia.

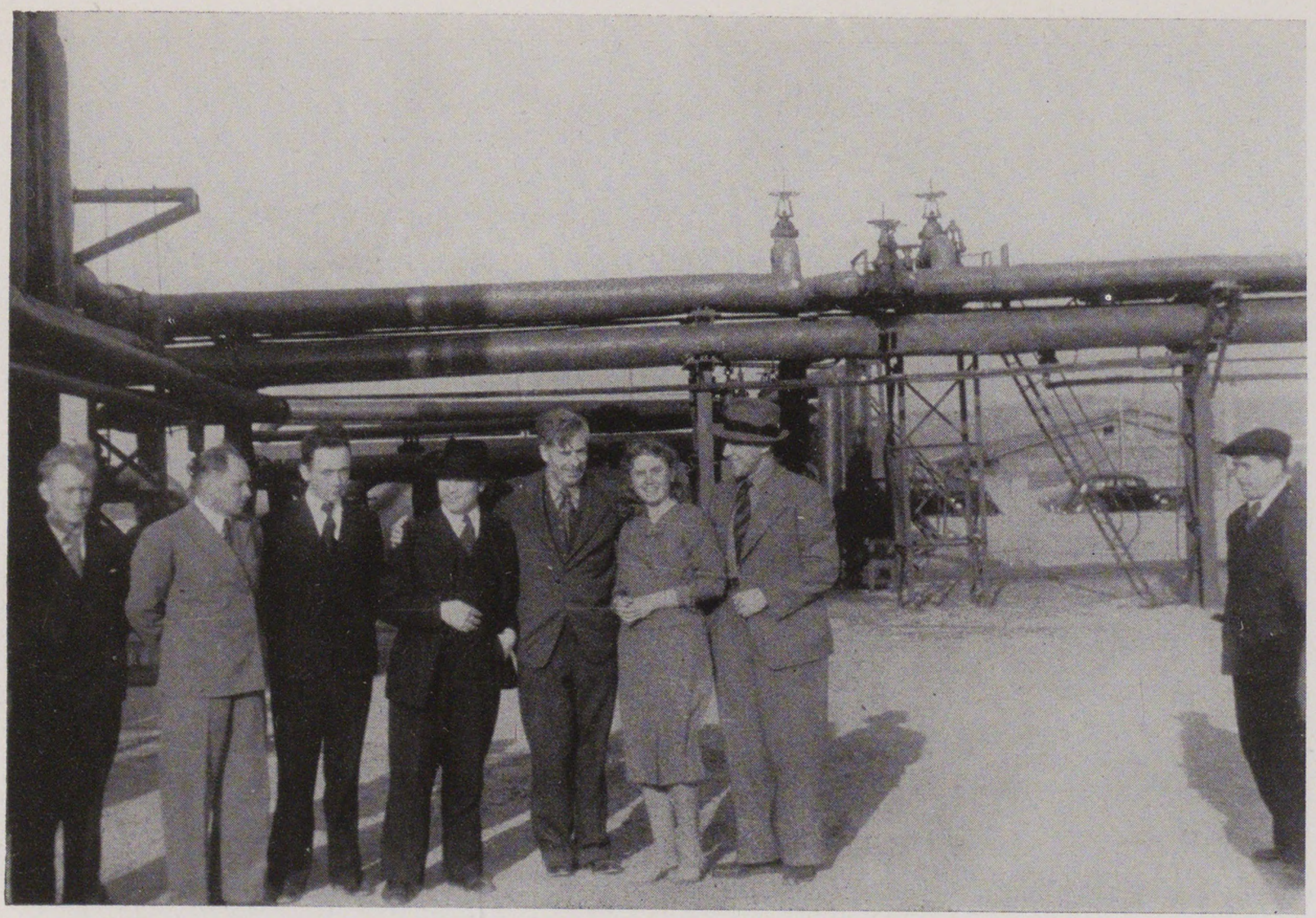
Siberian farmhouse, Red Dawn collective farm.

The House of Soviets in Ulan-Ude, capital of Buryat-Mongolia. Sovfoto

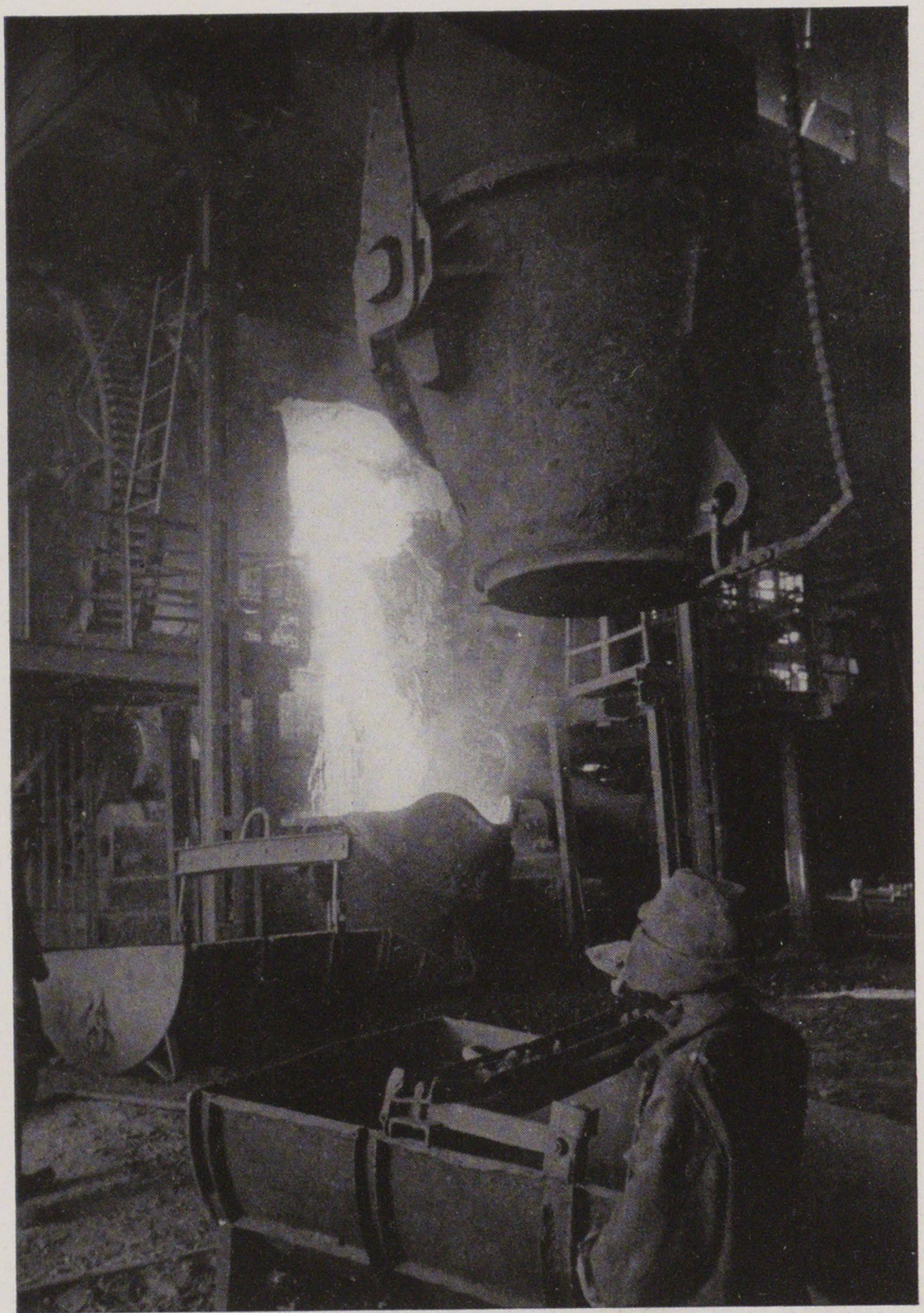
Russian woman doctor among the Buryats, at a collective farm near Ulan-Ude.

Stalin Square in Novosibirsk.

Sovfoto



With Anna Stepanovna Piribinus, mayor of Balkhash, at the copper-smelting town in the Kazakhstan desert.



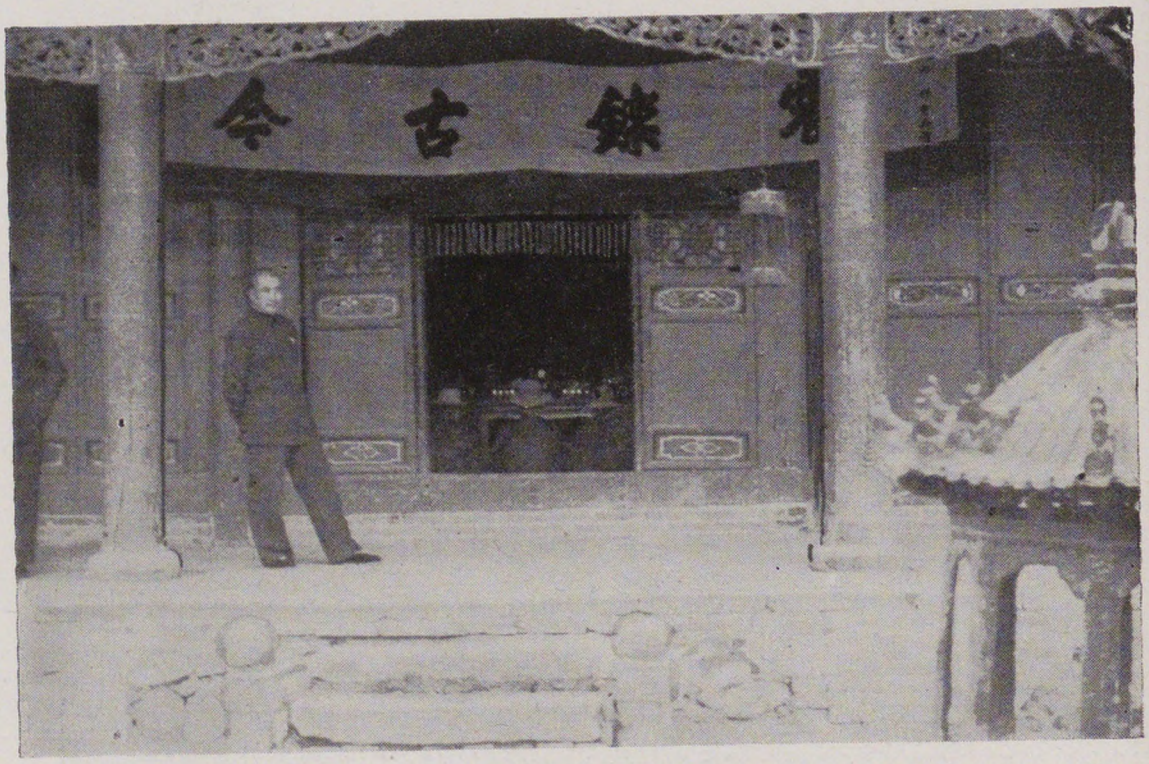
Sovfoto

Copper coming out of converters at the Balkhash copper-smelting plant (Kazakhstan).

Sovfoto

The building of the Council of People's Commissars of the Uzbek Republic in Tashkent.

At a nursery on a Russian collective farm.



The tomb of Genghis Khan, about forty miles north of Lanchow. Note guardians of the tomb kneeling inside doorway, and wearing modern fedoras.

Drinking the festive bowl of kumiss with Marshal Choibalsang, President of the Mongol People's Republic, at Ulan Bator.

Route of the mission.

# 1

# INTRODUCTORY

## *MESSENGER FOR THE PRESIDENT*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was always enormously interested in China. First as Secretary of Agriculture and later as Vice-President, I noticed again and again that China was one of his favorite nations. In the spring of 1944 he felt that the Chinese were divided among themselves and that the Japs were likely to capitalize on the situation with a successful military drive which could be very embarrassing. For all of these reasons he felt it desirable for me to go to China.

As we began to talk about details it became apparent that the President had much more than China in mind. He urged me to take Owen Lattimore with me, who, he said, was one of the world's great experts on the problems involving Chinese-Russian relationships. President Roosevelt had long been fascinated by the tribes which

for many hundreds of years have wandered back and forth across what is now known as the Russian-Chinese boundary. He wanted me as an agriculturist to observe how they lived on both sides of the boundary and to form some opinion as to how possible future causes of conflict between China and Russia might be minimized. He asked me specifically not to see the Chinese Communists because he thought that might belittle the importance of the special message which he asked me to convey to the Generalissimo.

President Roosevelt was always enormously interested in both geography and agriculture and he took great delight in helping me plan the details of my trip across Soviet Asia. It was he who in early May insisted that when I returned I make a speech in Seattle. He believed that the West Coast of the United States had an ever-growing future because of the rapidly expanding population in Soviet Asia and the rapid increase in the standard of living in China.

When I set out on this momentous journey to Soviet Asia and China I did not fully realize how far the President was looking ahead. He undoubtedly foresaw the significance of Manchuria when Japan was defeated. He had already planned with the Russians that they should have access to Dairen but that the Chinese should have Manchuria. I suspect the reason he wanted me to spend so much of my time on this borderline area between China and Russia was because of my agricultural training. He knew I could see economic causes of misunderstanding which might arise out of the handling of the soil and the livestock. This book is a simple narrative of what I saw.

While in Soviet Asia, my mission conveyed messages to the Russians emphasizing the desire of the American people for continued collaboration both in the war and in the peace to follow. These messages are all published in full in the chapter of this book entitled "What I Told the Russians." In another chapter, "The Sino-Soviet Frontier, War or Peace?", the reader will also find the joint Chinese-American statement on Pacific policy issued in Chungking after my conversation there with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. This joint statement was in line with Roosevelt's global strategy. It helped clear the road for August, 1945, when Russia not only entered the war against Japan but did so at a time when the Chinese Foreign Minister, T. V. Soong, was in Moscow engaged in Sino-Russian talks that resulted in the new thirty-year treaty of friendship.

"With the Soviet Union's declaration of war against Japan on August 8, 1945," the Chinese Government declared, "the only gap left in the Asiatic theater, in these last stages of the global war against aggression, now ceases to exist." The closing of that gap in the Pacific front marked the completion of one phase in Roosevelt's long-range program for world security, a phase of which my mission to Chungking in 1944 was a vital part.

## *EASTERN ASIA IN PROSPECT*

World security on the basis of broader understanding was the long-term purpose of my mission to Eastern Asia, where I visited Siberia, Central Asia, China, Outer Mongolia, and the Soviet Far East. My immediate aim was to conduct a firsthand survey en route and get the elemental

facts requisite to any fundamental understanding. We saw spots in northeastern Siberia in which no American had set foot during this century, and were able to visit Siberian villages where no American mission of comparable standing had ever been during the history of our republic. As I suggested when I left:

"It is with great anticipation that I approach the Siberian experience. This country embraces one-eighth of all the land in the world. Under the Czars, it barely supported less people than the State of Pennsylvania, one one-hundredth of its size. A scant twenty-five years have passed. Over 40,000,000 people have taken the place of the 7,000,000—mostly convicts—who miserably existed there under Imperial Russia. So the detractors of Russia must pause before the fact of Soviet Asia of today.

"Soviet Asia, in American terms, may be called the wild West of Russia. America after the Civil War developed her wild West, pushing triumphantly to the Pacific and creating what Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, and Denver mean today. The Soviet-Asian cities of Novo-Sibirsk, Tashkent, Krasnoyarsk, Irkutsk, Semipalatinsk, and Alma-Ata are as well known in Moscow and Leningrad as American West Coast cities are known in Washington and New York.

"I shall see these cities, I shall feel the grandeur that comes when men wisely work with nature. Upon my return I hope to contribute something to America's understanding of today's Asia, as well as detailed information for the President."

We did visit not only every Soviet-Asian city named above but quite a few others besides.

In getting at the roots of wide-ranging American-

Russian problems in Eastern Asia, I was assisted by expert interpreters who accompanied me. They were, in addition to Mr. Lattimore: Mr. John Hazard, chief liaison officer, Division for Soviet Supply, Foreign Economic Administration; and Mr. John Carter Vincent, chief of the Division of Chinese Affairs, State Department (now head of the Office of Far Eastern Affairs).

I did not find the people of Soviet Asia difficult to understand, and I met persons in every walk of life, including many native Asiatics of non-Russian stock. All of them, it seemed to me, were people of plain living and robust minds, not unlike our farming people in the United States. Much that is misinterpreted here as "Russian distrust" can be written off as the natural cautiousness of farm-bred people. This does not mean that the towns are not growing rapidly in Soviet Asia; they are growing very fast indeed. It does mean, however, that beneath the ideological talk, the diplomatic protocol, the new urban culture, one catches glimpses of the sound, wary rural mind. This is not unexpected when you consider that, of Soviet Asia's 40,000,000 inhabitants in 1939, more than two-thirds lived in the rural areas. During my four weeks' stay in that country I spent considerable time talking with the farmers and looking over their experimental farms.

In keeping with its good-will character, my journey was an endeavor to promote the interchange of vital information essential to guide our state policy. We were not unsuccessful in that effort. In the long run germs of information mutually shared are like seeds. They grow with time. The exchange of seeds is not a trivial matter. A few seeded laurel sprigs were once scattered on the

Central American coast by the shipwreck of a vessel sailing from India. From them spread the laurels of innumerable Mexican plazas. The selected American seeds that I gave to the farmers of Eastern Asia will also grow. And the East Asian seeds that I brought back to Alaska and the United States will likewise flourish. The plants from these seeds can in both countries stand as symbols of growing understanding.

A broad basis of mutual understanding can nurture infinitely varied forms of collaboration, and in doing so grow ever stronger. The wartime Allied collaboration saw staggering totals of lend-lease goods shipped to the far corners of the world, including Soviet Asia. A basis was thus laid for expanded postwar world trade. The wartime exchange of seeds carried out by my mission in Siberia can become the basis for postwar agricultural conferences and exchange of scientific knowledge. In the common global war against aggression, we opened new avenues for air travel spanning the continents and oceans of the planet. The Great Circle airways opened to Europe and to the Orient will become the world's peacetime highways. All this is possible in a world made secure against war, and greater prospects will arise as we travel forward along the road to mutual understanding.

In going to and coming home from East Asia, we flew through the new airline gateway via the northwest, using a large comfortable transport, the Skymaster. Within a not-too-distant future, businessmen and tourists will be flying this new highway to China, India, Central Asia, and Moscow.

This report of our journey can serve as a preview of what the future traveler will find in the vast country of

Soviet Asia, where during our four weeks' stay we visited twenty urban centers. We averaged about 200 miles an hour, rarely spending more than four hours in the air between stops—the normal train time between Washington and New York.

During our fifty-day journey we spent most of the time on the ground conducting the essential business of the mission. The physical business of moving from place to place was as simple as getting on and off a Washington streetcar, motorbus, or taxicab. We did most of our flying between breakfast and lunch. Taking off early in the morning, we would usually fly about 800 miles and arrive at the next town with almost the whole day before us in which to meet people, visit factories and farms, enjoy the evening's entertainment. Sometimes we did business in three towns on the same day. If measured in terms of the air-travel day, the world of space at our command has seen astonishing expansion. Each day brought experiences in bewildering variety.

The Skymaster's crew were top-flight men of the A.T.C. (United States Army Air Transport Command) which in 1945 with a fleet of 2,000 transport planes was flying all over the world at the rate of 2,000,000 miles every 24-hour day. An average day in 1944, the year of our flight, saw A.T.C. planes crossing the Atlantic at the rate of one every twenty-two minutes, or flying the Himalayan Hump into free China every ten minutes, or winging out across the Pacific every hour and forty-two minutes. It was not uncommon for A.T.C. airmen to do business in two or three countries on different continents in the same day.

The airmen who commanded our Skymaster plane

were members of a special A.T.C. squadron, the 503rd A.A.F. unit. One of this unit's first assignments was to carry the Harriman-Hopkins Mission, sent by President Roosevelt, to Moscow in September, 1941, shortly after the Hitlerite invasion of Soviet Russia. Airmen from the same squadron carried Wendell Willkie on his *One World* flight the following year, to Moscow and around the globe. The flight commander of the *Gulliver,* in which Willkie flew, was Colonel Richard T. (Dick) Kight, also commander of the Skymaster in which our mission flew to Soviet Asia. Most of our airmen had also been in the crew of the *Gulliver,* which took Willkie's party twice across the equator.* With our mission in Soviet Asia, the A.T.C. men did not fly south of the twenty-fifth parallel, and spent most of their flying hours near the Arctic Circle.

* The flight personnel of our mission were: Captain John Wagner, a navigator of uncanny skill; co-pilot William G. Golkowske, who had flown the Himalayan Hump prior to the Soviet Asian mission; radio operator Richard J. Barrett, who was a wizard at decoding weather reports; steward Roderick W. Robitaille, who kept strict account of the varied baggage carried by the twenty-six-ton Skymaster; flight engineer James M. Cooper, a canny Scotsman who seemed to have a chuckle for every turn of the engine; assistant flight engineer Victor P. Minkoff, who had learned Russian from his parents in Philadelphia, and was an invaluable interpreter between our airmen and the Russians.

Captain Kennith Knowles was military observer and my personal secretary.

# 2

# GREAT CIRCLE, MINNEAPOLIS – IRKUTSK

*ON THE NEW ROAD TO ASIA*

THE SKYMASTER with our mission aboard took off from Washington, circled the National Airport, and headed northwest. Its nose was beamed on Irkutsk, nearly 7,000 miles away, on the other side of the planet in Siberia. Had we flown nonstop, thirty hours' flight would have brought us to our destination in East Asia. Instead we arrived at Irkutsk after ten days en route, during which we made eleven stops.

In our outbound flight to the Orient we visited Edmonton in Canada, Fairbanks in Alaska, and Yakutsk in Siberia—all key air centers on the Alsib air ferry. This overland airway crosses water only at the narrow Bering Strait, where our northwestern border meets the north-

eastern boundary of Soviet Russia. This highway of the future skirts the Arctic Circle, and crosses meridians of longitude at the rate of one every thirty miles, compared to one every sixty miles at home.

During most of the ten days' travel to Irkutsk we were a thousand and more miles north of the nearest railheads. Striking northwest in America and southwest in Asia, we intersected the great coast-to-coast transcontinental railways at Minneapolis, Edmonton, and Irkutsk.* Our Great Circle flight course between Minneapolis and Irkutsk was not an arc but a straight line over the top of the world, the shortest distance between continental United States and continental Soviet Asia. The opening of this new Alsib road to Asia was an outstanding wartime achievement of American-Russian collaboration, of great significance for the future of global travel.

Our first stop was Minneapolis, five hours out of Washington. We landed to refuel, and within a half-hour were again in the air flying over North Dakota farmland toward Canada. The Skymaster is a fine spacious ship. Her trim lines call to mind those sailing clippers, the pride of New England shipbuilders, that went south to the Pacific, rounding Cape Horn, in the California gold rush of '49 and in the long sea voyages of the China tea trade.

* These inland cities have long been linked by rail to ports on opposite shores of the Pacific Ocean. The seaports, Seattle and Vladivostok are more than 5,000 miles apart. Formerly the inland cities on both continents communicated only by railway to the Pacific coast and then by ship overseas.

When it is viewed from these old horizons of travel across the breadth of the ocean, the new Alsib airline is like a rainbow in the North Pacific; its zenith at Bering Strait, one foot in Irkutsk, the other in Minneapolis.

Asia was then a half-year's journey from our Atlantic ports.

We crossed the midcontinental boundary flying northwest into Canada. In the south behind us the United States stretched from ocean to ocean, her aircraft plants between New York and California busy turning out the hundred thousand warplanes that spelled victory for Allied air power. Direct from inland factories, they were flown northeast to Britain, northwest to Russia, for war against Hitler Germany.

At Edmonton we stopped overnight. I was the guest of the commanding general, I. Dale Gaffney, who told me about our unpreparedness in Alaska for the war against Japan. In his opinion, the Japs could have taken Seward. "We had no cruisers up there," he said. "The Army High Command was convinced the Japs would not strike at Alaska." So it happened that we had guns at Pearl Harbor but none at Dutch Harbor. We have learned our lesson. North Pacific defenses on the shortest route to Asia are of key importance in the age of air power.

General Gaffney is strong for the North, preferring life there to service in the tropics. "This Northwest Territory," he said, "has immense opportunities for development. It is rich in oil, coal, gold, precious radium." The deep black soil of that country is marvelous and offers great possibilities for dairy and grain farming. Though Edmonton is about 2,000 miles nearer the North Pole than Washington, I found that Gaffney's tomato plants were bigger than mine at home.

We took off early for Fairbanks, leaving behind Edmonton, the last big railway junction till we hit Irkutsk. We rose through the overcast sky into the clear morning

sunlight, heading northwest. When the clouds cleared below, we were over the Alcan, or Alaska-Canadian highway, which is the war-built supply road that services the string of airfields along the new northwestern airway.

Before the Alcan highway was built, Alaska was like an island, reached only by plane or boat. Today an eighty-hour ride by truck or bus will take you from Edmonton to the heart of the Alaskan peninsula. A telephone-telegraph line has been strung to Fairbanks, where officials can now put through phone calls to Washington. In addition to the road and wire service, we put through the Canol (Canadian Oil) pipe line, which runs 550 miles from Norman Wells, near the Arctic Circle, southwest to Whitehorse, on the Pacific coast.

At Whitehorse we came down to refuel, and from a distance saw the Canol refinery, producer of aviation fuel for northern airways. Within a half-hour we were again flying northwest, with vistas of snow-capped mountains ahead. Although it was the month of May, the weather was nasty. Over the mountains we were rocked in a snowstorm, and at Fairbanks came down in a shower of rain. The commanding officer, Colonel Russel Keillor, from Michigan, met us at the airport and escorted us to his home for dinner.

In the evening we called at the University of Alaska to meet President Bunnel and Dean Gasser, both of whom believe Alaska has a big future. "Alaska," they told us, "can be the homeland of a million citizens, instead of the few tens of thousands who are now permanent residents. And enough home-grown produce can be obtained to feed them."

As they see it, mining will be the backbone of Alaska's

economy, with farming developed to support the miners. The country is rich in minerals. Right near Fairbanks are lignite coal deposits of 10,000,000,000 tons and one of the world's largest placer gold mines. Besides, there are tin, iron, platinum, tungsten, copper, and oil reserves in Alaska, and the vast forests have untapped resources of newsprint wood pulp.

The money made in Alaskan salmon fisheries is counted in nine figures—hundreds of millions. But this northern frontier country has something else—rainbow trout, seven- to ten-pounders. The local people believe that Alaska will have a big postwar tourist, hunting, and fishing trade which will bring in more money eventually than mining. Already plans are being made to accommodate the influx of vacationers.

Fairbanks is destined to be one of the world's great strategic airports; it is already mentioned as the terminus for a direct airway across the North Pole to Moscow. It seemed strange, therefore, to find husky dog kennels near the airport. The sledge and dog team, the Arctic's oldest form of travel, adopted from the Eskimos, is still flourishing in the air age. The dogs do sixty miles a day with their sledges of birch or hickory. They are sent to rescue airmen stranded by a crash; five such relief sorties were made the previous winter.

At Ladd Field, the great United States Army air base in Fairbanks, up to the summer of 1944, more than 6,000 warplanes had been transferred through lend-lease to Russian pilots, who flew them across Siberia to the Russo-German war front in Europe. "The Russian ferry pilots are very well behaved," said Colonel Keillor. "I'd be proud to pick a bunch of Americans equally good and

capable in behavior in a foreign country." They had their own barracks near Ladd Field. We could hear them singing folk songs in the evening when we retired at 9:30 P.M., in daylight. It was light when we arose at 4 A.M.

To fly from Alaska through the new gateway to the Orient is relatively simple provided the Russians cooperate in weather service, landing fields, and gasoline supply.

While preparing to enter Soviet Asia, I recalled a conversation I had had with Foreign Minister Molotov in Washington the year before. Thinking of the unemployment and misery that might so easily follow the war, I spoke of the need for productive public works programs that would stir the imagination of all peoples in the world, and suggested as a starter a combined highway and airway from southern South America across the United States, Canada, and Alaska, into Siberia and on to Europe, with feeder highways and airways into China, India, and the Middle East. Molotov's first reaction was: "No nation can do it by itself." Then he said: "You and I will live to see the day."

In going out from Fairbanks to cross the air bridge over Bering Strait, we were forced down by a flurry of bad weather at Nome, Alaska, and I had a chance to talk with General Jones, the post commander. Like Colonel Keillor, he is keen about the Russians.

Before our mission left Alaska, I told the members that the main purpose of this trip was to enhance the friendly relations between our country and the lands we were to visit. I warned each of them against making any effort to gain information of a military nature, especially in Soviet

Russia, as this might cast an unfavorable light on the mission and defeat its purpose.

## *THE FIRST DAYS IN SOVIET ASIA*

We arrived in Soviet Asia at Velkal, on Asia's northeastern coast, across Bering Strait from Nome. Although it had been Monday noon when we left Nome two hours before, we arrived at Velkal early enough on Tuesday to have lunch. We had crossed the International Date Line. At Nome we had been eight hours behind Washington. At Velkal we were sixteen hours ahead of Washington time. The day was May 23, our third away from home.

Snow in late May is unusual for us who live in the temperate zone. But on coming down at Velkal in the frigid zone we saw snowdrifts along the landing field. On getting out of the plane, John Hazard preceded me to act as interpreter in our meeting with the Russians. I met Major General Ilya Sergeyevich Semeonov, commander of the Yakutsk military area extending from Lake Baikal to the Arctic Ocean. Other Soviet officials had come from Moscow to welcome and accompany us.

General Semeonov, a short man with a good-natured face, was very proud of Velkal. "Just four years old," he said, "and look at it." In a sweeping gesture, he pointed to about thirty-five log and frame cabins—an airport briefing building, a radio-weather station, a hospital, and dwellings. "All were built," he added, "to help speed lend-lease planes on their way."

After an elaborate luncheon we again took off, flying southwest toward Seimchan, 800 miles away. We soon passed over the old river town of Anadyr, and later flew

near the new air base of Markovo; both settlements were obscured by cloud. During the entire three-hour flight we saw no habitations, and looked down upon a treeless landscape lightly covered with snow, changing to bush forests as we neared Seimchan. We had crossed the Siberian tundra, in Asia's Far Northeast, where the terrain resembles the moss-grown barren lands and bush country of the American Far North.

When we arrived at Seimchan, it was the early evening of our first day in Soviet Asia. We were put up for the night at the airport hotel. On the walls of the large pleasant room assigned to me were Soviet Oriental rugs. An official banquet of welcome was arranged for us. The master of ceremonies was a Georgian, Sergei Arsenevich Goglidze, an intimate friend of Marshal Stalin. He is president of the Executive Committee of Khabarovsk Territory, under which this Far Northern area is governed, and he had flown up 1,500 miles from the Amur River region to greet us.

At 11:30 P.M. the banquet broke up and we retired, in daylight. I awoke at 3 A.M. and it was bright daylight. Later in the morning we looked over the town of Seimchan. In the woods nearby I saw some blue pasque flowers, and had to remind myself that we were in northeast Siberia, far from South Dakota where the American pasque flower is the state flower. I had to pinch myself again when, on entering the local warehouse, we found Penick & Ford corn oil from Cedar Rapids and Pillsbury enriched flour from Minneapolis. The food had been transferred under lend-lease. The infants in the town's nursery were like toddlers everywhere. In the Party *Kabinet,* or headquarters, the atmosphere was emphatically

Soviet; on the walls were portraits of Lenin, Stalin, and other Soviet leaders. We got a touch of the real Russian fighting spirit watching a film about the siege of Leningrad.

Throughout the Soviet Far East, we were accompanied by General Semeonov and Sergei Goglidze, with whom we became well acquainted. It was through their efforts that we were enabled to make interesting side trips—the first from Seimchan to Magadan, the second from Yakutsk to Komsomolsk.

Had we proceeded directly southwest from Seimchan along the Alsib, our next stop would have been Yakutsk. Instead, at our request, we were flown from Seimchan south by Russian pilots to the new city of Magadan and the mining center of Bereliakh. In the 200-mile flight south we rose 13,000 feet to clear high scenic mountains, the watershed of the north-flowing Kolyma River, and emerged on the coast of the Okhotsk Sea, an arm of the North Pacific Ocean west of Kamchatka. This sea might be compared to the Gulf of Alaska, with Magadan and its quayside suburb of Nagayevo the Siberian equivalents of Alaska's Seward and Anchorage.

At Magadan I met Ivan Feodorovich Nikishov, a Russian, director of *Dalstroi* (the Far Northern Construction Trust), which is a combination TVA and Hudson's Bay Company. On display in his office were samples of the ore-bearing rocks in this region; gold, lead, coal, tin, molybdenum, and radioactive rare elements are among its mineral resources. Nikishov waxed enthusiastic, and Goglidze commented jestingly: "He runs everything around here. With *Dalstroi's* resources at his command, he's a millionaire." "We had to dig hard to get

this place going," said Nikishov. "Twelve years ago the first settlers arrived and put up eight prefabricated houses. Today Magadan has 40,000 inhabitants and all are well housed."

That evening, with Ivan Nikishov as host, we saw a showing of the American film *North Star,* which was then the rage in the Soviet Union. Its Hollywood version of life on a Soviet collective farm seemed to amuse the Russians a great deal, although they were warmly appreciative of its friendly spirit. "It's marvelous that Americans would produce such a picture about us," said Mrs. Nikishov. In making this film, Hollywood built an entire village only to demolish it. Magadan is not such a synthetic town. It has solid underpinnings.

The harbor is beautiful, with docks to berth three ships at once. Offshore was the *North Wind* icebreaker, an American-built vessel transferred under lend-lease and used to keep the sea open for winter shipping. Many lend-lease goods were stored at this port in extensive warehouses, including some Studebaker trucks, under tarpaulins. "They will be used on the Kolyma Road," said Nikishov. This all-weather 350-mile highway runs north from the port over the mountains to Bereliakh. It explains Magadan's biggest industry, the motor-vehicle repair and assembly plant that services a fleet of 1,800 trucks, for the most part Russian-made. The plant has a complete set of machine tools, and is able to make on the spot many spare parts such as we might order from Detroit.

We were flown north along the Kolyma Road to Bereliakh, where we saw two placer gold mines. The enterprise displayed here was impressive. Development was much more energetic than at Fairbanks, although condi-

tions were more difficult at Bereliakh. Gold, coal, and lead mining are the explanation of nearly everything in the Kolyma region, where there are now about 300,000 persons in the community. More than 1,000 mines are in operation, it was said.

We went for a walk in the *taiga,* as the northern evergreen forests, common to the north of America and Asia, are called in Siberia. The larch were just putting out their first leaves, and Nikishov gamboled about, enjoying the wonderful air immensely. The wooded valley looked marvelous, with snow-covered mountains thirty miles away in every direction. "This region," said Nikishov, "might someday be called the Urals of the Pacific."

The Kolyma gold miners are big, husky young men, who came out to the Far East from European Russia. I spoke with some of them. They were keen about winning the war. "We wrote to Stalin asking to be sent to the front," their spokesman said, "but Stalin replied that we were needed more right here." Stalin had made gold mining a preferred war industry, we learned, and had frozen the men in it. Ivan Nikishov had tremendous faith in the future of gold and thought Soviet Russia must have lots of it. The major powers—the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., and Great Britain—by supporting the gold standard as the foundation for world currency, have stimulated gold production everywhere, down in South Africa, up in Alaska, and in Siberia.

We were surprised to find the Kolyma gold miners wearing United States rubber boots, because our lend-lease policy had always denied anything requested for gold mining anywhere in the world, including Soviet Russia. "They were bought for cash in the early days of

the war," Nikishov explained. The miners asked me to take back a message of solidarity to the people of the United States. Their trade union leader, N. I. Adagin, sent his best regards to Sidney Hillman and Philip Murray.

An evening entertainment by local talent concluded our two-day stay at Magadan—a ballet by the Poltava Troupe, evacuated to this place from the Ukraine, and music by a strictly local professional orchestra. The wind-up was a concert by a nonprofessional Red Army choir of service men stationed in the town. I don't think I have ever seen anything better put on by the talent of a single city.

We flew back to Seimchan, which like Velkal is on the main Alsib airway. Like Bereliakh, Seimchan is a mining town on the Kolyma River, down which much of the mine output is shipped in summer; and like Magadan, it is a new town, founded in 1936. A hangar was going up to accommodate twin-engine planes. "*Dalstroi* has a fleet of transport aircraft," Nikishov told us, adding: "We could not do business without them."

The pilot on our side trip was a famous Russian air ace, Colonel (now General) Ilya Pavlovich Mazuruk, who in 1937 flew one of the four planes that landed Russian explorers on the ice at the North Pole. For this feat Mazuruk was awarded the title "Hero of the Soviet Union." He has won other distinguished awards, one for service on the Alsib ferry route. Ilya Mazuruk struck up a close friendship with Colonel Richard T. Kight, pilot of our Skymaster. At a banquet in Magadan they sat together and Mazuruk proposed a toast "to the two colonels" and to the airplane company they might form to link our two countries after the war. "May it be called the Polar Bear

Airways, Inc.," he added. Thereafter his toast became a recurrent refrain, voicing our common hopes for the future.

### *YAKUTSK, ARCTIC AIR TERMINAL*

In our own plane, with Colonel Kight at the controls, we took off from Seimchan and flew southwest to Yakutsk, Siberia's equivalent of Fairbanks on the Alsib line. Today Yakutsk is still a provincial town of 50,000 people, but it is certain to become one of the world's great airports.

This town is the place that made such a deep impression on Wendell Willkie because of its large library and the unique way in which the Russians have learned to co-operate with the natives. We were no less impressed for the same and additional reasons. We visited the now famous technical library. It has 500,000 volumes, the director told us. He is a Yakut, or local native of Asiatic stock. The city book fund had increased by more than 100,000 since Willkie's visit, and the director explained: "One copy of every book published in the Soviet Union is sent here, as required by law." The library has 20,000 titles in foreign languages.

Most of the patrons seemed to be Yakuts, and there is a growing literature in their native language. Yakutsk is a bilingual town. The local newspaper is published simultaneously in Yakut and Russian, both editions being identical in content. Radio broadcasts are in both Russian and Yakut, as are all street signs. There are two theaters—one native, the other Russian. At the public school we visited, a Russian teacher and a Yakut teacher sat

side by side conducting a cross-examination in grammar. The Yakut language, Owen Lattimore said, is related to the Turkish, an indication of Central Asian origin.

At the Russian theater in the evening, we saw a light opera staged by a Leningrad troupe of war refugees. A thousand people packed the small hall where the show was running four nights weekly. Between acts the public promenaded by twos and threes, arm in arm, just as they do in Moscow, just as they have always done everywhere in Russia and Siberia. I was introduced to a girl who said in English: "Glad to meet you. Yes, I'm a war refugee, from Moscow. An English teacher." In her local class were twenty-six Russians and only two Yakuts. "But," she said, "the Yakuts pick up English more easily than the Russians because they have had experience learning one foreign language."

When our party left the theater to go to our hotel, it was 12:30 A.M., but the day was already dawning. Yakutsk is on the 62nd parallel north, and its unpainted log cabins gleamed eerily in the early shafts of polar sunlight. We surveyed the town; not a two-story house anywhere in sight.

Yakutsk is one of Siberia's oldest towns, founded only a few years after the landing of the Pilgrims in New England in 1620. Though Magadan in 1944 was but eleven years old, most of its buildings rise above the ground floor, some being imposing structures of five or six stories. Both towns are in the zone of what is known as permafrost, a zone corresponding roughly with the frigid-temperature belt in the north of Asia and America. In this zone of permafrost the muskeg topsoil thaws in summer to depths of one or two feet, but the subsoil remains

permanently frozen to hundreds of feet below. At Yakutsk the permafrost strata are 600 feet deep, and wells have been drilled over 300 feet underground without getting to water. Yakutsk rests on a bedrock of frozen soil. So do Magadan, Seimchan, Velkal—all the settlements in this north country.

Ground with permafrost strata can be a firm foundation only when insulation methods are employed to keep the foundation on permanently frozen soil. Otherwise the heat and weight of a superimposed building cause it to settle into the thawing soil on which it rests, and the walls sag or collapse beyond repair. Such insulation methods are now used by modern town builders in the north. At Magadan we stayed overnight in what the Russians said was the first tall stone or brick building ever erected on permafrost.* The genius of man working

* The method used at Magadan was to dig the foundation down to the level of freezing, remove the top layer of frozen soil, put in supports, and then insulate the supports from the building. In this way the heat from the building is prevented from thawing too much of the permafrost. The finished building settles about nine inches and then remains firm. We found no signs of uneven settling in telltale cracking of the plaster or interior walls. There were inside toilets like those in old New England homes in the United States. Magadan's many-storied buildings are of brick and stone, contrasting with the old-fashioned log cabins typical of Siberia. In Yakutsk the sewage system is of the outhouse variety. All houses have double windows.

The main street in Yakutsk is paved with what appear to be round stumps cut off, but which are actually one-foot sections of larch logs set upright on gravel tamped into the permafrost.

This paving resembled the system used to construct the landing field at Velkal, where the airdrome is built of 2x4's with the narrow side up and with the two-inch spaces between the 2x4's filled with gravel. At Seimchan earth had to be shipped north from outside to build the runway. Concrete could not be used because of the permafrost.

The Russians do not consider the permafrost problem as licked. Heavy-duty railway construction in the Kolyma area is considered impractical, after an experience with a narrow-gauge logging road proved disappointing.

wisely with nature fixed Magadan's skyline several stories above the ground. In 1933, the year Magadan was founded, of all the 1,400 houses in Yakutsk, only four rose above the first floor. One of the two-story houses in Yakutsk is the government office building, a prominent structure. The town's one-story skyline of wood construction is the natural thing in a pioneer land of permafrost.

Permafrost has its advantages in a country like Yakutia (the Soviet state of which Yakutsk is capital), where the summer is dry. Dust Bowl conditions would prevail but for the thaw water that finds no outlet underground and saturates the topsoil in which grow the forests, pastures, and farm crops. Permafrost is also of scientific interest, for in the permanently frozen strata are preserved, with flesh intact, the carcasses of elephantine mammoths of pre-Glacial origin. Retrieved tusks of extinct mammoths are the source of mastodon ivory, annual collections of which in Yakutia average about twenty-five tons. Apart from exhibits of the mammoth, the Yakutsk museum had a human skeleton with beads said to be 4,000 years old. At this place the late American anthropologist Ales Hrdlicka studied, developing his convictions that the American Indians originally came from Asia, and in recent prehistoric times.

Just south of Yakutsk, in the valley of the Lena, the countryside resembles the dairy farmland of upper New York state, although the natural soil conditions compare more closely to conditions in Alaska. The local experiment station there gave me seeds to take back to Fairbanks, and I am sure it was due to the influence of the President of the Yakut Republic, Ilya Egorovich Vinokurov. He is a Yakut and quite Indian in appearance. He

was very eager to know about Alaskan agriculture, and at a banquet in Yakutsk said he thought it most desirable to interchange information and seeds with Alaska. I suggested that we might also interchange experience in dealing with permafrost. "Also on reindeer breeding," he added, "since many of our people make their livelihood by raising reindeer, just as your Eskimos and Indians do. I would like to know how many Indians you have in Alaska and what methods they use in breeding reindeer." For the farmers of Yakutia I deposited at the city library a set of seven United States Agricultural Yearbooks.

Yakutsk served us as an arctic air terminal. To visualize our flights from there, consider the town as the apex of a triangle based on the Trans-Baikal section of the railway a thousand miles to the south, with Irkutsk at the western end and Komsomolsk at the eastern. We flew first southeast for a two-day side trip to Komsomolsk, returned north to Yakutsk, and then completed our journey southwest along the Alsib airway to Irkutsk.

When I first asked to go to Komsomolsk, word came through that the airfield there was not ready for a large plane like ours. The Russians got to work and fixed up the field especially to receive the Skymaster, but shrugged their shoulders when I apologized for causing so much trouble. "We would have had to enlarge it sometime," they said, "and now seemed to be as good a time as any."

## *NEW KOMSOMOLSK AND OLD IRKUTSK*

After a four-hour flight out of Yakutsk we landed, 830 miles away, at the Komsomolsk airfield. We immediately got into waiting motorcars for the drive into town. It was

a bumpy ride over dirt and cobblestone streets, and Mayor F. R. Pashkevich said regretfully: "My biggest problem is street improvement. Next year we hope to spend ten million rubles on it. But war orders come first, and that means we've had to sacrifice much in appearance."

As we bumped along between rows of unpainted houses, some of clapboard construction, enormous flocks of children ran out and followed us down the street, shouting "Amerikantsi," and waving gaily. Their number seemed extremely large for a town of 127,000 inhabitants. "Our town is just twelve years old," said the mayor. Rarely while in the city did we see anyone who looked over forty years of age.

Komsomolsk was founded in 1932 by *Komsomols,* members of the Communist Youth Organization, who came east from European Russia in a great volunteer movement to settle the wilderness. The first settlers were enthusiastic young men, who were soon joined by equally high-spirited young women from all over the Soviet Union. Called the City of Youth, Komsomolsk is still a young town because its citizens married young and started at once to raise families. During the war, when the Germans overran the steel towns of Mariupol and Makeevka, near the Azov Sea in south European Russia, many skilled metal workers migrated over 5,000 miles east to this Pacific coast town.

Komsomolsk is the most important heavy industrial center in the Soviet Far East. We were escorted through its main plants. At the shipbuilding yards we watched as workmen put the finishing touches on a light 8,000-ton cruiser and three small subchasers. Inside the new

cruiser were American lend-lease compressors and electric fittings. The shipyards were managed by a naval man from Nikolaev, on the Black Sea. At the new oil refinery we saw how 95-octane aviation gas was being produced from Sakhalin crude oil. At the aircraft factory we were shown the assembly line turning out *Sturmovik* bombers. We met the manager. "He was with me at the North Pole," said Colonel Mazuruk, introducing Manager D. A. Timofeev as "my former mechanic." Asked what his greatest problem was, Mr. Timofeev said: "Shortage of aluminum. Sometimes we have only a few days' supply on hand." This plant was receiving lend-lease aluminum from the United States. It looks like the old Boeing plant at Seattle. Its machine tools of American make were put in before the war.

Steel for the warships and planes was produced on the spot, at the *Amurstal* works, where we saw oil-fired open-hearth furnaces and a large sheet-rolling mill electrically operated by a boy and girl, both about twenty years old. Going through the big mill yards, we were all pleasantly shocked to see range after range of wrecked German tanks, once powerful units of the *Wehrmacht*. This scrap metal had been shipped east 6,500 miles from the Russo-German front and was being converted into weapons that later saw action against Japan.

Before leaving Komsomolsk we were taken for a boat ride on the Amur River, along the banks of which the city extends for fifteen miles. Upstream about 200 miles is Khabarovsk; an equal distance downstream is the naval base of Nikolayevsk, at the mouth of the Amur. The banks of the Amur across from Komsomolsk are generally forested, with some intervals of lawn, and in a birch

grove we could see a workers' rest home. The river there seemed broader than the Mississippi.

On the whole, the young city of Komsomolsk looked disheveled and run down, and the people seemed overworked. Ten years hence it will be a lovely city. In 1944 its youthful citizens were doing a remarkable war-production job.

After returning to Yakutsk we took off for Irkutsk, flying southwest 1,168 miles. A five-hour flight brought us to the end of our Great Circle flight from Minneapolis on May 31, our tenth day out of Washington. We adjusted our watches to Irkutsk time. It was noon of May 31 there; in Washington, midnight of May 30. At Irkutsk we were exactly on the opposite meridian of the earth from our Capital.

Unlike Komsomolsk, the town of Irkutsk is old; it was founded in 1652, a full thirty years before the English Quaker, William Penn, got his royal charter to settle "Pensilvania." Irkutsk has broad asphalt streets, cement sidewalks, gardens, and trees. It has brick and stone buildings, well-designed, though many are old-fashioned. There is no problem of permafrost, as at Yakutsk. We were put up at the government guest house overlooking the Angara, a river that flows so fast out of Lake Baikal that its rapids never freeze and ducks swim in the open water throughout the Siberian winter. These rapids will one day become a great source of electric power. The work of harnessing the falls had already been planned, and was delayed only by the war.

Driving out to the guest house, we passed riverside collective farms, their houses gay with pink geraniums in the windows. On the lawn before the guest cottage the

*chereyomukhas,* or wild cherry trees, were in bloom. The surroundings here were very restful, and at this place, more than anywhere else, the air crew played volley ball, as well as a Russian game called *Gorotki,* in which sticks are thrown much as we pitch horseshoes. Others in our party found relaxation in the cottage's billiard room. Irkutsk town boosters thought the city was destined to become a great air center. So did our pilot, Colonel Kight. The atmosphere is remarkably like that of Minneapolis.

As would be expected of Eastern Siberia's oldest center of Russian culture, Irkutsk has fine theaters, and we were put in the right mood on our first night in town by seeing a French musical comedy, *The Violet of Montmartre.* There is a very fine university at Irkutsk, and under President Nikolai S. Shevtsev it has developed a strong agricultural faculty. I met with about twenty-five of the professors one evening, when they gave me a complete series of lectures on their varied branches of work. In East Siberia, Russians, Yakuts, and Mongols are all growing up together in the same community. In general, there seems to be no difference in their ability, though the Yakuts and Mongols are said to be especially good at engineering and medicine.

In Siberia today, science and settlement go hand in hand. Science is used as a tool in taming the wilderness, and this explains why such stress is laid on scientific training in the schools all the way up to the university level. The percentage of high-school students who go on to the university is generally high: at Irkutsk, 87; at Magadan, 90; at Yakutsk, 12. The low percentage at Yakutsk may be accounted for by the fact that among the Yakuts higher

education is relatively new. University students have their expenses paid by the state, and it appears that the Soviets aim to develop as many scientists as possible among the rising generation.

The Yakutsk Normal School is proud of its research work. A native Yakut professor was working on vitamins. A Russian biologist said he studied the Biological Abstracts and corresponded with some American biologists. Professor A. P. Okhladnikov, director of the Yakutsk Museum, had explored the Lena basin from Lake Baikal to the Arctic and was well known by name to Owen Lattimore, who was delighted to meet him personally. I should like to see an extension of contacts between Russian and American professors, along with an expanded interchange of students. Foreign-language study is well organized in Soviet Russia, where many people speak English and study English literature. While in Siberia I learned that the Russians think highly of two eminent American professors—the late Samuel Harper of the University of Chicago and Geroid T. Robinson of Columbia. Professor Robinson's appointment as director of Columbia's new Russian Institute is to be welcomed. It may result in bringing more Russian students to the United States for graduate work. Americans and Russians have a lot to learn from each other. We exchanged lend-lease goods to help win the war; we should exchange students to help maintain the peace.

## *FACING JAPAN*

In our trip southwest from Bering Strait to Irkutsk, we visited the main centers of new development in the Soviet Far East. The area covered extends from Lake Baikal at

Irkutsk north to the Arctic Ocean and east to the North Pacific. From Irkutsk eastward for about 1,500 miles, the double-tracked Trans-Siberian to Vladivostok skirts the north bank of the Amur and the east bank of the Ussuri. These rivers form the Manchurian frontier, which is pointed like an arrow at Khabarovsk, where the Ussuri joins the Amur. In 1944 any Jap fieldpiece drawn up to the Amur's south bank could have fired across the river into the heart of Khabarovsk, capital of Khabarovsk Territory, and the center from which *Dalstroi* and Komsomolsk are governed.

"We've had the Japs on our minds a long time," said one official. "And sometimes they tried to jump on our backs when we turned to work in the North." Khabarovsk Territory has an area of 450,000 square miles and a population of 2,000,000. Most of the land is in the Far North; most of the people live along the railway in the extreme South. Defense against Japanese aggression had been their main concern for forty years.

"But we became really alarmed after 1931, when the Japanese invaded Manchuria," said Sergei Goglidze, who administered the territory from headquarters at Khabarovsk. He added: "Before that happened, Komsomolsk and Magadan did not exist. After Manchuria was invaded we began to build defense works in earnest. It was Stalin's idea to make our Far East secure."

Sergei Goglidze also told me of the progress made in the construction of the Amur-Baikal railway to link Komsomolsk with the Trans-Siberian main line west of Irkutsk by a railway running north of Lake Baikal. This strategic line was planned for use in case the Japanese

isolated Komsomolsk, Khabarovsk, and Vladivostok by cutting the north-bank Amur River line.

As far as Japan is concerned, our Great Circle trip from Minneapolis to Irkutsk demonstrated to me that in the Soviet Far East the Russians faced the same menace we had to deal with in Alaska, and had taken comparable measures to meet it. The only difference had been one of timing. The Soviets woke up after the invasion of Manchuria in 1931. It was ten years later that we were jolted from our complacency by Pearl Harbor.

In the critical summer of 1944, I was very much concerned as to whether the Russians would be fully prepared if the Japs should strike north. Their target cities in the Soviet Far East would have been easy to hit, and the new industries would have suffered heavy damage. In August of 1945, when war came again to the Far East of Siberia, the Russians were fully prepared to take the initiative. Our lend-lease shipments had helped them, for after V-E Day we stepped up our shipping schedule to Soviet Siberia, moving supplies across the North Pacific at the rate of 300,000 tons a month. Huge stockpiles were built up like the one we saw at Magadan, to which vessels went with vital goods if the Russians felt they might be stopped by the Japs on passing through La Pérouse Strait to Vladivostok. The Japs had never been allowed to see Magadan during the decade of the 1930's and early 1940's.

The direction of Russia's 1945 initial attack was not surprising if one considers the exposed position of the Trans-Siberian cities facing Manchuria, which became in August of that year a land battlefront as extensive—over 2,000 miles long—as the Russo-German front had

ever been. The Russians, striking south from Khabarovsk, crossed the Amur and took the spearhead Jap fortress of Fuyuan. They struck south and west of the vital Vladivostok port, and invaded southern Sakhalin. In the east, they struck south from Chita, and with Mongol troops closed in from Outer Mongolia. In a swift two-weeks' campaign, the much-vaunted Kwantung Army was defeated and all of Manchuria down to Port Arthur fell under Russian-Mongol occupation. All through World War II, the mere presence of powerful Russian armed forces in the Soviet Far East served to immobilize equally powerful Japanese forces in Manchuria, and though the front was inactive till the closing days of the war, Siberia made in this way a vital contribution to the United Nations' victory in the Pacific.

Russian preparations for eventual entry against Japan were apparent in the summer of 1944 when we visited a string of cities extending inland from Vladivostok along the Trans-Siberian railway. What we found there is described in the next chapter.

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# 3

# TRANS-SIBERIAN TOWNS

## *MAIN LINE JUNCTIONS*

In Siberia the largest towns are rail junctions on the single cross-country main line that ends at Vladivostok, on the coast of eastern Asia across the Pacific Ocean from Seattle. Except for the seaport of Vladivostok, the Trans-Siberian towns are inland cities strung out westward along the railway to European Russia. Are there similar inland cities reaching eastward across our North and West from Seattle and other Pacific ports? Yes, only more of them. In the table on the following page are some comparable urban centers.

We visited six of the Trans-Siberian towns named below. From east to west along the railway they were: Komsomolsk (connected by branch rail line), Chita, Ulan-Ude, Irkutsk, Krasnoyarsk, and Novo-Sibirsk. The last-named is farther west of Vladivostok than Washing-

ton is east of Seattle. By rail these Trans-Siberian towns are an overnight's ride apart; by air, three to four hours. Each has its own unique character, as distinctive as the cities of Komsomolsk and Irkutsk, which have been described.

| UNITED STATES | POP., 1940 | SIBERIA | POP., 1939 * |
|---|---|---|---|
| Seattle | 452,639 | Vladivostok | 206,432 |
| Spokane | 141,370 | Khabarovsk | 199,364 |
| Tacoma | 109,408 | Komsomolsk | 70,746 |
| Duluth | 101,065 | Chita | 102,555 |
| Des Moines | 159,819 | Ulan-Ude | 129,417 |
| Minneapolis | 492,370 | Irkutsk | 243,380 |
| Omaha | 223,844 | Krasnoyarsk | 189,999 |
| Kansas City, Mo. | 399,178 | Novo-Sibirsk | 405,000 |

* The populations of most of these Siberian towns were from 50 to 100 per cent larger when we visited them in 1944 than they were in 1939.

Pacific affairs exert a predominating influence on the citizens east of Irkutsk. As one moves west of Irkutsk, there is an equally absorbing attention to affairs in European Russia. Chita and Ulan-Ude are east of Irkutsk; Krasnoyarsk and Novo-Sibirsk are to the west. These four towns are described here in the order named.

## *CHITA: CHANGE TRAINS FOR MANCHURIA*

We arrived in Chita from Ulan Bator on our flight home via the Great Circle out of Mongolia to Montana. At the airport we were met by Sergei Goglidze of Khabarovsk and the local military commander, Lieutenant General Kozlov. We entered motorcars and drove into

town along dirt and cobblestone streets past rows of typical Siberian houses—log cabins. The evergreen *taiga* of the surrounding countryside reaches into the town's outskirts, where pine trees stand in the yards. Some of the yards have picket fences and dirt paths winding out to the road.

Chita is 1,300 miles west of Khabarovsk. It is the capital of Chita *oblast* (region), which is a rich cattle and sheep-raising country, like Montana but larger in area, having 700,000 square miles. From the pastures come the hides and wool that are processed in the town's mills. We drove past a tannery and clothing factory. "We make *shubas* there," commented General Kozlov. *Shubas* are sheepskin coats with the wool inside, the kind of garment that helped Red Army men mount their winter offensives when Hitler's legions shivered before Moscow. Chita's railway depot is one of the town's largest buildings; we stopped a moment at the crossing to let a train go by. Somebody said: "There's where you change trains for Manchuria if you wish to travel out via the Chinese Eastern Railway."

After passing several fairly large brick and stone buildings, we drew up before a substantial structure, the Red Army House, in which we stayed overnight. At the banquet of honor given to welcome us General Kozlov was host. During the dinner I sat beside him. He is a first-rate military man who had seen active duty on the Russian front in Europe. But Japan was now his main concern. "We may have trouble with the Japs," he told me frankly. "They are feverishly fortifying their Manchurian border because they think our success in Europe will soon mean active fighting here in the Far East."

After dinner we were entertained by a splendid Red Army song-and-dance troupe. Curiously enough, although they were just across the border from Manchuria, the troupe performed a musical play about the Ukraine. It surpassed any Red Army concert we attended during our stay in Soviet Asia. The *pliaski* dances were in the best Ukrainian manner, exceedingly natural, full of vigor and vitality. The Chita troupe seemed to me good enough to go on in New York, though American audiences would probably demand some modification. "There are perhaps a hundred companies as good as this one at Chita," General Kozlov told me. Enjoying the concert immensely himself, he remarked: "These boys fight like they play. You can't beat them."

### *ULAN-UDE, THE RED GATE*

We arrived at Ulan-Ude after a fifty-minute flight across Lake Baikal from Irkutsk. We flew in a C-47 Skytrain piloted by a Russian who made a perfect take-off and a perfect landing. From the sky we saw Ulan-Ude's expanding residential areas ranged around the main industries—the glass works, meat-packing plant, flour mills, and the very large locomotive and car-building works. One section of brick apartments extended about twenty-five blocks. Ulan-Ude looked like an up-and-coming town.

On getting out of the plane at the airport, I was preceded by John Hazard and Owen Lattimore, the latter our Chinese expert who can speak the Mongol language. Ulan-Ude is the capital of Buryat-Mongolia, an associate republic of Soviet Russia. In language and customs,

Buryat-Mongolia resembles Mongolia somewhat as the Ukraine resembles Russia. Lattimore was delighted to interpret. We met the President of the Republic, Salomon M. Ivanov, who is a native Buryat. Beside him was the Russian A. V. Kudryavtsev, a high government official. Like Yakutsk, this town is bilingual. The city's leading newspaper is published in two editions—Buryat and Russian—with identical content and under the same name, *Truth,* which is *Unen* in Buryat, *Pravda* in Russian. The June 4, 1944, editions were on the newsstands and carried the full text of my talk to the citizens of Irkutsk. We were given copies to take home.

We drove into town over the all-weather road that runs south to Ulan Bator in Outer Mongolia. Like the near-by Selenga River, the road follows the ancient tea and silk route leading from China north into Siberia. It was on this trade route that Ulan-Ude (the Red Gate, in English) arose at the Siberian road junction. When we arrived in town our hosts pointed to two old-fashioned one-story buildings, saying: "Our old Chinese market."

In Ulan-Ude's central square we got out to enter the 100-room Hotel of Soviets, where we stayed. The rooms had hot and cold running water. From the hotel window we looked out on imposing modern buildings, their yellow-white façades in tone with the sunny day. "It looks just like Moscow," exclaimed John Hazard, who knows the Russian capital well. He was in a happy frame of mind at being relieved of interpreting Russian while in the Buryat-Mongol capital. President Ivanov told us that the town's 40,000,000-ruble building program had been stopped by the war.

After a banquet of welcome we went to the city opera

house to see a performance of the elaborate Buryat-Mongol play *Bair*. In the native language *Bair* means happiness. During the ten-day festival of Buryat-Mongol art held in 1940 at the Bolshoi (Grand) Opera House in Moscow, this play was a great success. Marshal Stalin and other Soviet leaders attended. Later it was presented in Mongolia at Ulan Bator; people came on horseback as far as 400 miles to see it.

The colorful drama is based on a folk legend and was written by a native Mongol. Its music is semi-European and was composed by a Jew, P. M. Berlinski, a native of Irkutsk. When working on his composition, Mr. Berlinski went among the native Buryats and wrote down the melodies sung by herdsmen at their nomadic camps. This music of Eastern rural life he then blended into the Western harmonies with which we are more familiar. The whole effect is quite Western and very pleasant to hear. Owen Lattimore thinks that the opera *Bair* is a sign of the increasing urbanization among the Buryats, who, like the Mongols, are great sheep and cattle herders.

Attracted by the city's industries, more and more Buryats are settling in Ulan-Ude. Meat packing is allied to the native cattle raising, and the town's plant turns out 2,000,000 tins of meat monthly to help feed the Soviet Far East. We visited Ulan-Ude's locomotive works, which is a huge enterprise housed in ferro-concrete buildings. Armored cars have been and can be made here. In peacetime it produced monthly ten condenser-type locomotives, which refill their water tanks by condensing used steam. These engines are very useful on the Chita-Khabarovsk division, where the railway runs through the zone of permafrost, which has no fresh-water wells. Only a

few condenser engines were being made in 1944 because the works was rebuilding locomotives that had been shot up on the Russo-German front. Its capacity is high. Thirty locomotives a month were being repaired. We saw some American lend-lease wheels and a heavy press. During the noon lunch hour, with workers in attendance, we heard a marvelous concert in the factory auditorium. Native and Russian music and dances were offered in a thoroughly professional performance.

Before I left Ulan-Ude, President Ivanov presented me with a beautiful Buryat costume of a type given only to a high representative of a powerful, friendly nation. He emphasized this gesture of friendship by saying that the sheathed knife attached was not an ornament but was given only to close friends for use against a common enemy. Judging from Ulan-Ude's strategic activity, the common enemy could have been either Hitler Germany or Imperial Japan.

## *KRASNOYARSK, THE DEEP REAR*

We arrived in Krasnoyarsk after having flown in four hours nearly a thousand miles west of Ulan-Ude. As we came in over the city, we had a fine view of the Trans-Siberian Railway bridge and of the great river it spans, the Yenisei. This river rises in the highlands of Outer Mongolia, flows north through the Siberian evergreen forests, and ends its course amid the flat bleak plains of the Arctic.

On the map of Siberia, the Yenisei's channel is midway between the Urals and the Pacific Ocean. Its valley drains the Krasnoyarsk Territory, which embraces 826,700

square miles, almost twice the area of France and Germany combined, and has about 2,000,000 inhabitants, mostly in the south. Eastward of this territory is the Soviet Far East and Eastern Siberia; to westward is western Siberia. Established at the rail and river intersection, the town of Krasnoyarsk is therefore at Siberia's very heart. It is in the deep rear, 2,000 miles west of the Pacific Ocean and an equal distance east of the Volga. From Krasnoyarsk the territory of the same name is governed, and, significantly, both Sergei Goglidze and General Semeonov accompanied us all the way west to this big city on the Yenisei.

We landed in Krasnoyarsk on June 6, 1944, and were immediately taken by car to the government guest house, where dinner awaited us. It was the usual very heavy meal, with fine Georgian wines and champagne. After listening to a whispered report brought in by an aide, Sergei Goglidze suddenly rose and addressed me most solemnly.

"Vice-President Wallace," he said, "it is my pleasure to tell you"—he paused a moment, clearing his throat—"that this morning our American and British allies opened the Second Front in Western Europe." The Russians proposed a toast. We drank it standing.

It was 1:50 P.M., British time, six hours after the invasion had been announced in London. Reflecting on the long-drawn-out controversy about the "Second Front," and on the historic Teheran agreement, I was profoundly moved. As spokesman for our party, Americans and Russians alike, I issued a press release saying that we had received the news with the greatest enthusiasm. In the invasion of Normandy, we saw clear proof of Allied soli-

darity and of firm determination to bring about the swift defeat of our common enemy, Hitler Germany. I regarded this event as of the utmost importance for the immediate conduct of the war as well as for the future good of humanity. In the midst of war we were laying a sound basis of collaboration, and I foresaw common effort in the fight for peace.

In Washington, it was then about ten o'clock in the morning of D-day. Owen Lattimore, John Carter Vincent, and I spent D-day evening walking in the city park at Krasnoyarsk. On a big billboard there we saw a map of the war fronts in Europe. Together with Russians who had gathered around, we tried to spot the place where the Allied land, sea, and air forces had breached Hitler's much-vaunted *Atlantik* wall. That evening we felt ourselves to be very far away from Siberia, though we soon came to appreciate anew its significance in the global war.

The next morning we went across the Yenisei to Krasnoyarsk's east-side suburbs, where its new industries are located, all founded within the past fifteen years. The only means of crossing the river were the railway span and a pontoon bridge. The latter was dismantled during the winter months; plans to build a permanent bridge for motor traffic had been delayed by the war, just as was the expansion program for the city's market place. Krasnoyarsk in 1944 had about 300,000 people, but its business section in the old part of town is no larger today than that of an American town of 25,000. In 1945 the Supreme Soviet appropriated funds to proceed with the plans for a motor-traffic bridge over the Yenisei and for a city street-

car line. Today 40 per cent of the citizens live in Krasnoyarsk's east-side suburbs.

We visited one of the newest plants, an ack-ack gun arsenal, erected after the war began with machinery moved in from a Moscow arms factory that had been evacuated east with its employees. The plant was named after the famous Russian Marshal, Klementi Voroshilov, then reported to be in Far Eastern Siberia training armies for the 1945 action against Japan. Working conditions at this plant were found to be superior to any factory we had thus far visited. The floors were of concrete, permitting the use of four-wheel dollies to move details from shop to shop. Such mechanized inner-shop transport had not been installed at Komsomolsk because of uneven floor planking. The lighting and safeguards for workers were comparable to United States standards.

Here we saw one example of how the Soviets integrate industry and farming. This plant had its own 120,000-acre mechanized farm, and produced the spare parts needed to keep the tractors in repair. It had pasture land for 6,000 cows. All that can be produced is consumed by the 20,000 workers. The factory-farm combination cuts down drain on food stores and frees more railway cars for industrial freight.

The spirit at this plant was splendid. The naval man in charge, Captain Boris A. Khazanov, is a friend of Rear Admiral Akulin, who was vice-president of the Soviet Purchasing Commission in Washington. Captain Khazanov had made ornamental plantings because, he said, "The people like to see green things." He had picked good men for department heads. The war-bond drive had been well organized, for he said that purchases by em-

ployees averaged 12 per cent of their earnings. "Often," he added, "patriotic individuals turn in all their savings, saying to the government, 'Use it to buy a warplane or tank.' "

The ack-ack plant and other east-side factories were displaying banners and long scrolls announcing the opening of the Second Front. There was a holiday atmosphere, and as our party walked through the factory we were frequently followed by a ripple of applause with cheers—"To our Allies!"

On our return to the west side of town, we visited the city hospital for wounded war veterans. It was in a former school building and had 400 beds, and seriously wounded men were being skillfully treated by plastic surgery. The up-to-date operating room had lighting that made no shadows. Several of the wounded men were playing chess; others read, one played an accordion and hummed a folk song. None looked very cheerful, for this deep-rear hospital got the least hopeful battle casualties, many of them incurable. The hospital was returning 50 per cent of the wounded back to industry; only 25 per cent were sent back for combat duty. The human cost of modern war is not a pleasant sight to behold.

## *NOVO-SIBIRSK, KEY TO BERLIN*

We arrived over Novo-Sibirsk after something more than a two-hour flight out of Krasnoyarsk. Below us were three airports conveniently located around this rising metropolis, already bigger than Kansas City and promising to be the "Chicago of Siberia." We landed on the concrete runway of the military airdrome, and were met by

a large body of Soviet officials, among them V. K. Khainovsky, president of Novo-Sibirsk city soviet, a position equivalent to that of mayor in an American city.

We boarded a special train close by and passed through Novo-Sibirsk's new factory district on the west bank of the Ob River. It resembled Krasnoyarsk's east-side suburbs—broad parkways, brand-new buildings, some with scaffolding still up. As in Krasnoyarsk, this growing suburb became during the war the home of many evacuated plants. Today 30 per cent of the citizens live in the west-side section. On reaching the Trans-Siberian main line, our train crossed the railway bridge spanning the Ob and entered Novo-Sibirsk proper.

The train pulled into the city's imposing new passenger station, completed in 1941. At the waiting platform we boarded motorcars and drove out through the concourse. There is an overhead ramp for foot traffic and ample parking space. The light-yellow building of stone and concrete trimmed in white is six stories high. We drove through the midtown's broad paved streets, flanked by tall buildings, and passed the new opera house, conspicuous for its huge steel dome. Workmen were still engaged in putting on the finishing touches. We circled Krasny Prospect with its substantial office buildings, stopped for the go-signal, then swung down a broad boulevard with rows of trees dividing the traffic lanes. Any American Midwesterner who lived through the period from 1900 to 1910 would feel at home in this city. Just outside of town he would see the prairie roads of old Siberia.

Driving along the parkway to the environs, we passed many ramshackle antiquated houses and noted many nar-

row, unpaved side streets without sidewalks. Soon we were driving through groves of pine, larch, and birch, and, on reaching the meandering Ob River again, we stopped at the government guest cottage. It is a permanent house with steam heat, a comfortable place in which to live.

We remained there two days surrounded by the Siberian forests, and enjoying a beautiful view of the river Ob, which flows north to empty into the Arctic Ocean. Since leaving Seimchan, our Skymaster plane had carried a new insignia, a polar bear on an ice-floe, painted against a blue background and set like a cameo carving. "May it remind you of the postwar Polar Bear Airways," said the Russian insignia designer. Russian appreciation of our pilot, Colonel Kight, was also expressed at Yakutsk by a local artist who presented him with a miniature polar bear carved from mastodon ivory. At Novo-Sibirsk, the local officials likewise displayed originality in their appreciation of the idea of future trans-polar airways. To the insignia and the carving, they wished to add a Siberian bear cub offered as a mascot. But the Russian bear was ruled out. "Nothing doing," said Colonel Kight.

There is a push and go about Novo-Sibirsk that an American businessman can easily understand. "Our industrial output," Mayor Khainovsky told us expansively, "increased tenfold in the three years ending December 31, 1943. Novo-Sibirsk's 1943 output was valued at better than 5,000,000,000 rubles. We are producing today at a level far above that of 1940. We had to expand here when the Nazis occupied the Ukraine."

He accompanied us on a visit to the well-organized factory turning out aircraft on a mass-production basis. The

product was the famous Yak fighter plane, its wings made of plywood—Siberian pine hewn from the continent-wide evergreen forest. The plant director pointed to a new building that was being used as a paint shop. "Donald Nelson urged us to build it," he said, adding characteristically: "Our output is now twice what it was when he was here last October (1943)." At the plant's flying field we saw some skillful test flights.

The most exciting event during our stay in Novo-Sibirsk was our visit to the new opera house. Although still incomplete, it was opened to honor us, and I spoke there to the people of the city. The auditorium seated 2,000 persons. For latecomers there was only standing room. The interior, in amphitheater form, is most impressive, with a light-blue ceiling and red curtains that provide, along the top arcade, a background for Greek statuary. This opera house is the finest piece of architecture in Siberia and is rated in the Soviet Union as second only to the Bolshoi Opera at Moscow. It is a marvelous hall, but the wide orchestra pit seems oversized and a waste of seating space. The construction was subsidized by the Central Government.

During the war, we were told, the opera house was used to store all the famous paintings and art relics evacuated from the Moscow art galleries and from the Hermitage in Leningrad.

"We hold the key to Berlin here, too," said the mayor of Novo-Sibirsk, smiling. Evidently our faces expressed bewilderment, for he hastily added: "Cossacks took it from Frederick the Great in 1760, almost 200 years ago, when Berlin was a Prussian citadel on the Spree. Ever since, the key has been for us a symbol of our victory over

the Prussians. It's as safe as our industries here behind the Urals. Hitler's arms were not long enough to reach this far beyond the Volga." Novo-Sibirsk is 1,300 miles east of the Urals.

## *WARTIME MIGRATIONS*

Hitler was stopped at the Volga. One explanation of that achievement is to be found in the rapidly growing towns of Asiatic Russia. Novo-Sibirsk preserved the ancient Prussian key to Berlin. Novo-Sibirsk and a score of other big cities behind the Urals also held another key, a key of industrial war-potential that helped open Berlin's Brandenburg Gate for the Red Army in 1945. These Soviet Asian cities became, during the war, centers into which flocked people and factories driven by invasion from European Russia. Here are some interesting round figures on wartime population growth that we picked up during our Siberian visit. The towns are situated in the order named, from east to west along the Trans-Siberian railway.

| TOWN | PREWAR | 1944 | INCREASE | PER CENT GROWTH |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Komsomolsk | 71,000 | 127,000 | 56,000 | 79 |
| Khabarovsk | 199,000 | 250,000 | 51,000 | 25 |
| Chita | 103,000 | 170,000 | 67,000 | 65 |
| Ulan-Ude | 129,000 | 150,000 | 21,000 | 16 |
| Irkutsk | 243,000 | 300,000 | 57,000 | 23 |
| Krasnoyarsk | 190,000 | 300,000 | 110,000 | 59 |
| Novo-Sibirsk | 405,000 | 600,000 | 200,000 | 49 |

What can we learn from these figures? First, the highest percentage of growth was in the extreme Far East, at

Komsomolsk on the lower Amur. The prewar trend of population movement into the Soviet Far East was maintained. Between 1926 and 1939 the population of Irkutsk increased 125 per cent (from 108,129 to 243,380), whereas in the same period Komsomolsk came into existence, and the old city of Khabarovsk grew 283 per cent (from 52,045 to 199,364).

Second, the highest absolute growth was at Krasnoyarsk and Novo-Sibirsk. The increment of war-displaced persons into these areas, particularly around Novo-Sibirsk, must have been in millions. In Russian Siberia an administrative *oblast* like that of Chita or Novo-Sibirsk is larger in area than some American states. Now the area of Western Siberia (*west* in reference to the Yenisei River) is fixed by nature and has not been altered by the war. But the territory of Western Siberia in the vicinity of Novo-Sibirsk now has *five* administrative *oblasts* where *two* existed before the war. The reason for this decentralization undoubtedly was the great influx of new people.

Third, the lowest rate of wartime growth was at Ulan-Ude and Irkutsk, centers which might be considered as rear bastions of either front—the European or the Pacific. At Irkutsk we were told that 100,000 people had left the city during the previous year. In 1943 Irkutsk had 400,000 people, 157,000 of them war refugees. We know that all of the people who left Irkutsk did not go back to their original homes in the Ukraine or European Russia. The Poltava ballet troupe, evacuated from the Ukraine in 1941, went to Irkutsk before going into the Soviet Far East at Magadan. Irkutsk must have served as a transit center for other refugees. At Irkutsk University we learned that a number of collective farms had been trans-

ferred from old Russia to the Irkutsk *oblast* during the war. This *oblast* has an area twice that of Texas, and in 1939 had a population of 1,300,000. Its population, we were told, has doubled since 1918 and would double again by 1970.

Of the wartime evacuees, workers remained in the East to take up permanent residence, while artists and entertainers, such as the Poltava troupe, as a rule went back to their original homes after the German invaders were driven out.

At Krasnoyarsk, Sergei Goglidze gave me a guess and a forecast as to the combined population of the Soviet Far East, Yakutia, Buryat-Mongolia, Irkutsk *oblast,* and an undefined section of Siberia to the west of Irkutsk. These estimates do not include populations in the Ural area or in Kazakhstan and Central Asia. Here is Goglidze's estimate:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1929 | 8,000,000 |
| 1944 | 20,000,000 |
| 1994 | 45,000,000 |

The war has definitely caused a permanent movement to Siberia of industry and of the people to maintain production. "For safety," Goglidze said, "we shall be obliged hereafter to have a large part of our industry east of the Urals. There are great opportunities where I am, in the territory of Khaborovsk. I could use a million people there right now in the lower Amur region."

# 4

# RUSSIAN SIBERIA AND AMERICANS

## *URBAN GROWTH*

RUSSIAN SIBERIA, a vast country of 4,524,000 square miles, embraces the whole of northern Asia and extends from west to east between the Ural Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. In the south, it borders on China, Outer Mongolia, and Manchuria; in the north, it fronts on the Arctic Ocean in the longest continuous ice-bound coast of any country in the world. In the far east, Siberia meets the United States boundary at the International Date Line in Bering Strait, and runs coterminus with our border to the North Pole. In 1939 about 22,000,000 people lived within Russian Siberia, more than half of them in rural areas. The growth of urban life in Siberia is the most marked feature of its recent development, contrib-

uted to by the expansion of new communications by air, sea and radio.

Urban life is also growing in Siberia because the non-Russian Asiatic peoples are moving into town. We saw this process at work in Ulan-Ude and Yakutsk, where the native Buryats and Yakuts formerly lived predominately as herdsmen among whom even the settled life of a farm community is something relatively new. To them the tent colony—the *yurta* among the Buryats, the *ulus* among the Yakuts—was the basic form of community life, somewhat like the nomadic Indian camp in pioneer America. The Yakuts, for example, so prized their animals that they built plank floors for the cows to prevent hoof rot. No such floors were installed for the tent-dwelling people.

At Yakutsk I asked President Vinokurov about the housing of animals in winter. He replied that up to 1930 human beings and animals lived in the same house, but that was changed by law and now the animals have their own heated buildings. I also asked him what the Revolution had meant for the Yakut people.

"First," he replied, "we Yakuts got a chance to farm. Second, we learned to read and write. All our young people are now able to read and write. Within ten years everyone will be literate."

The same trends were observed among the Buryats, who are making the transition from tents to wooden houses under Russian leadership, and who reported an increase of literacy up to 90 per cent.

Formerly almost no natives lived in the city of Yakutsk. Today, of the town's 50,000 inhabitants, about 15,000 are Yakuts. At Ulan-Ude, likewise, of the town's 130,000 people in 1937 more than 20 per cent were Bur-

yats, whereas in 1913 when the town had but 25,000 citizens practically none were Buryats. In 1914, Yakutsk was also a poky provincial town of 8,000 Russians. Today both these towns are coming to resemble ethnic melting pots, where non-Russian peoples are being absorbed into modern urban community life. Yakutia has a total population of 400,000, of which 80 per cent are Yakuts, mostly herdsmen. Red Army tanks built with funds contributed by Yakuts crossed the Oder in Germany during the war.

All of Siberia's towns were founded by the Russians who entered Siberia in the seventeenth century, following Yermak's crossing of the Urals in 1581 to take the fort of Sibir on the Irtysh and impose the fur tribute on the subjugated Tatars. In the wake of the early conquest, fur-trade outposts, which for the most part were mere stockades in the wilderness erected to collect furs from the Asiatic natives, arose throughout Siberia. Yakutsk was founded thus to keep the Yakuts in order and to see that they brought in the exacted sable, fox, and otter pelts. Irkutsk arose to exact the fur tax from the Buryats. Here are the main Siberian outposts established in the early drive to exploit Siberia's fur wealth and impose Czarist domination, with the dates of their founding. All are located on and communicate by the waterways named:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Krasnoyarsk | 1628 | Yenisei |
| Yakutsk | 1632 | Lena |
| Verkhoyansk | 1638 | Upper Yana |
| Verkhne–Kolymsk | 1640 | Upper Kolyma |
| Anadyr | 1648 | Anadyr |
| Okhotsk | 1651 | Sea of Okhotsk |
| Irkutsk | 1652 | Angara |
| Ulan-Ude | 1666 | tributary of Selenga |

In addition to holding down the country for Moscow, these outposts functioned as key stations on the first main line of communications across the Siberian wilderness between European Russia and the North Pacific. In northeast Siberia, Yakutsk was the headquarters out of which explorers worked up and down the river valleys from the Amur to the Anadyr, and ultimately crossed the North Pacific, reaching the northwest of America in 1741.

Our mission landed in East Asia at Velkal, our first Siberian stop on the twentieth-century Alsib airway. Not far away was the village of Anadyr, which had been the last stop in Asia of Moscow's seventeenth-century Trans-Siberian river road. In our cross-country flight southwest from Velkal to Novo-Sibirsk, we retraced this 300-year-old path through the forested wilds of northern Asia, where, at Yakutsk on the Lena, Irkutsk on the Angara, and Krasnoyarsk on the Yenisei, the new air-travel route runs parallel to the ancient transcontinental inland waterway. To reach Novo-Sibirsk on the Ob we flew southwest, whereas to reach Anadyr from the Ob the early Russian voyageurs moved northeast by river and portage to the continent's end. The air-age town of Velkal seemingly has supplied the missing link necessary to make Anadyr not the last stop, the end of the road in Asia, but an international junction on one of the world's future airways.

For 300 years Anadyr, by-passed by the progress of civilization, grew at the incredibly slow rate of one citizen a year, until in 1944 it was about as populous as Velkal. On the other hand, Novo-Sibirsk in 49 years has been adding to itself at the rate of about 12,000 new citizens a

year; its wartime increment alone being 50,000 annually, or one town each year the size of Yakutsk. Novo-Sibirsk was founded by the bridge-builders who spanned the river Ob for the Trans-Siberian, and is a good example of what rail connections mean to urban growth in Siberia. The new airway through the North gave rise to such towns as Velkal and Seimchan.

However, from Seimchan to Novo-Sibirsk I was continuously impressed by the fact that neither the airplane nor the railway has taken away the significance of sea traffic in Siberia. Everywhere—at Seimchan, Yakutsk, Irkutsk, Krasnoyarsk—we were served Borzhomi mineral water from the Caucasus that had been brought into the country by river from the north. The great north-flowing rivers of Siberia have now been linked by a continent-spanning seaway around the north of Asia, and as a result new towns have sprung up near the river mouths at Salegard, Port Igarka, Dickson Island, Tiksi Bay, Ambarchik. These towns are ports of call for vessels moving in summer via the northern sea route, through which in 1945 a 10,000-ton cruiser was transferred from Atlantic to Pacific waters for action against Japan.

Like the Alsib airway, the northern sea route is a twentieth-century link between the United States and European Russia. During the war it was used for emergency shipment of war supplies via Bering Strait from Seattle to Murmansk. So vital did our government consider this new strategic waterway that lend-lease food was shipped in to help maintain the permanent residents at the new Siberian arctic ports.

The urban growth in northern Siberia is a proof that the climate is not an insuperable obstacle to settlement

in the Arctic. The northern hemisphere's Cold Pole has been located in Yakutia at Oimekan, which has recorded winter lows of minus 90°. Despite these ferocious sub-zero temperatures, the surrounding region is forested, grain is raised in summer, and Russian settlers have lived there for many generations. Today its airport has hangars able to take four-engine planes. Along the Arctic coast the winter is less severe, and at Velkal, since its founding, no temperature lower than minus 60° has been recorded.

One seaway town in Arctic Siberia, Port Igarka, has grown to some 20,000 inhabitants, and near-by is the equally populous nickel-mining town of Norilsk. Magadan, in the zone of permafrost, is a town of 40,000. For over 300 years the Russians have lived at Yakutsk, also in the permafrost zone. Where in the United States can we find towns comparable in population and situated in similarly sparsely populated regions? Again we must turn to our Northwestern states and Alaska. The total population of Alaska in 1940 was 72,524. Even more remarkable is the fact that in six of our Northwestern states—Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Nevada, North and South Dakota—the largest (not the smallest or medium-sized) town in each state in 1940 was respectively as follows: Boise City, 26,130; Butte, 37,081; Cheyenne, 22,474; Fargo, 32,580; Sioux Falls, 40,832; and Reno, 21,317.

It can therefore be said that in the north of Siberia today the Russians have a development of urban life comparable in general to that of our Northwestern states and Alaska. The remarkable fact is that this Siberian urban growth is taking place in advance of rail and motor-road communications. From the airport about thirty miles from Magadan we drove into town over the Kolyma high-

way, and it reminded me of the gravel roads we had in Iowa about forty years ago. This road is considered very good in Russian Siberia. There is only one other like it in the Northeast, and that is the 760-mile motor road from Bolshoi Never, on the Trans-Siberian, north to Yakutsk. For the rest of the country, the roads are dirt tracks or, in wintertime, the frozen riverbeds. In the Kolyma area the Russians had about 1,000 men engaged on road construction work, and the improvement of highways will doubtless contribute to rapid urban growth despite the hardships imposed by the severe climate.

Along with aircraft and the seaway, radio communication serves as a mighty agency to bridge the interminable Siberian distances. Magadan has telephone lines to all towns in the *Dalstroi* enterprise but is linked only by radio to the head office at Khabarovsk. Yakutsk is linked by a telephone line to Irkutsk, and since 1934 has had a radio station powerful enough for direct communication with Moscow. All the arctic seaports are radio-equipped. In the interior of Siberia the radio in rural areas carries out much the same functions performed by the telegraph-telephone lines in the United States. The big towns along the Trans-Siberian railway all have interurban telephone-telegraph communication, effected through the world's longest wire link—5,450 miles—from Moscow to Vladivostok. Through the powerful Khabarovsk radio reinforcer station, since 1940, a radio-telephone circuit between Moscow and San Francisco has been in operation for direct trans-Pacific communication.

The new direct radio, sea, and air communications with Siberia across the Pacific are of great importance for our future Pacific relations. The outlook westward to-

day is quite different from what it has ever been in our history, during which earlier generations of Americans made contact with Siberia for the most part via the Atlantic.

## *EARLY AMERICAN-SIBERIAN CONTACTS*

Because northeastern Asia was so remote from the world's established travel routes, few Americans ever visited there during the 170 years of our national history. It seems no exaggeration to say that more Americans have seen this area from an airplane than have been there in all the years since New York and Anadyr were founded, almost simultaneously, the former growing into a metropolis which in 1940 had more inhabitants than all of northeastern Siberia, the latter to remain for 300 years a town of less people than live in one big Manhattan apartment house. New York was founded on the fortieth parallel, and rail lines driven inland from its seaport spanned the continent to westward, the city growing up with all America. Anadyr was founded near the Arctic Circle, the dead end of an ancient trade route, which withered on the vine as the development of steam rail and sea transport by-passed the ice and cold of the northern hemisphere. Only with the rise of air communication, via Great Circle routes through the Arctic, have the prospects brightened for the growth of old towns like Anadyr and Yakutsk.

Apart from the Willkie Mission in 1942, several round-the-world American airmen pioneered along the Alaska-Siberian airway in the 1930's. Among them was Jimmy Mattern in the plane *Century of Progress,* and

when he crawled out of his cracked-up craft in 1933 he was on the banks of the Anadyr River. Mattern wandered for two weeks before stumbling on a Chukchi, who took him down-river to the old outpost of Anadyr. A radio message flashed to Moscow brought out a Soviet relief plane, which carried him across to Alaska. Northeast Asia is still so thinly settled you can get lost in the wilderness once you leave the main highways by air, sea, river, or road.

But life in northeast Asia today is not as isolated as it was in the 1870's, when the American explorer George Kennan surveyed for the abortive Alaska-Siberian telegraph line on the Russian end between the Anadyr and the Amur rivers. There, in northeast Siberia, Kennan found the natives living like "oysters," knowing nothing of outside civilization with its printing presses, electric telegraph, and steam railroads. The Buryats, Kennan found, were under the domination of the Khamba Lama, or Grand Lama, of Eastern Siberia, who argued that the earth was flat, as the Tibetan Buddhist scriptures said it was. Kennan assured this dignitary that the earth was round, and to prove his point described how he had made a round-the-world journey on his trip to Siberia and home to America. The Grand Lama was unimpressed—he had never heard of America.

In Kennan's day Americans who entered Siberia went into the country from the Atlantic side, from Europe across the Urals. That was the route followed by the Connecticut Yankee John Ledyard, the first American to visit Yakutsk. In 1787 Ledyard went down the Lena River 1,400 miles in a flatboat, after having hitchhiked across

Siberia east to Irkutsk in *kibitkas,* the Asiatic equivalent of the covered wagon. Ledyard aimed to strike east from Yakutsk to Okhotsk, embark on a Russian boat going across the North Pacific to our northwest coast, and then walk across the continent east to New England. In this unusual manner, he hoped to arouse our Atlantic frontiersmen to the prospects of Pacific commerce and reverse their minds in the direction of the West. Thomas Jefferson, our envoy to Paris, helped arrange what seemed to be the proper credentials. But, in Yakutsk, Ledyard was arrested as an alleged "French spy" and deported across the Polish frontier from the Empire of Catherine II, then fearful of French Revolutionary ideas.

About seventy years after Ledyard, Perry M. Collins was inspired by the same aim of expanding American-Russian commerce across the Pacific. While in California, Collins learned of the Russian colonization of the Amur basin around 1850, took one look west across the ocean, and proceeded east to Washington, where he was appointed the United States commercial agent for the Amur. Collins then went across the Atlantic to St. Petersburg, made a dashing midwinter sleigh ride across Siberia in 1856, and was the first Yankee to go down the Amur River.

En route behind the Urals, Collins halted briefly at Krasnoyarsk, "a town of 6,000." Then, he wrote, "we hastened on and arrived opposite Irkutsk within a few hours of 35 days since leaving Moscow, a distance of 3,545 miles; having slept out of our sleighs only three whole nights in that time, with an atmosphere ranging from 50° below zero to 10° above. We changed horses 210

times, and drove over 700 on the journey, with some 200 drivers and 25 postillions."

On certain stages of his journey across Siberia, Collins wrote, "the snow had been at least three feet deep on the road, and was rolled in waves like a miniature frozen sea, over which we rapidly dashed from station to station." By the standards of his day, Collins certainly dashed along at breakneck speed, followed at points by packs of howling Siberian wolves, but his ride east from Moscow by sleigh in thirty-five days is now made in less hours by plane. In thirty-five hours we could easily have flown direct west to Irkutsk from Washington.

On this journey about ninety years ago, Collins spent most of his time in the physical business of hard traveling. Nevertheless, when he spoke at a banquet given in his honor by the Russian governor-general, his words called up a vision that has become a reality in our day. In January, 1857, Perry M. Collins said at Irkutsk:

"We have now, in our time, and in our generation, a new epoch in the history of the world presented to us; Siberia, heretofore regarded as a *terra incognita,* and only *used* by geographers to fill up uncertain and waste space on the map of the globe, has emerged from the Egyptian darkness that enveloped her. . . . What strikes the stranger particularly with amazement is the vast extent and wonderful resources of this country, and one is equally amazed that they should have lain so long comparatively dormant and scarcely recognized by the world at large. . . . Russia, descending from the heights of the Altai to the great Eastern Ocean by way of the mighty Amoor, and the United States, descending to its opposite

shore from the heights of the Sierra Nevada, will shake the friendly hand in commercial intercourse upon that mighty sea, and these two great nations will only vie with each other in developing the resources of their respective countries." *

* Perry McDonough Collins, *A Voyage Down the Amoor* (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1860), p. 52.

# 5

# THE RIVER AND THE STEPPE

*SEALS OF BAIKAL*

WE JOURNEYED through Russian Siberia in the summertime. There were no snowdrifts on the roads, but we did get some ice on our wings near the Cold Pole in Yakutia. At the airfield of Velkal and on the surrounding tundra was a light carpet of snow streaked with the brown of sprouting moss. That was in the Far Northeast of Asia, where even low ranges of mountains are snow-capped, and in Kamchatka the smoke of active volcanoes rises out of snow-mantled summits in winter. Amid the snow at the foot of the mountains people bathe in hot springs, some of which are radioactive.

The natural scenery changed as we flew southwest across the north continental belt of evergreen forests, the *taiga* of Siberia extending from the Urals to the Pacific. With progress southward, the larch and pine increased in

size from dwarf bush lightly rooted above the permafrost to the dense stands of commercial timber along the Angara and the Yenisei. At Komsomolsk on the Amur, the larch trees were much larger and five days further advanced than those at Seimchan on the Kolyma. Alongside the road at Komsomolsk, I saw a small purple azalea, a very hardy plant, since the January temperature here averages minus 4°. The July temperature averages 60°, but some days climbs to 85° and 90°. This lower Amur country has 215 days per year of clear sunshine, a very important factor in the maintenance of greenhouses during the winter.

Komsomolsk, Irkutsk, and Krasnoyarsk are all in the southern tall-timber zone. Evergreens cover the countryside down to the river banks, and at Lake Baikal sweep in wooded valleys up the slopes of the lakeside mountains. This lake is of world-wide scientific interest. The Russian Academy of Sciences maintains a research station there, and as guests of the Russian scientists we cruised on it during an afternoon trip out of Irkutsk. The lake is really a fresh-water sea, the deepest on earth, over a mile deep in places. There are seals in the lake, the only fresh-water seals in the world that live so far inland. Some fish, living over a half-mile down, are mammals and are 50 per cent fat. Lake Baikal has remained as it is now for about 20,000,000 years. In the forest around are a remarkable species of elk, whose antlers when cut in the velvet and ground up furnish male hormones, much prized by the Chinese from ancient times. There are also musk deer, valuable for the musk they supply to the perfume industry. Just visible off the lake's east bank are high snow-

capped peaks, spurs of the Sayan Mountains that extend into Mongolia. The natural scenery is beautiful.

The Lake Baikal trip was the first of three interesting excursions we made while in central Soviet Asia. The second was a journey by train and steamboat through the upper Yenisei valley south of Krasnoyarsk. The third was an air trip into the bitter-root zone of sparse vegetation that extends south of Novo-Sibirsk across the entire mid-country behind the Urals to the deserts of Central Asia. There, in the steppe, we visited the rising mining towns of Karaganda and Balkhash. On the Yenisei River excursion we had a look at Siberia's past. On the trip into the steppe we caught a glimpse of the future in store for Soviet Asia.

## *RUSSIA'S MOUNT VERNON*

While at Krasnoyarsk, John Hazard urged us not to miss the rare opportunity of taking a trip along the Yenisei. The rivers were old Siberia's main thoroughfares, he said. It was an attractive idea, so I approached Sergei Goglidze, with whom all of us were now well acquainted, and who with General Semeonov had done his utmost to make our stay a memorable one. "Fine," he replied, "but we shall have to go by train or boat. The Minusinsk airfield is too small for a big plane like the Skymaster."

On this excursion I rode in Goglidze's special railway car, which he was careful to explain was "his" only by virtue of his office. At dinner in the car he offered a sincerely hearty toast to the re-election of President Roose-

velt. Goglidze is a very fine man, very efficient, gentle, and understanding with people.

After an overnight train ride we arrived at Abakhan, opposite Minusinsk, and crossed the Yenisei on an old-fashioned cable ferry. We drove in motorcars south through the farmland of the Minusinsk region, the best fruit area in all Siberia. After a twenty-mile drive toward the distant Sayan Mountains, we arrived at a four-corners village of log cabins. A few front-line veterans stood about on crutches. The village was Shushenskoye Selo, Russia's Mount Vernon. From the banks of the Potomac we had arrived at this riverside village on the banks of the Yenisei, the first American mission of comparable standing that had ever visited the place.

Shushenskoye Selo, from which the Sayan Mountains of Mongolia are visible to the south, is the place to which Lenin was exiled in 1897. He remained in banishment three years. The two houses in which he lived are preserved today as national museums and have on display personal relics, including gold medals Lenin won as a schoolboy for scholarship. The woman caretaker of the museum told us that he had freedom of movement except that he had to report twice a day to the police. He loved the out-of-doors, skating, fishing, and hunting. Lenin got well acquainted with the local peasants; some of those who knew him here are still living. He also met with other exiles, when not busy writing the pamphlets and books that are now classics of the Russian Revolution.

Every town in Siberia today has a bust or statue of Lenin—and a Soviet nursery or kindergarten. His photograph is seen alongside that of Stalin and other Soviet leaders on the walls of schoolrooms, public halls, and

business offices. Even the headlight on the engine of the children's railway at Krasnoyarsk is a photograph of Lenin as a child.

In Siberia scientists can find much of interest. While at Minusinsk we visited the famous archeological museum, with its Bronze Age exhibits related to the early origins of the Finns and the Hungarians. Siberia has made unique contributions to our culture. The foundation collection of Slavonic books in our Library of Congress came from there in 1907, when we purchased the 80,000 volumes collected in the private library of the Krasnoyarsk merchant Gennadius Yudin. At the New York Public Library, the nucleus of the Russian division is the personal collection of the late George Kennan, whose classic book, *Siberia and the Exile System,* was a nail in the coffin of Czarist Russia. The Harvard Library contains the personal collection of Jeremiah Curtin who, among his other extensive travels, visited and wrote about Buryat-Mongolia.

We completed our excursion to Minusinsk on an unusually large and luxurious river boat, the *Joseph Stalin,* going for an overnight ride down the Yenisei to Krasnoyarsk. It was the most beautiful river ride in my experience, and I was told by others of our party that the Yenisei is lovelier than the Volga. As we moved swiftly downstream in the early evening, past cliffs, bright green low fields, lighthouses, and villages, the Russians sang folk songs. Perhaps only the Welsh can rival the Russians as group singers. A poem of Gorky's was recited with great feeling and histrionic ability. There was music as the boat floated down-river past winking shore beacons. Overhead the stars were out in the cloudless sky. The

members of our party, all men, waltzed around with the boat's waitresses and its two girl radio operators.

When we got up the next morning at six, the girls were already hard at work. I felt sorry for them for having to work so hard. Both the Russian and the American men, it seemed to me, were rather thoughtless. Everywhere we went the Russian women, especially in the country, did much hard work.

In the warm sunshine we sat on deck watching the shore line—high red-gray palisades topped by wooded hills rolling off into the purple horizon. In traveling through Siberia we were accompanied by "old soldiers" with blue tops on their caps. Everybody treated them with great respect. They are members of the *Nkvd,* which means the Peoples' Commissariat of Internal Affairs. I became very fond of their leader, Major Mikhail Cheremisenov, who had also been with the Willkie party. On this morning boat ride, the boys kidded the major about his having accompanied the various American missions through Russia, and someone suggested that he write a diary. Major Cheremisenov said that his title for the Willkie trip would be "Vodka, Vodka, Vodka." Our trip, he said, would be entitled *"Kipicheonia, Kipicheonia."* Some of the boys didn't catch on, so John Hazard explained, laughing: *"Kipicheonia*—boiled water." Our pilot, Colonel Kight, who had also flown the *One World* party around, defended Wendell Willkie, saying he didn't drink so much vodka.

When about twenty miles south of Krasnoyarsk, our boat tied up to shore for two hours, and we went walking. It was June 9 and a hot day, about 92° in the shade. The grassy river banks had flowered in an astonishing variety

of color. Wild flowers could be picked by the armful. I spotted an unusually large blue columbine (state flower of Colorado). There were aconites, blue and big yellow violets, lady-slippers, white and red clover, yellow globe anemones. Some of the plants here I had never seen before. The hills along the river were quite steep and as a result a number of timber roads had been gullied by the rain. In some places ditches nine to ten feet deep had resulted. This is one of the most recently developed parts of the world and yet I could see how rapidly extension of lumbering might result in silting up the Yenisei, eventually making impossible lovely boat trips such as that I had enjoyed. In examining the incipient soil erosion and the profuse flora of the *taiga,* I had walked a long distance from the river before I realized that the boat was soon due to leave. I hurried back and came out of the woods a good distance upriver from the steamer.

High on a steep hillside above the boat, his back turned to me and the river, was Major Cheremisenov, shouting and waving at the big woods inland. Near him, on another down-river hillside, John Hazard was frantically beating through the brush. It was like a game of Indians or hide-and seek. When the time had come for the boat to leave, they had gone in search of me. I had unwittingly eluded them both, the only time during the entire trip. John sighted me first, as I walked down to the boat, and called off a most anxious major of the Soviet secret service. Soon we were all back on board again for the last stage of our excursion, and looking off into the far-ranging *taiga,* John said with a laugh: "I feared the V.P. of the U.S.A. was lost in them thar hills."

## *AIR TRIP TO TOMORROW*

Our trip to Karaganda and Balkhash gave us a glimpse of Soviet Asia's future. We visited both towns on the same day, June 13, in a thousand-mile swing by air out of Semipalatinsk on the Irtysh, a river that rises near China's northwestern border. We were up at the crack of dawn, like miners in a suburban town hurrying to catch an early train in order to be at work by seven. Day was breaking, the sun coming up over the scenic Altai Mountains behind us as we took off to fly more than 300 miles westward over treeless plains. The countryside below had a spotty growth of grass and a kind of sage or artemesia. At 8:15 A.M. we landed on the dirt airfield at Karaganda, a new Soviet city of white public buildings in the desert. It looks like anything but the coal-mining center that it is.

The office workers in the coal-mining administration were already on the job when we arrived. Down to meet us at the airfield was the director, Georg Georgevich Spitsen. In motorcars we drove at once to the largest of Karaganda's three big open-pit coal mines. With a sweeping gesture, Spitsen said: "We are digging 6,000 tons of coal a day here. Production began a year ago." A proud shovel operator, scooping up tons of run-of-mine coal to load into steel hopper cars, waved to us. The tracks were driven directly into the cut. We looked closely at the shovel's trade-mark. It was a Bucyrus Erie electric shovel, one of three at work here, and had been shipped in under lend-lease from the United States.

The electric shovels are preferred to steam shovels, it was explained, because there is no fire hazard with elec-

tric-driven tools. "Sparks from the steam engines might burn us out," said Manager Spitsen. Coal was being mined at the rate of a hundred cars a day from the open pits, estimated to have a forty-year supply. Many shaft mines were also in operation. "More electric shovels is what we need," said the general manager, "to make production soar."

From the dusty coal pits we drove back into town, passing through streets lined with shade trees, gardens and shrubbery—a startling contrast to the surrounding desert. Irrigation is needed to sustain the parkways, beside which rise modern stuccoed dwellings. We stopped before a large house nicely situated above a little pond. It was a rest home maintained by the miners' trade union. We had lunch there.

Georg Spitsen, sitting beside me, whose position at Karaganda was comparable to that of Ivan Nikishov at Magadan, said he had come out there from the Don basin. He is a son of a coal miner and a grandson of a peasant. The Karaganda coal trust employs 72,000 workers, he said, including those on farm services. He added: "Shovel operators are the highest paid. They earn 5,000 rubles a month. The average monthly wage is 700 rubles." (For another comparison, it is interesting to note that 5,000 rubles a month was the salary paid to such a high-ranking Red Army staff officer as the late Marshal Shaposhnikov.)

In our journey through the country we had had a chance to compare wage standards in various parts of Soviet Asia, and found that the differential was loaded to facilitate three things: (1) to increase the number of skilled workers, (2) to attain full production, (3) to attract new workers into the Far Eastern areas.

The skilled shovel operators at Karaganda were paid the highest scale we had found anywhere, an incentive to improved skill. At Magadan the highest wage—2,000 rubles a month—was paid to truck repairmen called *Stakhanovites,** who has overfulfilled output goals 220 per cent, an incentive to full production. The miners in the Kolyma gold fields earned a minimum of 3,000 rubles a month, compared to 800 rubles paid for mine labor in European Russia. Higher wages was the evident incentive that had brought the miners into the Far East on their three-year contracts.

We found some variation in the work hours. At Kom-

* *Stakhanovite* is the title given the most efficient and productive workers, so named after the Donbas coal miner Alexei Stakhanov, who in the 1930's first mastered the use of the pneumatic pick in raising Soviet coal output. His name thereafter became associated with the nation-wide movement to master modern machine tools, and increase the number of skilled workers in Soviet industry generally. Many of the workers like Stakhanov are fresh in from the farms. Stakhanov himself spent the war years at Karaganda, but with the liberation of the Donbas has gone back home to restore mining there.

The ruble, according to the official exchange rate, is worth about 20 cents in American currency. Its real value to the Russian worker, however, is not measurable simply in terms of the 5.50 rubles for one dollar.

As Albert Rhys Williams points out in his book, *The Russians,* the Russian worker's living budget has a different structure from that of the American worker. Rent, for example, averages 15-20 per cent of the family budget in America; in Soviet Russia, it averages 4.03 per cent. Besides, the Russian worker has free medicine, insurance, and paid vacations at rest homes.

Taking the above into account, here is what 2,000 rubles a month had to face at the stores in Magadan, the only place we obtained a scale of prices.

Lend-lease cheese was selling for 23.50 rubles a kilogram (2.2 pounds), lend-lease butter for 24 rubles a kilo. Most of the Russian smoked fish sold at 17 to 19 rubles a kilo. A woman's coat was priced at 650 rubles, a woman's wash dress of the sort that sells for $2 in the United States cost 147 rubles. On the other hand the fox, squirrel, and sea otter furs were moderately priced. A fine ermine fur could be bought for 10 rubles. Theater admission prices at Yakutsk were from 8 to 15 rubles; motion picture shows, 2 to 5 rubles.

somolsk the aircraft plant workers, with output 68 per cent above plan, were earning 1,500 rubles a month, and had a work-week of 54 hours. At the near-by steel mill, where the work is perhaps less skilled, the average monthly wage was 900 rubles, the work-week 48 hours. At Krasnoyarsk and Novo-Sibirsk, the work-week was six days of eleven hours each, with time-and-a-half for three hours' daily overtime. The eight-hour day is the legal workday in Soviet Russia. Paid overtime was put in as a wartime necessity. Minors under eighteen worked an eight-hour day, and in the evening attended continuation school free of charge.

These are the actual working conditions we found, and the wage differential of about three to one in favor of *Dalstroi* seemed real enough, since ration rates at Magadan were the same as in Moscow. Compared to mine laborers in old Russia, the men in overalls on the Kolyma had many more rubles to spend. At Magadan we found no non-rationed stores such as had been reported opened in Moscow. Evidently the Kolyma miners had gone east to earn more money, and we saw them digging up pay dirt with a Marion steam shovel just as vigorously as Karaganda miners operated with electric shovels. In both places they were settling new land—at Magadan in the zone of permafrost, at Karaganda in the desert. Such is the return of the exiles to Siberia—they are pioneers of the machine age, builders of cities. Ten years old in 1939, Karaganda had 165,000 citizens.

After lunch at Karaganda we took off, flying southwest over very dry country. Even the streams were dried out, except in deep valleys where clusters of huts could be seen in the midst of green oases. When still a long dis-

tance away, we could see a wide expanse of water ahead. It was Lake Balkhash, bright blue in the midst of gray, treeless country. Along the shore rose the smoking stacks of smelters. On landing at the dirt airfield, we were welcomed to the copper-smelting town of Balkhash by its mayor, Anna Stepanovna Piribinus, president of the city soviet.

We drove at once to the open-cut copper mine, resembling that at Chuquicamata in Chile. The ore is similar to that of the Anaconda Company in Montana. We saw in operation at the mine more electric shovels, and also lend-lease core drills. The mine manager, Butenko, said that there were fifty drills in operation, and added characteristically: "We could use more. This mine is still in its infancy. It needs drills to grow." From the mine the ore passes by electric railway to the lakeside smelters, where it is refined to the 99 per cent stage.

We looked at the town of Balkhash, parched under the clear sunny sky. "Founded by volunteers," the city's remarkable mayor told us. "They came from Kiev, from Kharkov, from Moscow and Leningrad—180 people 15 years ago. Now we have 70,000." Her words had a familiar ring. It might have been Ivan Nikishov of Magadan speaking. We looked at the mayor of Balkhash again to be sure. There could be no mistake. What seemed to be one of the most hopeless and difficult jobs imaginable was being directed by a woman, determined but not without feminine charm. Not a cloud was in sight overhead. There would be no rain today, no rain for days on end.

"Water supply, ordinary drinking water," said Anna Stepanovna, "that was our biggest civic problem. The lake water is unfit to drink, without special treatment.

It was hard on us at first, but now we have pure water. People can really live here now."

With great pride, she showed us the city's irrigated botanical gardens. We walked through groves of Chinese elms, saw tamarisks like those along the roads in southern New Mexico, and ate grapes like those grown in Southern California. The gardener gave me some melon seeds and asked for some from California. "When the people see this garden," said our unusual hostess, "they feel more contented." Her husband was in the Red Army tank corps, she told us, as she served us tea before our departure.

We were back in Semipalatinsk by nightfall, the Irtysh River appearing as an oasis in the desert. On the return flight from Balkhash, I talked with the Russian Foreign Office man, Dimitri Chuvakhin, who accompanied us during our journey. "This kind of thing," he said, referring to the new towns we had seen, "this kind of thing which saved Russia, Trotsky was against. He thought there had to be a world revolution. Stalin had faith in the moral stamina of the Russian people. Stalin said, 'We can and we will.' And our people did. They created the necessary capital out of their own hides. Russia would have lost the war without Karaganda."

## *ON THINGS TO COME*

Karaganda, Balkhash, Magadan, and Komsomolsk are all new cities built under the Soviets' industrialization plan during the past fifteen years. There are others, largest of which is the great Magnitogorsk, also behind the Urals, and comparable in character to an Indian Har-

bor or a Youngstown on top of a Hibbing, Minnesota, as a recent American visitor described it. The Magnitogorsk blast furnaces feed on a near-by mountain of iron ore. "Karaganda will be a second Magnitogorsk," mine manager Spitsen told us, "for we have found good iron ore not far from Karaganda's coal."

This means that in the coming decade there will rise out of the present coal town of Karaganda, 170,000 population in 1944, a great iron and steel center comparable to towns of the American Midwest. Soviet Asia will see the rise of its own "Pittsburghs, Clevelands, and Detroits." American-made machine tools—electric shovels, core drills, steel rolling mills—will be in demand. Kolyma-mined gold will help Russia pay for them.

The Soviets are definitely planning for a big increase of population in their eastern territory. It is true that most of the 30,000 Donbas coal miners who came east to Karaganda and helped double coal output there during the German occupation of their home fields, have since gone back. But their return is understandable because a restored Don coal basin is vital to reconstruction of Russia's southern steel mills. It is also exceptional, for evacuated workers as a rule are remaining in the East. Some indication of what the Soviets look forward to in population was given to me by Dimitri Chuvakhin.

"The Soviet population," he said, "was increasing 2,500,000 a year up to 1940, when the U.S.S.R. had 193,000,000 people. If, during the next 50 years, the total increase is 100,000,000, then at least 30,000,000 of that increment should be east of the Urals."

Much of this increment will be in urban growth. The population of some cities may be expected to rise well

over the million mark, as the total urban population climbs above the 12,000,000 figure of 1939. Then there were 47 cities in Soviet Asia of 50,000 or more population, and the total population of these cities alone increased from 2,600,000 to 6,500,000 between 1926 and 1939. In 1939 Soviet Asia's total population was divided in town and country residence as follows: 12,300,000 urban, 26,200,000 rural. There is indication that the Soviet city-planners aim to avoid overconcentration in urban centers. The town of 50,000 to 150,000 inhabitants may some day be regarded as the ideal air-age city. With air transport, such mining communities can be developed anywhere on earth, wherever the minerals are found.

To support the urban population a strong agriculture is necessary, and in this respect the Soviet Union is moving in two directions: (1) her farms are collectivized and machine-operated, (2) farming is being integrated with industry.

Collectivization of agriculture in Russia is an old story, but while in Soviet Asia I was interested to hear that on this issue Stalin and Trotsky were in fundamental disagreement. Dimitri Chuvakhin of the Soviet Foreign Office explained it this way. "Trotsky," he said, "wanted to make peace with the *kulaks,* the rich peasants who resisted collectivization. He thought world revolution was vital. Stalin did not believe it was necessary to have world revolution. Stalin believes that Russia must discipline herself, must build up the home economy and increase her industrial and farm output."

Collective farming, to Stalin, was a method of making agriculture more productive, of getting the food surplus necessary to support urban workers. We in the United

States may regard the methods employed as too costly in human terms, but there is no denying that it was a measure for integrating farm output with urban growth, and a necessary measure if the industrialization plan, out of which came Karaganda and the other new towns, was to succeed. The old peasant farming without mechanized, collective methods was not productive enough to support the projected urban expansion.

This integration of farming with industry is also promoted on a local scale. Strictly farm problems will be discussed later. Here we can point to some aspects of Soviet Asia's agriculture as they bear on urban life. In the zone of permafrost at Kolyma, there is farming under glass to raise fresh foods for the miners. Among other things raised are tomatoes, pollinated by imported bees. This enterprise is operated by the *Dalstroi,* just as the big farm at Krasnoyarsk was owned and operated by the ack-ack gun factory. A similar farm enterprise is being developed at Karaganda, where, thirty-five miles to the north of town, rainfall is enough to support a fine wheat region. This explained the grain elevator and flour mill which we were all surprised to see in the desert city.

Apart from these industry-run farms, victory gardening was actively promoted everywhere. The gardens were tilled by individual urban residents to provide for the family table, and were sponsored by the Soviet trade unions in an effort to overcome the food crisis that developed when the Germans occupied the Ukraine wheat lands. The victory gardens at Komsomolsk, for example, had a total area of 8,000 acres—7,000 plowed by tractor, the rest spaded by hand. There was no limit on the land allotments; each worker was given as much as he could

till. About 1,200 larch stumps had to be cleared per acre before the land could be sown. In the environs of Semipalatinsk, a city of about 150,000, there were 40,000 family gardens, many of them cultivated by dry farming although rainfall is only 10 inches a year. In similar proportions, household gardens were tilled in the environs of almost every town we visited.

Part of the present strength of the Soviet position in Asia is just this integration of urban life with farming. Agriculture in Siberia is being developed along with industry, and Siberian agriculture is not being exploited for the benefit of European Russia.

Siberian foodstuffs are being raised generally for local needs. In the remoter areas the local gardens are the chief source of vitamins, which are produced in the fruits and vegetables grown. At Komsomolsk, for example, vitamin C was the only synthetic vitamin being supplied to the workers; for other vitamins the population relied on their fresh garden crops.

During the war the Far Eastern farms helped supply the Red Army. The flour milled at Karaganda was being shipped to soldiers at the front. Siberia is also aiding in the restoration of agriculture in the devastated areas of European Russia. A typical example is Semipalatinsk *oblast,* which sent 5 carloads of relief goods, 40,000 head of cattle, and 2,000 farm workers to help re-establish the cattle industry in the reoccupied territory. These contributions to the national farm life are a further illustration of the present strength of Siberian agriculture. Its future is assured.

# 6

# THE PEOPLES OF SOVIET ASIA

## *THE EURASIAN HEARTLAND*

OUR ROUND-TRIP swing by air out of Semipalatinsk took us into what geographers call the "heartland of Eurasia," an area of the world comparable in continental insularity only with the American Midwest. It was the development of our Middle West that made us the most powerful industrial nation on earth today. Development of the Eurasian "heartland" will make the U.S.S.R. tomorrow rank equally high among the world's industrial powers. Growth of industry in Soviet Asia can mean an expansion of our Russian commerce, a subject discussed more fully in Chapter 12. Here let us dwell on the ethnic composition of the peoples of Soviet Asia, their level of civilization, and their outlook under the Soviets.

Soviet Asia's peoples are of diverse ethnic origins. In the Trans-Siberian towns described, the Russians are the dominant ethnic group. The growth of Siberia's Russian population has been most rapid since the through railway was built about 1900 and during the past fifteen years of industrialization. In 1913 only 6 per cent of Russian industry was in Asia. Thirty years later, in 1942-43, when the Germans stood at the Volga, about 85 per cent of all industry left in the U.S.S.R. was east of the Volga. With this eastward movement of industry have come millions of new Russian urban residents.

During the war, Semipalatinsk received 30,000 refugees —Russian and Ukrainian. This city's newspapers were published in Russian and Ukrainian and in a third language—the Kazakh. Like Karaganda and Balkhash, Semipalatinsk is in the Kazakh Soviet Republic, and the area is known in the vernacular as Kazakh-Stan, the suffix meaning camp or country. To the native herdsmen, therefore, this big country, situated between Russian Siberia in the north and Central Asia proper in the south, is known as the "camp of the Kazakhs." The Kazakh people are not to be confused with the Cossacks, who entered Siberia from Europe following Yermak's conquests on the Irtysh.

The Cossack expansion was a remarkable combination of movement by boat along rivers and west-east movement from river to river by horse, reindeer, and dogsled. In the history of pioneer invasion of the wilderness, the Cossacks were distinguished for the versatile speed with which they mastered new techniques. They started with the combined steppe-and-river techniques of the Cossack areas, and added the techniques of the *taiga* and the

tundra. In a country like northern Asia, where the land slopes down to the Arctic, the Cossack seventeenth-century expansion spent itself driving almost straight northeast to Bering Strait. Anadyr was 60 years old, Sibir had fallen 137 years before, when the Cossacks finally moved up the Irtysh through the "Kirghiz steppes" in 1718 to found the Czarist outpost of Semipalatinsk. The city has a Russian name which means the place of "seven tents." Although the early Cossack settlement may have resembled the average *yurta* or nomad encampment, it was avoided by the Kazakh herdsmen of the steppe, who in contempt called such outposts "heaps of dung."

Through the fort at Semipalatinsk, the Russian Czars dominated the steppe country. The city became a cattle town, to which natives drove their stock, some of it from across the border of northwest China. A century and a half passed. The year was 1865. The Civil War in the United States had cut into Russia's supply of raw cotton for her textile industry near Moscow. A Russian army marched into Tashkent, and Czarist rule was established over cotton-growing Central Asia.

Tashkent is an ancient city. Empires rose and fell upon the town during passing centuries: in the seventh century the Arabs took it, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century the Mongols had it, in the sixteenth the Uzbeks made it theirs, and finally in the nineteenth century it fell to the Russians. Razed by Genghis Khan, ruled by Tamerlane, stormed by the troops of Moscow's Czar, the city survived all conquests. It was founded on an oasis in the desert.

Two years after Tashkent's capture, Cossacks were sent east into the foothills of the Tien-Shan mountains, and

founded in 1867 a new outpost called Vyernyi, meaning "faithful." A garrison was posted there to guard the silk trade from China and patrol the stage-coach road from Tashkent along the southern and eastern borders of Kazakhstan to Semipalatinsk. Vyernyi is known today as Alma-Ata, which is the capital of the Kazakh Soviet Republic. Tashkent is today the capital of the Uzbek Soviet Republic, or Uzbekistan. We visited both Alma-Ata and Tashkent.

## *AMONG THE UZBEKS*

We flew into Tashkent from Semipalatinsk. During our 4-hour flight of 822 miles we moved southwest across the trackless expanse of Kazakhstan's deserts. Midway, we crossed Lake Balkhash and the copper-smelting town on the lakeside. The bright blue lake waters stretched all around the plane a surprising distance. Elsewhere there was no water below us. Rivers rise here in the hills and end in the desert. When we were about a half-hour out of Tashkent, we climbed above the highland plains. There were green watered valleys, and habitations increased in number as we flew over the Uzbekistan state frontier with Kazakhstan, an internal state border of about the same significance in Soviet Asia as that between Nevada and California in the United States.

Ahead were the suburbs of Tashkent, their tree-lined streets in startling contrast to the barren desert behind us. The big city in front of us was very much larger than any we had seen. Irrigation canals watered the suburban orchards and gardens. A textile mill three blocks long stood out in the environs. From the air we saw a honey-

comb of low adobe houses. It was the ancient quarter of town, through which runs the oasis-feeding Chirchik River; around the ancient town has grown up the modern city. Off to the southwest is another river, the famous Syr Darya. Its glacier-fed waters, rising in the high mountains to the south, irrigate an Imperial Valley of cotton plantations while en route to the Aral Sea.

We landed at the Tashkent airdrome. Waiting to receive us was the President of the Uzbek Soviet Republic. He is an Uzbek, Abdujabbar Abdurakhmanov. Like the others of the reception committee, he was dressed in white tropical clothes. He sat beside me as we drove into town along the road through irrigated orchards and vineyards. It was much like California, but the Uzbek President said: "No oranges are grown. We have frost in winter. Our climate is continental." When just north of the metropolitan area, our cars turned into a green garden and drove up to a large summerhouse with a wide veranda fronting on a lawn with ornamental fountains. It was the government guest house, where we were put up. The rooms had high ceilings, and windows were open all around. Everything suggested the comfort of a Miami hotel. The day was June 14, United Nations Day around the world.

A great banquet was arranged by the Uzbek President to honor our visit and to celebrate United Nations Day. Among the guests were three envoys to the U.S.S.R.—the American Ambassador Averill Harriman, the Chinese Ambassador Fu Ping-Sheung, and the Mexican Ambassador Luis Quintanilla. All had flown in from Moscow to greet our mission. The Allied world, it seemed, had come to Tashkent, and the Uzbeks were hosts. The din-

ner was a jovial affair, at which we were all honored guests, representatives of friendly nations. The master of ceremonies was Abdujabbar Abdurakhmanov, and at the appropriate moment, in accordance with an old Uzbek custom, he presented to me and to each of the three Allied envoys a magnificent gold-embroidered Uzbek robe. Handing a fifth marvelous robe to me, he said: "It's a gift from the Uzbeks to President Roosevelt, a founder of the United Nations."

The near-by cotton fields seemed remote that night and next morning while I breakfasted with Luis Quintanilla. Incidentally, Teheran is just across the Uzbek border to the southwest of Tashkent. I was glad to hear what Quintanilla told me about his interview with Marshal Stalin. At first the Soviet Foreign Office did not want to let him in, but Quintanilla said he had a letter from the President of Mexico and would not deliver it except in person. He was passed into Stalin's office in the Kremlin. Through an interpreter, Stalin asked: "What does he want?" "Nothing," Quintanilla replied, "but does Marshal Stalin want to know anything about Latin America?"

They talked for an hour and a half. "Stalin is interested only in facts," Quintanilla said. "He goes to sleep on theories. He likes to know facts exactly. He is in appearance a very insignificant man, but after you talk to him you find he is a genius. Stalin was remarkably informed on all aspects of Latin America, but he was a little vague on some of the geography, so he promptly refreshed his mind by consulting a globe."

While in Tashkent I visited several fine agricultural experimental stations working on cotton. At one of them I was surprised to meet the father of a Russian airman

who in 1937 flew over the North Pole to America and whom I had met in Washington when I was Secretary of Agriculture. In Tashkent, our farthest point southwest in Soviet Asia, we were in the latitude of New York. At Tashkent we about-faced to fly homeward, northeast via the Alsib route over the top of the world. Russian airmen were trail blazers on this shortest road from Tashkent or Moscow to the United States. We are linked in new ways to old Uzbekistan.

At all of Tashkent's research stations I found that an astonishingly high percentage of the personnel were women. They seemed to be amazingly competent. Uzbek women worked alongside Russian women. Under Mohammedan influence in the past, the Uzbeks held their women as slaves, the property of their fathers and husbands. Under the Soviet government, this practice has been made illegal, and Uzbek women have equal rights with men. I was told that in Uzbekistan's 163 state health centers more than half the doctors are women.

The Middle East Mohammedan flavor, however, is still sensed in the native songs and dances. We attended a concert of Uzbek music—lyric, romantic songs about love and war accompanied by native instruments. The ballet girls danced with much arm, finger, and head movement. Some of the entertainment was in comic vein. It was a completely Eastern performance, an interesting contrast to that at Ulan-Ude, where the Western influence was very marked. Owen Lattimore attributed the strong Oriental flavor at Tashkent to the long tradition of urban culture centered in the ancient oasis town. In Uzbekistan the native art is an urban growth; in Buryat-Mongolia it is rural.

Tambourine and string music was tolerated by the Mohammedan religion, but not the theater. The Uzbek opera house and the Uzbek dramatic theater, both in Tashkent, are of recent origin and arose under Soviet influence. At the Uzbek opera house I spoke to the citizens of Tashkent, and after my talk witnessed a performance. The troupe of Uzbek singers presented one act of *Carmen,* a new venture for them. It was excellent, but the plight of the leading lady brought home the difference in Eastern and Western vocal training. She was brilliant in her own medium, the native Eastern songs, but her high-pitched voice was not always attuned to the softer Latin music.

An act from an Uzbek opera followed, showing some influence of Western harmony but thoroughly Eastern in character. The Uzbeks are attempting to blend the East and West in music. In memory of my visit, conductor Muhtar Ashrafi, who is a People's Artist of the Uzbek Soviet Republic and a Stalin prize winner, presented to me the beautifully hand-written original score of his First Symphony, performed in 1942 and published in Tashkent.

The silk stage-curtain was embroidered with bolls of cotton, which served to remind us that the Uzbek Republic now supplies 66 per cent of the cotton grown in the Soviet Union and that its annual crop is scaled at a million tons of raw cotton. Much of the crop is marketed right in Tashkent to supply the big local textile mills, founded within the past fifteen years. The cotton is grown on irrigated land; Uzbekistan has 5,000,000 acres under irrigation, we were told. The country is also growing grain for local consumption, and after the German occu-

pation of the Ukraine, expanded its grain belt by 1,700,000 acres. This was necessary to supply food for more than 2,000,000 war refugees who flocked into the Uzbek and the Kazakh republics.

Nearly a half-million refugees (or three towns the size of Semipalatinsk) settled in Tashkent during the war and doubled that city's population. At the time of our visit in June, 1944, Tashkent's population was given as 1,100,000, compared to 585,000 in 1939. By a wide margin the biggest city we visited in Soviet Asia, Tashkent came in wartime to rank as the fourth city of the U.S.S.R. That was after Kiev, Kharkov, and Odessa had fallen to the Germans.

### *AT THE KAZAKH CAPITAL*

To reach Alma-Ata we flew northeast from Tashkent, where we had turned around to move away from the Caspian Sea in the general direction of Bering Strait. Just out of Tashkent, we climbed to cross high mountains, spurs of the Pamirs, which are known in native vernacular as "the Roof of the World." It was through Central Asia that Marco Polo passed about 650 years ago on his remarkable journeys between Venice, in the Rome-dominated Mediterranean world, and Peking, then capital of the Mongol Empire ruled by Kublai Khan. The mountains here rise to lofty snow-capped summits, rivaled only by the Himalayan hump. All are in the same mighty related chain: down the southeastern slopes the Ganges flows through India, down the northwestern valleys flow the Syr and Amur Darya to water Central Asia. Alma-Ata is situated in the northern foothills, across the Tibetan plateau from India.

We landed at Alma-Ata after a two-hour flight from Tashkent, 455 miles to westward. "By air it's like arriving at a suburb of metropolitan Tashkent," remarked Major General Sidney Spalding, American lend-lease administrator in the Soviet Union, who was with our party. He added: "It's an overnight ride by train."

At the airdrome we were introduced to the President of the Kazakh Soviet Republic. He is a Kazakh, Nurtas Undasynov, and his seat of government is Alma-Ata, nearer to Chungking than it is to Moscow. With him were two Russians, whom we met. The first was Undasynov's assistant, A. P. Zagaveliev; the second, president of the Alma-Ata city soviet, P. G. Orekhov. In 1939 the total population of the Kazakh Republic was 6,000,000, about equally divided between Central Asian Kazakhs and Russians.

By motorcar we drove into town along paved streets lined with irrigated shade trees. At every intersection women traffic cops in white uniforms gave us the go-sign. The modern buildings we passed made a fine impression; there were some adobe houses and a few old-fashioned Siberian log cabins. We drove uphill toward the mountains towering to eastward behind the city, which in this respect resembles Denver. And, in 1944, Alma-Ata's 340,000 inhabitants almost equaled metropolitan Denver's 384,000.

In the midst of tall upland trees we stopped before the rest house maintained by the Kazakh government. There we remained overnight, June 17-18. The surroundings would delight all nature lovers. We went up into the mountains for a drive and got out of our cars at an army camp to hike for an hour through the green valleys open-

ing at roadside bends, with vistas eastward into the climbing ranges of the Tien-Shan. With craggy peaks all around, it seemed that here all habitation had ceased—then, suddenly on rounding a bend, we ran into a mountain resort for wounded war veterans from the Russo-German front, convalescing in this natural wonderland a stone's throw from the Chinese frontier.

Luis Quintanilla says the word Alma-Ata in Spanish means "the soul binds." In the native Kazakh, it means "Father of Apples."

Alma-Ata is situated in the center of a fine fruit-growing region. I spent a delightful afternoon visiting the fruit-selection station of the Kazakh Institute of Agriculture. They gave me a most beautiful illustrated book describing the different kinds of fruit grown. The descriptions are remarkably accurate, with illustrations in color. It is one of the best jobs of this sort I have ever seen. They also gave us a basket of fruit to take along next morning to China.

In the evening, at a welcome banquet, I sat beside the Kazakh President. Nurtas Undasynov is chief executive in a country four times the size of Texas, a region that provides the Soviet Union with 40 per cent of its copper and more than 80 per cent of its lead, and has reserves of strategic minerals—tungsten, molybdenum, mercury, tin, and uranium, source of atomic energy.

"The Kazakhs who will run the Karaganda steel mills," he said, "are being trained at older mills—Magnitogorsk and Kuznetsk. That's how the Uzbeks also trained their native steel workers," he added. His remarks served to remind me of a rather interesting example of how interdependent our world economy is today. In the 1930's

American engineers from Cleveland and Chicago went into Siberia on technical aid contracts to help the Russians found their first steel mills behind the Urals. Their know-how in modern steel-making is now being passed on to the Uzbeks and the Kazakhs.

The suburb at Karaganda in which the new steel mill is being built has been named Samarkand, after the famous ancient Central Asian city, sacked by Alexander the Macedonian but still standing. The new Kazakh steel town will have a name as native to Central Asia as is Alma-Ata.

"What cities in Central Asia might grow as Alma-Ata has?" I asked President Undasynov, after he had said that in 1929 it had only 40,000 people and that its later growth was connected with the opening in 1931 of the Turksib Railway between Tashkent and Semipalatinsk. "If railways are extended to rich mineral deposits in the interior," he replied. "There are three—Frunze, Chimkent, and Dzhambul. Dzhambul is our most ancient city, dating back 1,500 years, our archeologists say. Like Tashkent and Samarkand, it was repeatedly razed and rebuilt, its name changed by each succeeding conqueror. In the past it was known variously as Yany, Aulei-Ata, Taraz. We named it Dzhambul to honor our centenarian Kazakh bard, Dzhambul Jambaev." President Undasynov explained that Dzhambul is particularly important today because, near-by, huge reserves of phosphate rock have been located. Formerly mineral fertilizer was shipped in from the Kola Peninsula, near Murmansk, 3,500 miles away.

"Now we can get it near Dzhambul," said the President, "and our farms need mineral fertilizers. The city

is bound to grow, since Kazakhstan has more than 18,000,000 acres under cultivation."

Seated next to us was the Georgian, Amayak Kobulov, who is Vice-President of the Uzbek Soviet Republic, and had been with our party since we landed at Semipalatinsk. "Beyond question," he said confidently, "Central Asia can support a much denser population. The possibilities of irrigation are unlimited. In Uzbekistan, for example, our irrigation canals, placed end to end, would encircle the earth at the equator four times. Local fertilizers can also be obtained to develop farming on a scale necessary to support our growing cities."

As these Soviet executives talked of towns that would one day rival Alma-Ata, a question came to mind: Is there a symbolic comparison between their visions and the outlook of pioneer America? There is. Think of the opening of the railroads, and the poet of the "steam whistle," Walt Whitman, who saw the "countless masses debouch upon vast trackless spaces." And even earlier there was Johnny Appleseed, who crossed the Appalachian barrier, carrying the "seeds and tree-souls" of today's American Midwest, "a state capital in each apple, all America in each apple." In our age of the airplane and itinerant machine tools, the trans-Ural peoples of Soviet Asia are on the move in a way that is easy for Americans to understand.

## *STATE GOVERNMENTS IN SOVIET ASIA*

The U.S.S.R. is a federal union of sixteen Soviet Republics—ten of them in Europe, six in Asia. Of the six Soviet Union Republics in Asia, we visited three—the

Russian, the Uzbek, and the Kazakh. The Russian Republic extends across all of northern Asia to the Pacific; the Uzbek is in the heart of Central Asia; the Kazakh is between the other two, borders on Siberia in the north, extends into Central Asia in the south, fronts on the Urals in the west and on China in the east. Here is how the three named Soviet Asian republics compare in area and total population:

| REPUBLIC | AREA (SQUARE MILES) | POPULATION IN 1939 |
|---|---|---|
| Russian | 4,524,300 | 21,800,000 |
| Kazakh | 1,042,900 | 6,100,000 |
| Uzbek | 143,700 | 6,200,000 |

In other words, the Kazakh Soviet Republic has a population comparable to that of New York City, dispersed in an area as large as the United States east of the Mississippi. The Russian is four times greater in extent but with a comparably sparse settlement. The Uzbek is the most densely populated of these three republics, which contain 95 per cent of the land and 90 per cent of the people of Soviet Asia. Soviet Asia's remaining three union republics—the Turkmen, the Tadzhik, and the Kirghiz, all in its central section—have a combined area of about 300,000 square miles and in 1939 had a combined population of 4,500,000—both figures comparable to the single state of Texas.

Obviously Soviet Asia still has much land to settle. Her cities are separated by vast stretches of wide open country. There are few auto roads, and cross-country transport is as yet in its infancy. Log cabins are so numerous and typical that Owen Lattimore once remarked, "This country

should not run short of presidents for a long time." The road to the presidency in his own country is open to the Kazakh, the Uzbek, the Buryat, the Yakut. We met presidents of these respective nationalities. Being a non-Russian is not a handicap to high public office. Joseph Stalin (real name Dzugashvili) is a Georgian.

Moscow, capital of the Soviet Union, is also the capital of the Russian Soviet Republic, the largest of all the sixteen republics in the Union. Within it are many administrative subdivisions in Europe and in Asia, where we visited several territories federated with this republic. These territories were governed from the local capital cities of Novo-Sibirsk, Krasnoyarsk, Irkutsk, Ulan-Ude, Chita, and Yakutsk. In two of these capitals the presidents were non-Russian—a Buryat at Ulan-Ude, a Yakut at Yakutsk. The president in Novo-Sibirsk is a Russian, L. A. Malinin, while the president at Khabarovsk, from which a vast territory of the Soviet Far East is governed, is a Georgian. Within the Kazakh Soviet Republic there are also administrative subdivisions, or *oblasts,* which we visited at Semipalatinsk and Karaganda. The local presidents there were not Russians but Kazakhs. In the Russian, the Kazakh, and the Uzbek Republics we found everywhere that the local leaders generally took their new responsibilities very seriously.

Czarist Russia's domination of Asiatic territory was effected through gun-mantled outposts such as that which 15,000 Cossacks and government officials founded at a favorite Kazakh camping ground in 1867 and named Vyernyi, today's Alma-Ata. What accounts for the growth of this town until its population rivals that of Denver?

Here are some figures on Alma-Ata's population growth, by significant periods:

| PERIOD | NO. OF YEARS | ANNUAL INCREMENT RATE |
|---|---|---|
| 1867–1927 | 50 | 500 |
| 1927–1939 | 12 | 9,000 |
| 1939–1944 | 5 | 23,000 |

What happened in 1927? The Kazakh *autonomous* republic, federated with Soviet Russia in the same way that the Buryat and Yakut republics are today, was organized with the town of Vyernyi as capital. The Czarist-given name was dropped and the Kazakh name of Alma-Ata was restored. In 1929 the town had 40,000 people. In 1931 the Turksib Railway was built. In 1934 the town was connected to eighteen cities by telegraph, with a direct telephone line to Moscow. In 1936 the Kazakh *autonomous* republic was elevated to the status of *union* republic, becoming one of the constituent republics of the U.S.S.R., with greatly increased representation in the national congress, or Supreme Soviet. A non-Russian national republic can be created by internal promotion. In 1939 Alma-Ata's population was 230,500. The 1926 figures on ethnic composition tell us little, for they are based on a population of 40,000.

It does not seem an exaggeration to say that the Kazakhs really went to town, and during World War II their capital of Alma-Ata was adding to itself more people annually than had settled the original outpost. In fifty years the Czarist town hardly tripled its population. In the seventeen years since 1927 the Kazakh city had increased its population more than eight times over. Clearly, like Ya-

kutsk and Ulan-Ude, Alma-Ata is a racial melting pot assimilating the steppe peoples to urban culture.

In Buryat-Mongolia and Yakutia, we pointed to the predominant rural character of the native peoples. The same is true in Kazakhstan and Uzbekistan, where approximately 80 per cent of the native population still live a rural life. In Soviet Russia's Siberian territories in the north of Asia, the towns are more developed and the rural segment of the population there has dropped to 60 per cent. Grain farming among the Russians; cotton growing among the Uzbeks; horse, cattle, and sheep herding among the Kazakhs, Buryats, and Yakuts—these are the main rural occupations. To the herding people, pasture grass is the staff of life, and I found the best grass expert in Soviet Asia among the Buryats. He was doing just what I had been urging everywhere should be done—selecting and improving the steppe grasses to get better herds.

Among the Buryats I was the honored guest at the sheep's ears-and-brain ceremony. On the ample table was a whole roast lamb. Our meals in Soviet Asia were uniformly excellent. We were served the best there was to offer—caviar, venison steaks in the North, delicious fried fish fresh from the Lena, rose-petal wines, Central Asian fruits and nuts. But I had never looked at a bigger meal than that set before us at Ulan-Ude, not to speak of the elaborate etiquette which those privileged to consume the dish must observe.

Our host, the Buryat President Ivanov, explained what was expected of me as the guest of honor. "The host," he said, "presents the barbecued lamb's head to the honored guest, who cuts off the ears and returns the head, which the host then carves open, exposing the brains.

The guest of honor then eats a portion of the brains, passing the rest on to the next ranking guest, and so it goes also with the shoulder, the hind leg, and the fat tail. If the honored guest's wife is present, the host presents the fat tail to her. If she is absent, it is carved in pieces and offered to all the guests."

The fat tail of one of these sheep when full-grown weighs twelve pounds. Fortunately we were a party big enough to make an impression on the roast, down to the blood pudding, and gave the Buryats no reason to complain that we had no stomach for their offering.

"The custom," President Ivanov explained, "symbolizes the advent of spring and the arrival of the lambs in the family circle. After the severe winter every *yurt,* or tent family, celebrated the birth of the yearlings. In time the custom became a tribal, and is now a national, festival to which guests of honor are invited."

The sheep's ears-and-brain ceremony seems to be observed among all the desert tribes over an area covering thousands of square miles. The Kazakh herdsmen in the grasslands around Semipalatinsk also observe this custom, as we learned on visiting a nomad camp there. Every Kazakh of the steppe is a horseman, and his favorite beverage is *kumiss,* or fermented mare's milk. Invited into a native Kazakh *yurt,* we drank guest bowls of this beverage and chatted with the people on how they felt about life today. The Kazakhs are a people of Mongol blood who speak primitive Turkish. Most of their young leaders are bilingual, speaking also Russian.

The Kazakh who is president of Semipalatinsk *oblast,* Abjan Zhusupov, accompanied us and he was a booster. "In our *oblast,*" he said, "we have a million and a half

head of livestock, a million of them sheep and cattle. The rest are swine, camels, and horses."

"What price do horses bring?" someone asked him. "The price varies with the purchaser," Zhusupov replied. "The Red Army gets first choice. A horse sold to its cavalry brings 700 rubles, our lowest price. The same horse sold to the government for other uses would bring 1,500 rubles. And a private individual would have to pay the highest price—12,000 rubles."

The Red Army also gets first choice of the wheat at Karaganda *oblast,* whose president is a Kazakh, Bisen Serekbaev. He told us that his *oblast* has an area of "175,000,000 acres," most of it spotty grazing land that supports 600,000 sheep and 300,000 cattle, together with an equal number of wiry Kazakh horses.

The Kazakh herdsmen think that the present regime is much better than that of the Czars. In 1918 they rebelled against conscription. Thousands fled from draft officials sent into the steppe from the towns, and went across the border into western China. Many returned during the Revolution but migrated again into China during the struggle over collectivization. The nomad moves when and where it suits him.

During the war the Kazakhs fought alongside the Russians against the Nazi invaders. According to reliable reports, Kazakhs to the number of 20,000 were awarded Soviet Government distinguished service medals for their part in the fight against Hitlerism. The highest award given for personal bravery—Hero of the Soviet Union—was conferred on 150 Kazakhs, including two women.

Like other Central Asian people, the Kazakhs are Mohammedans but have never observed the Moslem cus-

toms as strictly as the more settled Uzbeks. Even in Czarist times, the Kazakh women were not veiled and enjoyed more freedom generally in the outdoor camping life than was accorded women in the Eastern villages.

Moslem influence is evident in the Moorish style of the new opera house completed in 1941 at Alma-Ata. In this beautiful building we saw the best ballet offered to us in Soviet Asia. It was the *Bakhchisaraiski Fontan,* based on Pushkin's poem of the same name. Two scenes from a Kazakh opera followed. A humorous variety number and a border-guard ensemble rounded out this splendid performance, put on in the capital of a Central Asian people still close to the pastoral life.

In taking leave of my Kazakh friends, I gave a brief talk emphasizing the importance of sound, highly productive agriculture as a foundation for industrial urban life. As I had done when among the Uzbeks, I proposed a toast to the program of raising the standard of living for everyone. "Without this," I said, "I am certain lasting peace cannot be achieved."

Early next morning, June 18, I said good-by to Ambassador Harriman as he boarded the plane to fly back that day to Moscow. He told me that my trip had done an amazing amount of good.

# 7

# TRIBUTE TO MY HOSTS

*HOURS OF LEISURE*

THE VISITOR to Siberia today is impressed with the brisk manner in which its people go about their everyday business. When they say *seichas,* especially when they say it emphatically, you feel assured that their action will be prompt and to the point. When we were visiting the factories and farms, questions of detail often came up for which the man in charge had no ready answer. "*Seichas,*" he would say, and in a moment a technician would appear with a really competent reply. No questions were ruled out, and we had the run of the place in looking over what was being done. From all appearances, the word *seichas* is now being used more or less in its urgent sense of "immediately" rather than in the old-fashioned sense of "by-and-by." Perhaps the word is used less often than for-

merly; I do not know, but when it is uttered today you feel it means "now, at once."

The spirit and meaning of life in Siberia today is certainly not to be compared to that of the old exile days. Before 1900, one foreign gentleman of respected nationality visited Siberia and returned to the Western world converted to the benefits of the Czarist system of exile. The political prisoners, he maintained, were a shiftless lot of vagabonds who, to avoid the righteous discipline of hard work, fled into the woods where they did nothing but rest. (Stalin escaped from exile seven times.) The Russians generally, this gentleman felt, were a lazy people without enough *seichas* in them. Even in the Siberian mines he had found this true; the convicts loafed in chains. To his way of thinking Czarism was too soft in its treatment. The convicts should be forced to work harder. To be whipped was good for their erring souls, the reverend gentleman said.

The people of Siberia today are a hardy vigorous race, but not because they are whipped into submission. The only whip driving them is the necessity to master a vast new land. In the past all of Russia, not just the miserable convicts in Siberia, was beaten time and again, as Stalin has never ceased saying, by its economic and political backwardness, by being fifty years behind the times. The need to catch up with the advanced industrial nations is the force behind the great stirring movement among all the peoples of today's Soviet Asia. Awareness of that need is what makes them work so hard. But they also know how to laugh and play and sing, as we learned during our leisure hours among them.

Our journey through Soviet Asia was not a tour in the

usual sense of that word. We were on an official mission, and as such were accorded the highest privileges, being met and entertained everywhere by the leading local authorities. In addition, our mission was escorted by three delegated officials: two men from the Soviet Foreign Office, Dimitri Chuvakhin and Gregory Dolbin, and one man from the Soviet secret service, Major Mikhail Cheremisenov. The major's association with that body was written large in the medals he wore, bearing inscriptions of the original *Cheka,* the later *Ogpu,* and the present *Nkvd.* We met all three men, and a few unidentified associates of the major, on the day of our arrival at Velkal. They remained with us to the end, and were very helpful throughout in making all necessary local arrangements and providing our entire party with every possible comfort and convenience. In this sense our journey was a well-conducted trip. As an escort Chuvakhin was A-1; the fact that he speaks English well was a help. At one Siberian farm our guide was a local celebrity; he wore a medal for raising the best Victoria strawberries.

Our relationships with one another were at first a bit stiff and formal. As I am accustomed to getting up early in the morning at home, I did not think it necessary to remain in bed longer than usual while in Siberia. So, on the first day at Seimchan, I went out for my usual morning walk. As I started out one of the Russians promptly joined me for a hike in the evergreen forest, where the mosquitoes are big but not annoying. Tramping over the permafrost in this way helped us to get acquainted. The Russians are good sports, and after a brisk walk in the woods we returned with a sharp appetite for breakfast.

Thereafter I never lacked a companion when taking my morning exercise.

Among the Americans on our trip there were those who disdained conducted tours and fretted about being shepherded around. So it was with great amusement that they followed me at Magadan on a little jaunt that ended with the Soviet officials in their shirt sleeves. We arrived at the guest house in Magadan about 5:30 P.M. Leaving the crowd there, I set out for a hike of my own, unaware at first that the whole party was tagging along behind me.

I walked rapidly down the main street and turned in to look over Magadan's *Park Kultury,* or local park of culture. Nothing was happening there, so I set out for a high hill with a radio tower on top, situated to the left of the harbor. The most direct path to the hill, which looked as if it would afford a fine view of the town and harbor, was barred by the park's wicket fence, in which a few palings were fortunately in need of repair—not an uncommon thing in Siberia. You often see children playing on the fences and breaking them, just as they do at home. Scrambling through the fence, I began climbing the fairly steep hillside. Then I heard shouting behind me and, although it is denied, I am still inclined to believe that first among the words I heard was that eternal *"seichas."* I looked around.

John Hazard was gesturing and calling me to turn back. Beside him was the ever-present Major Cheremisenov, likewise motioning, but toward the guest house, and saying something in Russian. I was some distance away, and Hazard to this day maintains that the major was calling: *"Obed gotov,"* meaning: "Dinner is ready." But I feel sure he was saying: "Come down, at once." Behind

both men the rest of the party was snaking, one after the other, through the convenient opening in the wicket fence.

I saw no immediate reason to hurry back, so I climbed rapidly uphill to the top. One after the other, puffing and blowing, they all appeared beside me. Everyone was present, including Sergei Goglidze and Ivan Nikishov of *Dalstroi*. We all had a good laugh. The hilltop view was superb. We could look out across the bay of Nagayevo, where the American-made icebreaker *North Wind* rode at anchor and the last of the winter's floe ice clung in melting patches on the beach. The dark blue waters of the bay were clear of ice. It was late in May, planting time.

On the way back we stopped to spade in one of the numerous local victory gardens. The proprietor had no idea who we were and was delighted that we wanted to help him. No sooner had I begun to spade than the others pitched in. Before long we had even the Soviet diplomats with their coats off. The family garden was ready for planting when, with whetted appetites, we left to return to the guest house. In good humor Ivan Nikishov remarked: "What a story the gardener will have to tell tomorrow when he reads in the morning paper who it was that helped him spade his garden."

We were everywhere accommodated at comfortable rest houses maintained by local authorities. At Komsomolsk, some families gave up their apartments overnight. The government guest houses were usually situated in the country, with lawns, shade trees, and gardens. These fine rest homes often overlook Siberian rivers: at Novo-Sibirsk, the Ob; at Krasnoyarsk, the Yenisei; at Yakutsk,

the Lena; at Seimchan, the Kolyma. On returning from Magadan to Seimchan, we learned that our air crew had been taken on a hunting trip in our absence. The Russians were very hospitable. Everybody in the mission was counted in on entertainment.

By the time we reached Irkutsk and were comfortably placed in the rest house overlooking the Angara, we were all well enough acquainted to get into good-natured arguments. Of the Russians in the party, Dimitri Chuvakhin was the most partisan Communist. At dinner one day in Irkutsk, John Carter Vincent needled him. "Which church," he asked Chuvakhin, "would you join, if you belonged to any?"

"The Roman Catholic."

"You're the most religious man at the table," I remarked.

"But it is not the same religion as yours," he said.

"Now, I am willing to grant that your preferred religion is doing the world good," I countered. "Are you willing to do the same for ours?"

"No," Chuvakhin said flatly. He was too intolerant, too intense, too honest to say yes. I respected him at any rate for his intellectual honesty. This repartee led to a long talk between us on religion and economics in both the narrow and the broad senses—an argument that ended only in the theater that evening as we sat waiting for the curtain to rise on the musical comedy *Columbine*.

A current Russian musical comedy, Chuvakhin told me, was based on a boy and a girl from competing collective farms—one a Jewish *kolkhoz* raising vegetables, the other a Cossack *kolkhoz* raising rabbits. The rabbits ate

up all the vegetables. As I have said before, the peoples of Soviet Asia have their sense of humor.

At Irkutsk the local commissar had a name to fit his post—Nikolai Kommissarov, and gave us a big dinner of welcome. He was a genial host but knew almost no English, and Colonel Kight, our pilot, was an appreciative guest but knew little Russian. They talked by pantomime, and in high spirits compared their cigarette lighters. In a display of good fellowship, Kight offered to swap. His offer was accepted with alacrity, for along with the American lighter went several spare flints that fitted it. Next day, after using the Russian lighter a good many times, but with waning enthusiasm, since the flint was giving out, Kight again in fun wanted to reverse the deal. He found it much harder to explain his wishes to the Russian official, who no longer understood sign language. When Kight badgered him about being "an Irish politician," Kommissarov, jingling the American lighter with some coins in his pocket, said: "By-and-by." Nikolai D. Kommissarov is a Russian civil engineer from Leningrad, now president of Irkutsk *oblast*.

The dinners we attended in Soviet Asia were festive occasions at which the best was expected and always forthcoming. The delicious fresh Kolyma River fish served us near Bereliakh led me to inquire about the presiding chef of this mining camp. The Russians took me out to the cook-house, which we entered unannounced. In great embarrassment, the young chef, Nikolai, motioning to us to stay out of the kitchen, said: *"Seichas."* He insisted that we all wait until he had washed up and tidied the place. His cooking would be a great asset to any home, and no doubt please the most fastidious feminine

taste. But Nikolai was a bachelor, we learned, and likely to remain one for some time in this stag community. He had come into the Far Northeast to earn money so that he could go back to the Ukraine and marry his betrothed Angelina. But, good cooking or not, she had felt that the postponement was too long and had married another.

While I was in Siberia the Russians took good care of my health, showing a solicitude no less sensitive than that accorded to Cordell Hull when he was in Moscow. Gregory Dolbin once remarked that Secretary Hull spent his entire time indoors while in Moscow, and that the Russians made great efforts to see that the inside temperature was precisely 22° centigrade.

By the time we reached Irkutsk, after several strenuous days at the new centers in the Northeast, and after attending many official receptions, I was fairly exhausted and my stomach was a little off. It may have been that I had eaten too much of the delicious cheese, tongue, and liverwurst. A group of Russian doctors took me under their care. (Irkutsk *oblast* now has 1,500 doctors, compared to 50 in 1917.) I was eager to be up and going, but the doctors' order was: Not today or tomorrow. I remained quiet in the guest house.

It was Trinity Sunday, June 4, and the Russian people were celebrating it by walking in the sunshine on the river bank across the Angara from where we were. The factories were closed, as is usual on Sundays, so the workers could go out and tend their gardens. Stores remained open. It was restful to hear the people singing as they strolled along the riverside, the youth playing guitars and accordions. In the folk songs one feels the stirring of the Russian peasant soul. There is something ageless about

it, especially the spontaneous group music of the village life.

All over Siberia we heard the singing of Red Army song-and-dance ensembles. Everywhere the peasant songs were sung together with the patriotic battle songs. These Red Army choirs, I learned, are maintained by a fund appropriated in the regular Soviet military budget. Out of this fund come Red Army parks and houses, such as the one we stayed at in Chita, recreational facilities, and cultural activities such as the ensembles. The Red Army, with its strong peasant contingent, sings as it goes to battle, and the Soviets evidently aim to keep it singing.

Before taking leave of the three officials who had been our constant companions—Cheremisenov, Chuvakhin, and Dolbin—I gave each an American watch as a token gift. In like appreciation of the skillful management of the side trips we had made in Russian planes, I also presented watches to the Red air force pilots who accompanied us—Colonel Mazuruk and Colonel Chulkov. I am sure they were appreciated, for Soviet Russia after German occupation was said to be short about 50,000,000 watches.

## *MEET SOVIET ASIA'S WOMEN*

The women of Soviet Asia have a lot to do with making its social atmosphere brisk and cheerful. We found them at work on a par with men in almost every conceivable occupation—weather observer, hotel hostess, refinery director, city mayor, teacher of art, English teacher, rolling-mill operator, factory hand, train crewman, tractor driver, veterinarian, museum curator. This list could be ex-

tended, though not to the tough outdoor labor in the Kolyma placer mines.

In the Kolyma valley, gold-bearing rock is dug up during the winter, stored in frozen piles, washed in summer. The winter is long and hard, and even the men knock off work when the weather is more than 40° below zero. "More entertainment is necessary here than elsewhere to keep the men contented in winter," said *Dalstroi's* director Ivan Nikishov. Women are not generally allowed here, but a few women do live even at these mines. They are the sturdy wives of gold diggers.

Women are playing a vital role in the Soviet Far East's new Amur River industries. At Komsomolsk, the city of youth, we found the town's working women distributed as follows:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Aviation factory | 40 | per | cent | of | total | workers |
| Shipyards | 25 | " | " | " | " | " |
| Steel mills | 47 | " | " | " | " | " |
| Oil refinery | 70 | " | " | " | " | " |

Most of the working women were, accordingly, employed at the local aircraft plant, where it was said that "only 14,000 *man-hours* are required per plane." Without meaning to be unjust to the attractive women at the plant, and judging only from appearances, my guess was at least 40,000 *man-hours* per plane. The aviation factory was certainly not being run as efficiently as the new oil refinery. In oil refining, what counts is not numbers of employees but their technical proficiency. At the refinery the women ran the show. What is more, they worked under the direction of a really competent expert, Irena Gregorevna Sonichkina.

To the Russians the first syllable of the director's name, *Son,* might have suggested an elemental drowsiness, but there was none of it in her energetic person. She had an immediate answer to all questions, never calling in a subordinate to help her reply. Without a wasted word, Irena Gregorevna herself gave us a very competent technical discussion of the Badger process. "We have improved on it," she said emphatically. "With blending agents we raised the octane content from 72 to 95. And before long we will be refining 100-octane aviation fuel." As we left, Irena gave us a parting reminder: "For technical work, women are just as good as men."

In going about the country, we were impressed by the work of many other women. The special train that carried us from the airport into Irkutsk was "manned" by women and old men. In Tashkent one day Colonel Kight and some other members of the party stopped to enter a public park, and near the gate noticed a girl picking flowers. Although a large crowd had gathered, she was evidently paying it no attention. After coming out of the park, when Kight and the others were again seated in the car, the girl suddenly pushed her way through the crowd to hand Kight an armful of flowers, saying in Russian: "We do not have much in time of war but we wish to give these to our American allies."

The guest-house hostess at Yakutsk was likewise a very sensitive person. An Intourist hostess at the Astoria Hotel in Leningrad before the war, she knew American tastes. Russians customarily drink no cold water during meals, but they would stamp their feet if a hot glass of tea were not served from the samovar to complete a dinner. When we first arrived in Soviet Asia we often had to ask politely

during meals: "Is there not a glass of water?" *"Seichas,"* the waitress would say, dashing out to fetch the missing decanter. At Yakutsk, for the first time we sat down to dinner looking at a shining decanter of drinking water. Our thoughtful hostess virtually created a revolution in the meal service accorded us; thereafter, at table, we seldom failed to find, among an unusual assortment of bottles that appealed to our convivial members, the now customary decanter of water.

Some of Soviet Asia's women we remember for their skill, others for catering to our tastes, still others for unidentified services. For all these reasons combined, we remember the wife of Ivan Nikishov, a plump woman of about forty, whom we first met in Magadan at an extraordinary exhibit of paintings in embroidery, copies of famous Russian landscapes. The landscapes were made by a group of local women who gathered regularly during the severe winter to study needlework, an art in which Russian peasants have long excelled. As we walked along, Ivan stopped before two of the paintings I admired very much. The work was in colored threads. He took them down and handed them to me as a gift. These two wall pictures now convey to visitors at my home in Washington rich impressions of the beauty in Russia's rural landscape.

"Who did them?" I asked Ivan Nikishov after he had presented the art works.

"You can't expect me to know everybody. There are 40,000 persons in this town. She's just one of the sewing people around here."

We learned from the exhibit director who that sewing

woman was. She was "one of the art teachers," Ivan's wife.

As everywhere, Soviet Asia's working women are of all ages—girls, matrons, grandmothers. To the last category belongs the curator of Minusinsk's famous archeological museum. She was sixty or sixty-five years old and, as we soon learned, was a person of brilliant erudition. It took some persuasion and patient explaining on our part even to meet her and see her museum.

We arrived in Minusinsk late in the afternoon with only an hour to spare before going down-river and leaving, perhaps forever, this famous site. Now, the mayor of Minusinsk is Grigory Averyanich Murop, an obliging person in his way but not too well informed about the small town where he was the big man of affairs. At Magadan, Nikishov could get away with it when he said, "You can't expect me to know everybody." But Murop never would be so free with his tongue; it might betray his ignorance.

Murop really didn't know very much about a certain small wooden house on the edge of his town. Why not come up to his office in the hour we had to spare? Why make such a fuss about seeing a "little old museum"? "It's a world-famous institution," Owen Lattimore exclaimed in mild exasperation. Murop's eyes opened in a quizzical look, as though he thought it just couldn't be true. "Well," he said slowly, "if that's how you feel about it, let's see the place. It's a long walk," he warned us. "To get back in time we must start at once."

The urbane official strode briskly with regained self-assurance, setting us a stiff pace all the way to the museum door, where he stopped in evident embarrassment. The

door was locked and nobody responded to his urgent knocks. Having no key, Mayor Murop looked about for some familiar subordinate on whom to vent an order. His eye lighting upon a small boy leaning against the near-by wicket fence, the mayor demanded: "Where's the old woman?"

"Granny, you mean? She's gone home to eat."

"To eat! Go fetch her, immediately."

*"Seichas,"* said the boy, dashing off through a broken fence and across the open field. In a few moments he came running back, with "granny" hurrying behind him. She was breathless and almost tongue-tied with excitement. When she opened the door, we all trooped inside to view the famous relics of prehistoric agriculture—bronze rakes, farm implements, stirrups, etc. The curator was so scared and stuttered so badly that John Hazard could hardly understand what she said in Russian. Owen Lattimore, knowing the international language of archeology, plied her with questions. She had all the answers, and her inscriptions on displays were all in English. "An expert curator," Lattimore remarked as we departed. "She knows her archeology of the Copper and Bronze Age."

We remember the museum curator as a custodian of rare wisdom, and we remember another almost toothless old woman for her unbending spirit. We met Katrina Trifovna in Komsomolsk.

We were driving from factory to mill in the new town on the Amur. It was Sunday afternoon and everybody appeared to be out either walking or working in victory gardens. Seeing roadside fields that needed to be spaded, I brought the cars to a stop and set the boys to work in various gardens. The exercise was good for us, and the

Russians were delighted to be helped out so much. After we had been digging for some time, an old woman came over from her garden near-by. She was Katrina Trifovna, who had lost her husband in a mine accident. In the war her two sons had been killed—one an infantryman, the other a fighter pilot. Most of her teeth were gone, but she still had plenty of spirit.

"My tools are all I have left," she said as we moved into her garden. She showed us a *palata,* which is a short-handled shovel, not as efficient as an American spade. "This tool," she went on, "will help me grow enough to eat." Some of our boys began spading her garden. She didn't know who we were, nor did she inquire. Katrina was critical of the local officialdom, giving them a vigorous tongue-lashing. "Bureaucrats!" she snapped. By the time we left, her garden was spaded. Bowing, she bade us farewell, saying: "Thank you most heartily."

It was through talking to this elderly woman, left alone in the city of youth, that I came to appreciate most deeply the price paid by the common people in this war. I am sure that no farm-raised person in the United States could become as well acquainted with the ordinary people of Russia as we did without having a deep admiration for them.

### *HOW WE WERE ENTERTAINED*

In a place like Siberia you expect to find a certain provincial quality in the community entertainment. The area is, or was until quite recently, remote from such old established centers of Russian and Ukrainian culture as Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, and Odessa, centers in which the national art of the opera, drama, and motion picture

originated and developed. Expecting the best in these old western cities of the Soviet Union, prewar tourists were seldom disappointed. But the wartime visitor who came to the new eastern cities of the U.S.S.R. expecting only mediocre, small-town entertainment was pleasantly shocked. The finest Soviet opera, stage and film artists had joined the trek of machines eastward across the Urals.

Here we do not speak of the new Russian grand opera at Novo-Sibirsk or of the new theaters among the Uzbeks, Kazakhs, Buryats, and Yakuts. These are new urban ventures in Soviet Asia's national republics and are still in process of cultural formation. We speak of traditional wellsprings of Russian and Ukrainian theatrical art.

Imagine this mingling of national art forms. In one evening at Tashkent there was a medley from *Carmen* (sung by native singers), Spanish dances, an Uzbek opera, and a comic opera presented by the Ukrainian Academic Theater of Kiev. One evening at Krasnoyarsk we saw Rimski-Korsakov's *Czar's Bride* performed by an opera troupe from Odessa and Dnepropetrovsk. At Yakutsk we were entertained by the Leningrad Light Opera Company, with the musical comedy *Maritsa*. This latter was the only performance of those mentioned above at which we felt that the dancing was "excellent," the voices "good," but the quality lacking in what one would "expect in a big city." However, the concert of Glinka's music put on at Novo-Sibirsk by the Leningrad Symphony and Opera was "up to standard." At Irkutsk we missed by four days the Kiev Philharmonic Orchestra, which had just gone back to the liberated Ukrainian capital.

In other words, we traveled through one of the newest

regions of the world, Soviet Asia, and were entertained on a level of culture rarely below that enjoyed by the foremost diplomats and officials in Moscow. It is true we traveled through the Russian East in wartime, when it was the temporary home of refugee artists, most of whom have since gone back to Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa or Moscow.

We arrived in Alma-Ata when Sergei Eisenstein was still there, and had been there for two years working on his new film *Ivan the Terrible.* In Novo-Sibirsk we met Nikolai Cherkassov, who was playing the Czar's role in Eisenstein's production. Cherkassov is one of the most noted film stars in the U.S.S.R. He made his debut as Maxim Gorky in the film *Lenin in 1918,* and was seen in America as the lead actor in Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky.* The Soviet motion-picture world had also moved into Siberia, though it has now gone back to European Russia.

The wartime impact of Western culture on Soviet Asia will have a lasting effect because the foundations were laid before the war and the influx of refugee artists merely accelerated the cultural transformation of this once-backward Siberian land. Alma-Ata may become the Soviet Hollywood. Novo-Sibirsk with its new opera house will certainly become a big center of Russian metropolitan culture. Irkutsk will surely not easily relinquish its claim to being eastern Siberia's oldest center of dramatic art.

The Irkutsk theater's repertoire of thirty plays is up to date. In addition to classic plays such as all Russian theaters perform, this east Siberian theater entertained us on the opening night of *Stalingrad People,* a play written by

the nonprofessional dramatist Julius Chepurin, who had taken part in the epic Volga battles. Among its heroic characters are the Uzbek Fatakh and the Siberian hunter Kudrov. All Soviet Asia went to defend the Volga, it seemed to one watching this drama that was developed first by the Central House of the Red Army in Moscow.

It was a moving drama, well-acted but grim, against a stage backdrop of the demolished city. Sergei Goglidze, who had seen the ruins at Stalingrad, said: "The setting is not exaggerated." We Americans are inclined to rate the Stalingrad battle as the most important victory the Soviets won during the Russo-German war on the Eastern front. The Russians do not think so. All of them seem to think the defense of Leningrad was even more important than that of Stalingrad.

The priority given in the Russian mind to Leningrad's defense may have been one reason why we were entertained on our second day in Soviet Asia with a showing of the film *The Two Warriors,* based on the siege of Leningrad. We were in Asia's remote Northeast, at Seimchan, in the village show-house, and we could follow this powerful film the more readily because Goglidze had provided from his staff at Khabarovsk an interpreter who explained the story of Sasha, Kosta, and Tasha in English. We saw other films in Siberia, but *The Two Warriors* was the most memorable.

Our entertainment in Siberia was a cross section of the best in Soviet culture today, and included a concert by a children's band at a Buryat farm, the children dressed in Chinese silk robes. Strange as it may seem to say it, this best was, generally speaking, not simply a show put on to please us as foreign visitors—it was the average form of

entertainment available to all at a moderate admission price. The theaters were everywhere playing to full houses and, as is customary in all Russian theaters from Moscow to Magadan, the audience promenaded between the acts. Looking over the promenade at Magadan, Goglidze remarked banteringly: "There you have Nikishov's aristocracy."

"We have 8,000 engineers and economists at Magadan," Nikishov responded promptly, "and not everyone here is an engineer or an economist. I see many miners, truck repairmen, and dock workers."

During our stay in Soviet Asia we never spent an idle evening. There was always entertainment of some kind going on in the cities we visited. On the stage we saw a cross section of the country's culture; in the promenades, a cross section of its people. Attendance at the theater is not the prerogative of a privileged class. Accordingly, when I spoke before audiences at the city theaters in Irkutsk, in Novo-Sibirsk, and in Tashkent, the people before me were men and women from every walk of life in Soviet Asia.

The messages which President Roosevelt had asked me to convey to these people were delivered in Russian, a language I had learned sufficiently to make these prepared talks. All of the talks that I gave in Soviet Asia were published on the following day both in the leading Russian newspapers and in the non-Russian press—the Buryat, the Yakut, the Uzbek, the Kazakh. Therefore the messages from Americans conveyed through me to Soviet Asia's peoples were given wide dissemination throughout the Soviet Union.

In the next chapter you can read the full text of the

speeches I made in Soviet Asia, as well as my press releases. This text has been retranslated into English from the Russian newspaper reports, giving you exactly what was told the Russians. The English, therefore, at times may seem a little stilted.

# 8

# WHAT I TOLD THE RUSSIANS

*TO CITIZENS OF IRKUTSK*
*AT CITY DRAMATIC THEATER, JUNE 1, 1944*

"It was with deep emotion that I set foot upon your soil last week. I have visited Velkal, Seimchan, Magadan, Komsomolsk, and Yakutsk. I have made the acquaintance of your agricultural experts. I can bear witness to the willingness with which your citizens give their utmost efforts in mines, aircraft factories, and metallurgical works. I have spaded in your vegetable gardens and have met your vegetable gardeners. I have seen well-bred cows. I have seen hogs and poultry.

"I have seen your airdrome structures and made the acquaintance of your fliers and military men, among whom I wish especially to note General Semeonov and Hero of the Soviet Union Colonel Mazuruk. Among your prominent administrators, I should like to mention the

Director of the *Dalstroi* trust, Nikishov, as well as the directors of plants and factories in the rapidly growing town of youth—Komsomolsk.

"There exist no other two countries more alike than the Soviet Union and the United States of America. The vast expanses of your country, her virgin forests, wide rivers, and large lakes, all kinds of climate—from tropical to polar—her inexhaustible wealth, remind me of my homeland.

"The history of Siberia and her heroic population reminds me of the history of the Far West of the United States. The pioneers of our countries, in titanic struggle with nature, with the hard conditions of life, fearlessly forged ahead, built new towns and villages, a new industry, a new life, for the good of their homeland and of all humanity. In this struggle, in this constructive work, characters were steeled, the finest human characteristics were developed, innate social instincts were manifested, and a sense of common solidarity asserted itself.

"It is not accidental that in the present war, Siberia has played and continues to play such an enormous part. Her soldiers are in the front ranks on all fronts and do important work in the rear. Her technical forces within the shortest period created a new, complete arsenal needed by the great Red Army in fighting the hateful, strong enemy, and thus considerably contributed to its victories. Men born in wide, free spaces will not brook injustice and tyranny. They will not even temporarily live in slavery.

"Now that the early dawn of the future postwar peace slowly rises on the horizon it becomes quite clear that only the full collaboration of our two great countries and

their allies can insure to the world a stable and true development. In the cause of major postwar reconstruction it will be vitally necessary that in the interests of the whole world the important role of the northwestern part of the United States of America, Canada, Alaska, and Soviet Siberia be recognized.

"These tremendous, sparsely populated territories have been conquered in our days by aviation. Now both their agriculture and their industry stand in need of development. The duty of the United States and of Canada is to make resolute scientific efforts for the development of their northern districts, as this was demonstrated by the Soviet Union in the case of the development of Siberia and the Far East. I am certain that by means of an exchange of information, seeds and the best breeds of cattle with the Soviet Union, Canada and the United States may considerably raise the productivity of all these districts.

"The great masses of people everywhere who lived through all the horrors of common and personal disasters believe that their sufferings and sacrifices were not in vain, and that the horrible days of war will be followed by bright days of peace and justice, and of plenty for every man.

"My present tour of districts of the Soviet Far East and Siberia, my visits to factories and plants in those districts, to experimental agricultural stations and fields, my meetings and talks with directors of industrial enterprises and agricultural institutions, with workers and the best *Stakhanovites* of the war industry and agriculture, their enormous interest in everything going on in my country —the United States of America—inspire me with firm

confidence that the friendship between our great countries, cemented by the blood of the finest sons of the peoples of our two countries on the fronts of the life-and-death struggle against Hitlerite Germany—the enemy of humanity—will grow and gain strength also after the war."

In printing this talk, the Soviet press noted that the audience accorded it a "very warm reception."

## *D-DAY STATEMENT AT KRASNOYARSK, JUNE 6, 1944*

The TASS (Telegraphic News Agency of U.S.S.R.) report read:

"Vice-President of the U.S.A. Henry A. Wallace, on a visit to Siberia, stated in connection with the landing of the allied Anglo-American troops in the north of France that:

"At dinner on the evening of June 6 the representative of the Khabarovsk territorial executive committee, Goglidze, solemnly informed Vice-President Wallace about the opening of a new Allied front by means of powerful, land, sea, and air forces.

"This important announcement was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm by Mr. Wallace, the members of his mission, and his Soviet friends. Mr. Wallace was profoundly moved. This invasion by the Allies he holds to be of utmost importance for the immediate conduct of the war as well as for the future of all mankind. In this event, he sees clear proof of solidarity among the great Allies and of their determination in concerted struggle to bring about the swift and utter defeat of the common

enemy—German fascism. He also forecast close collaboration in the winning of peace to the benefit of all humanity."

*TO CITIZENS OF NOVO-SIBIRSK, AT NEW OPERA HOUSE, JUNE 11, 1944*

"It is a great pleasure indeed to visit your city, whose name is widely known in my country and in itself suggests that something new has been added to the old idea of Siberia.

"To every American the mere mention of Siberia brings to mind a vast sparsely peopled land of impenetrable *taiga* forests, swamps and treeless tundras of the north, a land of long winters and bitter frost, a country of inexhaustible but undeveloped natural wealth. The word Siberia evokes memories of frightful suffering and sorrow, convict chains and exile.

"For long generations Siberia remained thus without appreciable change. Then in this generation, during the past fifteen years, all has been changed as though by magic. In a resurgence of pioneering the Siberian people founded great mills and factories, opened new roads, rail and airways, sunk new mines into the mineral-rich earth. Scientists blazed new trails for human genius, and to Siberian mills and farms came the wonderfully productive machine tools of our days, presaging a rapid rise in living standards.

"The climate of Siberia has not changed, it is true. But the spirit of its people has changed. This transformation has been speeded up by the war. Despite the severe winters prevalent in some of its areas, Siberia today is one of the world's largest lands still open to pioneer settlers.

"It has considerably strengthened my hope for a better future to see the ability displayed by your people during the past fifteen years in organizing farms and mills to get maximum output with minimum manpower. The total output of industrial goods in Novo-Sibirsk *oblast* has reached truly impressive figures. In 1930 it was 215,000,000 rubles; in 1943, 5,238,000,000 rubles, or an increase of 24 times over in 13 years.

"I have been told that during the past fifteen years the gross industrial output in Siberia has expanded ten times over, and I wish that the inhabitants of the Western states in America, in particular North Dakota, Montana, Washington, and also the territory of Alaska, had been able to see what I have seen here during my journey.

"Siberia and the northwestern part of the United States have much in common, and I am convinced they have much to learn from each other. The United States must understand how vital it is to industrialize her Pacific Northwest, just as you have understood and industrialized Siberia. In the northwestern states of my homeland we think our job in agriculture has been well done, but here in Siberia I see you have done a fine job both in agriculture and in industry. The two go hand in hand.

"When the present war has ended with the victory of the United Nations, in which your country and mine are allied, and the hateful enemy is beaten, the entire world will have to turn swords into plowshares and return once more to peaceful labor, rebuilding devastated areas, creating the best possible living conditions for all liberated people.

"Just as during this war, close co-operation of our two great peoples and their allies will then also be the best

guarantee for the success of their work. Pledges for such successful co-operation between our peoples are the fighting operations of the Anglo-Soviet-American troops in northern France, in Italy, and on the Soviet-German front."

In printing this talk, the Soviet press noted that the audience followed it "with rapt attention," and greeted the concluding words "with prolonged applause."

*TO CITIZENS OF TASHKENT,*
*AT UZBEK OPERA HOUSE, JUNE 15, 1944*

"Citizens of Central Asia, the farther I go on my journey through your land, the Soviet Union, the greater becomes my appreciation of the scale of your constructive effort and the immensity of your achievements. No description or accumulation of statistics can ever replace personal impression. Anyone in my place, whatever his background, would, I am sure, feel the same admiration.

"Under Marshal Stalin's wise leadership, and inspired by the patriotic will to improve the life of the homeland, the multi-national Soviet peoples have shown that for them nothing is impossible. For a long time the world has known of their high morale and democratic aspirations. In your land you have cherished science, literature, and art, raising them to unrivaled heights, and the great men you respect belong to all humanity.

"People everywhere in the world honor Mendeleyev, Mechnikov, Pushkin, Leo Tolstoy, Glinka, Moussorgsky, Tschaikovsky. Close ties with the common man have always been a distinguishing trait of Russian scientists, writers, and composers.

"An incident comes to mind from the life of Dmitri Ivanovich Mendeleyev, your great chemist. Needing a reference book one day, he went to the public library. A long line of clients was waiting there at the lending desk. The famous scientist took his place at the tail end of the queue. The librarian saw Mendeleyev and, knowing him by sight, came over and offered to bring him the book at once, out of turn. But the scientist, already a man of advanced age and world renowned for his periodic system, politely declined, saying he preferred to wait as others had to and saw no reason for special consideration.

"During the past twenty-five years new great names have been added to your honor roll of science, now a long impressive roster. I have time to mention just a few. In physics you have Academician Joffe, organizer of the Physico-Technical Institute; Professor Rozhdestvensky, who created the Optical Institute; the great physicist Mandelshtam; and professors of the Institute of Physics —Academicians Kapitsa, Dobronravov, Landau, Frenkel, and others.

"In chemistry the works of Kournakov, of Professors Khlopin and Lebedev, creators of your synthetic-rubber industry, are a brilliant new page in the history of world science.

"Likewise the entire medical world has been alerted by the bold originality of Professor Iudin's work in blood plasma, by Academician Burdenko's advances in shock treatment and neuropathology, by Academician Filatov's operations to restore sight to the blind, and by Academician Bogomolets' experiments on new serums to advance the normal span of human life beyond the proverbial three score years and ten. I mention with particular re-

spect the great Russian physiologist and Nobel Prize winner Ivan Petrovich Pavlov, whose theory of conditioned reflexes has revolutionized man's study of the nervous system.

"Personally a native of Iowa where the Delicious, one of the best varieties of apples in the United States, had its origin, and having devoted much of my life to plant science, my own specialty being the breeding of hybrid corn, I pay a special tribute of admiration to the gifted Russian horticulturist and gardener Ivan Vladimirovich Michurin, who having learned the secrets of nature demonstrated that evolution in the plant world can be directed and made subject to the will of man.

"Your great classic authors have had a powerful influence on world literature, and this is no less true of the new Russian literature represented by Mikhail Sholokhov, Alexei Tolstoy, Vasili Grosman, Konstantin Simonov, and Ilya Ehrenburg. As for your modern music, its influence is very great. All over the world the epic works of Shostakovich, of Prokofiev, of Myaskovsky, and of the Armenian composer Khachaturian are performed, to inspire in millions of people the same ecstatic emotions felt by citizens here in your country.

"All of us are now hopeful that soon the war will end in a smashing Allied victory, and the valiant Red Army will return in triumph to the homeland. Its heroic fighters, like free men everywhere, dream of that day, and prepare after the victory is won to return from the battlefields to the fields of cotton, wheat and fruit, to the mines and mills, for years of peaceful labor.

"Having created a mighty wartime industry, the peoples of the Soviet Union shall also not fail to convert

their arsenals and reconstruct the devastated plants for the peacetime needs of your great country. Side by side with the peoples of allied nations, and proud of their rightful place in the ranks of the world's great powers, they will march to the forefront in the task of rebuilding a war-torn world for the future good and progress of humanity."

My concluding remarks were greeted with cheers from the audience, a colorful assembly of Russians and Uzbeks —ranking officers in smart uniforms, civilians in white summer clothes, Uzbek women in native costumes, Uzbek men wearing *tiubeteikas*.

Throughout Soviet Asia schoolchildren are drilled in science, and the children know the scientists. At Magadan in Far Eastern Siberia, I sat in on the final exams given to a physics class in the local school. Each pupil drew a question and was examined orally, in a kindly but thorough manner. On kinetic energy the professor asked, among other things, about the speed of bullets. To the physicists of the world we also owe our present knowledge of atomic energy. Among Russia's leading physicists is Academician Kapitsa, repatriated from England some years ago, and the young Soviet scientist Konstantin Petrozhak, noted for his research in spontaneous fission of the uranium atom.

"Name the leading modern Russian theoretical physicist," I asked one schoolboy. "Frenkel and Landau," he replied at once. "What about Mandelshtam?" I countered. "Oh, he's practical," responded the lad.

Soviet science is making rapid strides ahead and is widely encouraged. To hold the title of Academician, or member of the national Academy of Sciences, is the high-

est social distinction. It so happened that when preparing my Tashkent address I had available for titular identification of several scientists, relatively obscure abroad, a list of names issued before the war. In Soviet Asia I thought it advisable to check the list for possible errors, lest a misplaced title offend my audience, to whom the scientists are all well known. The checking brought home to me the element of growth in Soviet scientific personnel. In the interim several men listed earlier as professors had become full-fledged Academicians.

In Tashkent we also learned of the recently founded Academy of Sciences of Uzbekistan, affiliated with the national Academy of the U.S.S.R. Among the varied projects being carried forward by the Uzbek Academy are: (1) mapping of Central Asia's magnetic field; (2) the writing of a three-volume history of the Uzbek people; (3) publication of the collected works of the classic Uzbek poet Alisher Navoi; (4) research in the effect of atmospheric ionization on cotton plants and the human organism, and (5) research on the conversion of Central Asia's abundant solar radiation into heat energy. Tashkent scientists now claim they have a helio-apparatus that harnesses the sun to a steam boiler. Atomic fission of uranium is the world's newest source of super energy, and Soviet scientists have located in Uzbekistan deposits of the precious elements—radium and uranium.

## *TO THE PEOPLES OF THE U.S.S.R.*

This message from Americans to the Soviet peoples was given as a press release at Alma-Ata on June 18, 1944. It was printed on June 19 in all newspapers—Russian,

Kazakh, Uzbek, Yakut, Buryat, and other non-Russian papers—throughout the Soviet Union. Here is a translation of the text as it appeared in *Pravda*.

"Alma-Ata, June 19 (TASS)—The Vice-President of the United States of America released the following statement for publication in the press:

" 'On my departure from your hospitable country, I want to express my hearty thanks for the cordial reception shown me everywhere. I am especially grateful for the thoughtful courtesy shown by S. A. Goglidze, representing the Khabarovsk Territorial Executive Committee; by L. A. Malinin, representing the Novo-Sibirsk *oblast* Executive Committee; by A. Z. Kobulov, representing the Uzbek government; and by D. S. Chuvakhin and G. G. Dolbin, representing the Ministry for Foreign Affairs.

" 'I have had an opportunity to see with my own eyes all that I had heard and read about the Soviet Union. I must say that my personal impressions surpass all my expectations. I am enraptured by the scope of building and the great achievement.

" 'The heroic effort of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. has been crowned with brilliant success in all branches of science, industry, and art. I was greatly impressed with the success attained by the Soviet Government in creating the necessary preconditions for the unprecedented progress of the Yakuts, the Buryat-Mongols, the Kazakhs, and the Uzbeks in public education, culture, modern technique, and self-government.

" 'A brilliant new chapter in the historic struggle for a free world has been recorded through the great victories of the glorious Red Army. And far behind the bat-

tle fronts in Siberia and Central Asia I saw at firsthand the no less heroic army of workers and farmers, the millions of men and women in the mills, the farms and pasturelands, who with great skill and patriotic enthusiasm labor incessantly to provide the food, the machines, and the weapons for victory.

" 'In particular, I express my warmest admiration for the Soviet working women, who with exceptional spirit fill the gaps in the ranks of labor made by their husbands, brothers, and fathers now on the fighting fronts. With inspiring zeal they carry on in the most strenuous and exacting jobs, and yet find time also to cultivate the innumerable victory gardens which I have seen everywhere in Soviet Siberia. By heroic effort these women are making victory certain.

" 'It has been a great experience to see all this, and I am doubly fortunate in having an opportunity to convey my firsthand impressions to my fellow countrymen in the United States. This, I am sure, will strengthen the deep mutual sympathy shared by our pioneer nations.

" 'While our approach to the satisfaction of the common man's needs may differ, our ultimate objectives are identical. Because of our differing historic traditions and geographic foundations, there will always be differences in the means we employ to solve individual problems. But this cannot lessen our deep mutual sympathy or stand in the way of close collaboration for the benefit of all freedom-loving humanity.

" 'In the early years of my life I became acquainted with the Anglo-Saxon and Latin cultures, the foundation cultures of the American continents. My present journey has given me an opportunity to become acquainted with

the culture of the peoples of the Soviet Union. Soon I shall become acquainted also with the culture of the Chinese people. The only sure guarantee of prolonged world peace, after this war has been won, is continued close collaboration between the various peoples representing these four cultures—Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Soviet, and Chinese.' "

*TO THE SOVIET PREMIER JOSEPH STALIN*

This message from Americans to Premier Stalin was conveyed through Ambassador Harriman. It appeared in the Soviet press on June 28, 1944, just a few days before I passed through the Soviet Far East on my way home to the United States via the Great Circle route from China. Here is the text as it was published in *Pravda*.

"My dear Marshal Stalin:

"On the eve of departing from Alma-Ata for China, I want to extend to you my hearty thanks for the cordial hospitality shown me during my four-week journey through Siberia and Soviet Central Asia.

"The officials and citizens everywhere I went, in town and country, in mines and mills, displayed unfailing courtesy and constant willingness to help me become as thoroughly familiar as possible with the plans and problems confronting them. I am greatly impressed by their achievements, their enterprising skill and organizing talent.

"My particular interest was the experimental farms and selection stations, and throughout my journey from Magadan to Alma-Ata I have had an opportunity to see

a large number of them at work under varying climatic and soil conditions. Invariably I found them doing successful work for the benefit of state and collective farms and of countless victory gardens.

"I was very much impressed to see the great progress made by the Yakuts, the Buryat-Mongols, the Kazakhs, and the Uzbeks. The governmental policy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics which has made this progress possible is a glowing tribute to distinguished and talented statesmanship.

"Accept once more my thanks for granting me this opportunity to see at firsthand the mighty army of men and women who, in agriculture and industry throughout Soviet Asia, are marching shoulder to shoulder in the fight for Allied victory.

"May our two great nations in close collaboration after victory contribute to world prosperity by maintaining and extending in peacetime the same maximum production reached during the war.

"Ambassador Harriman adds his sincere thanks to my best wishes.

"Henry A. Wallace
"Alma-Ata, June 17, 1944."

The keynote in all the messages conveyed to the Premier and peoples of the Soviet Union was that the wartime coalition would grow and strengthen in a concerted program for world peace. This conception remains a touchstone in American-Soviet relations today, relations which have an immensely enhanced importance because of the increased power our respective countries have

gained with victory over the Axis. If the United States and the U.S.S.R. demand the enforcement of peace, no nation in the world today will seriously dare to challenge them.

# 9

# SINO-SOVIET FRONTIER, WAR OR PEACE?

*SEEDS IN SINKIANG*

FROM ALMA-ATA we flew across the Sino-Soviet frontier to Tihwa, otherwise known as Urumchi, capital of the great Northwest province of Sinkiang in China. We flew over the Tien-Shan mountains on an air route to Chungking opened in 1940. The ancient road to Sinkiang could be seen from the air, and the roadbed was apparently in fairly good condition, with bridges up, but no trucks were moving on it. Known as the ancient silk caravan route, and more recently as the northwest supply highway, this motor road links Lanchow in China to the port of Karachi in India via Zahidan in Iran, Tashkent, and Alma-Ata. Soviet Central Asia is thus a keystone in a highway system linking India, the Middle East, and China.

The last Russian, or Kazakh, settlements swiftly disappeared behind as we flew in a few moments through the Talki Pass, and out across the wide blue lake beyond, the bluest I have ever seen. Owen Lattimore recalled how eighteen years before he had with his wife come up via the Sinkiang road out of China to Alma-Ata. It had taken a full day of hard riding to cross the same pass on horseback.

In flying east we saw farms which had been abandoned after a devastating Mohammedan rebellion against Chinese rule eighty years ago. As in Central Asia, farming in China's Northeast is possible only with irrigation. Here, too, the water does not flow into the Arctic Ocean, as the rivers of Russian Siberia do. Here the rivers do not flow into any ocean. The drainage is simply Central Asia, and the country has the same possibilities for irrigation that Uzbekistan has. For ten years, until the Russians pulled out completely in May, 1943, there was Sino-Soviet co-operation in opening and operating the Sinkiang motor road. The Russians pulled out to avoid an open break with Chungking over anti-Soviet intrigue in Sinkiang.

We landed at the capital, Tihwa, and were introduced to Governor Sheng Shih-tsai, who escorted us to his home. The Russians had loaded us down with fruit, including strawberries bigger than those of Sinkiang. The wife of the Governor admired the strawberries so much I said she could grow some herself by planting seeds. She said she did not know how to, so I showed her.

I mixed the crushed strawberries with soil and spread the mess in boxes of dirt. On top I sprinkled a little sand and watered the planted seeds. Thus strawberries picked

the previous day at Alma-Ata were planted the next day at Tihwa. I gave the Governor's wife instructions on watering, and said the little plants would begin to appear in ten days, but she could not expect any fruit until 1946. A month or so later word came that Governor Sheng of Sinkiang had been elevated to the post of Secretary of Agriculture in China. So I guess nothing ever came of the strawberries I helped his wife to plant on the afternoon of June 20 in Tihwa. According to Chungking, the grounds for removal of Sheng Shih-tsai as Governor were his "blunder" in spearheading the anti-Soviet sentiments in his province.

Leaving the dry, brown, semidesert area of Northwest China, we came to the typical green agriculture of South China. It was the familiar picture of rice growers working knee-deep in paddy fields, some transplanting rice stalks by hand, others ploughing muck with wooden ploughs drawn by water buffaloes. Of the billion people living in the whole of Asia, probably 80 per cent live on very small farms.

Under the farming conditions in China, and most of Asia, it requires four to five families living on the land to supply food for themselves and for one family in a city. This is about the stage we had reached in America a hundred and fifty years ago. In America today one family on the land supplies food for itself and four or five families living in town. Obviously a strong China must have a more efficient agriculture. It is dangerous to think too much of industrialization without realizing the ways in which efficient industrialization depends on improved agriculture. In solving her agrarian problems, China can

learn much both from the American farmer and the farmers of neighboring Soviet Asia.

In Sinkiang, in Northwest China, we were on the Chinese side of Asia's inner ethnic frontier. In Europe, the Soviets face west along a 2,000-mile ethnic border. In Asia, they face east and south along a 6,000-mile ethnic frontier; and of recent years, apart from Manchuria, one of the greatest points of tension has been the border between the Kazakh Soviet Republic and Sinkiang.

After his *One World* flight through this area, the late Wendell Willkie wrote in 1943: "I urge and urge again the necessity of bringing China and Russia, the United States and Great Britain in common conference today to learn to work with each other while they fight. For if they do not there is enough explosive powder in Central Asia to blow the lid off the world again when the present fighting is over." This statement put the issue squarely.

After my conference with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek in Chungking, on June 24, 1944, we issued a joint press statement stressing that "enduring peace in the Pacific will depend upon: (1) effective permanent demilitarization of Japan; (2) understanding friendship and collaboration between and among the four principal powers in the Pacific area, China, the Soviet Union, the United States, and the British Commonwealth of Nations, and among all United Nations willing to share in the responsibilities of postwar international order; and (3) recognition of the fundamental right of presently dependent Asiatic peoples to self-government, and the early adoption of measures in the political, economic and social fields to prepare those dependent peoples for self-government within a specified practical time limit.

"Cognizance was taken of the cornerstone position of China in Asia and of the importance of China in any structure of peace in the Pacific area," our joint statement continued. "It was assumed as axiomatic that essential to such a peace structure would be continuation of the ties of friendship that have characterized American-Chinese relations for over a century, and the maintenance of relations on a basis of mutual understanding between China and the Soviet Union—China's nearest great neighbor—as well as between China and her other great neighbors. No balance of power arrangements would serve the ends of peace."

## *FRONTIERS IN FLUX*

On my mission in China I was fortunate to have along an advisor who had served in 1942-43 as President Roosevelt's personal envoy to Chiang Kai-shek. He was Owen Lattimore, a statesman in Pacific affairs and a scholar of the Chinese language. Chinese scholars trained in Western universities are generally appreciated in free China, where the Premier, T. V. Soong, is a Harvard graduate. In this connection an amusing incident took place. Many Chinese dignitaries traveled with us from place to place, and when ready to depart from Urumchi, or Tihwa, we were introduced to the high officials who were going along in the plane. Each had his imposing title, except one ordinary Chinese. "Who is he?" someone asked, and everyone looked as he was introduced. "Just a Harvard man," someone else answered. He had no office; he was distinguished for knowing both East and West. Owen Lattimore also has this double advantage—a long experi-

ence of life as an American in China and the Western knowledge necessary to make him an expert interpreter of that life to Americans. For pastime on the plane Lattimore would often read to us from Chinese classical books.

Owen Lattimore has reached conclusions on a variety of Sino-Soviet problems that trouble American minds, and has clearly stated them in several books. Here is a résumé of his views about the Sinkiang-Kazakh boundary incidents. The "tribal" frontier between China and Russia is not definied clearly by the international state boundary line, which is of recent origin and cuts across ancient tribal lands of the Mongols and Kazakhs. The frontier is not a line but an ethnic zone inhabited by people who are neither Russian nor Chinese. The zone has a depth of about a thousand miles from north to south. Within it, the east-west frontier could be drawn almost anywhere without affecting the ethnic relationships of many Chinese or many Russians. The people directly affected would be Mongols, Kazakhs, and other Central Asian peoples, whose interests must also eventually be taken into account. Mongols on either side of the state frontier are blood relatives. Kazakhs in China are kinsmen of Kazakhs in Siberia. They communicate with each other and make comparisons. If Russian administration is oppressive, many of them try to migrate to China. If Chinese rule is bad, they move back to Russia. Of late they have been on the move toward Soviet Asia, where they think the present rule is good.

The nomads of the inner ethnic frontier make no abstract comparisons, but compare Soviet Russia and Chungking China as representatives of civilization and progress. Their standards of comparison are by no means

the same as ours, and it will be many years before they can be expected to understand the Massachusetts or Iowa or California standard of democracy or progress. Today they act according to actual conditions in their homeland along the Sino-Soviet frontier.

After we had visited Buryat-Mongolia and Kazakhstan, Lattimore emphasized how important it was for Americans to realize that "the Buryats and Kazakhs themselves regard the order of self-government under which they live as a democratic order. It is nearly twenty years," he continued, "since I began to camp and travel and live among the nomads of Sinkiang and Mongolia. I have seen them under various conditions of good and bad rule, either under their own tribal order or imposed on them by outside control, and I do not think I am easily fooled. The picture of a coming 'tussle between China and Russia' to control the non-Russian and non-Chinese peoples who live between the Soviet frontier and the area of solid Chinese population in China proper is misleading. The real issue is:

"If there continues to be good rule (especially good self-rule) in Soviet territory and bad rule (especially subordination or subjection of non-Chinese people to the Chinese) in Chinese territory, then the people who live under Chinese rule will look longingly toward their kinsmen who rule themselves within Soviet territory. If this should happen, we could stir up animosity against Russia by dark accusations of the work of 'Soviet agents'; but that is all. We should not be supporting a sound Chinese case; still less should we be doing any good for the non-Chinese peoples, Kazakhs and others, who constitute fully 90 per cent of the population of Sinkiang."

Soviet Asia's frontiers extend from the Caspian Sea to the Pacific Ocean, and only in the Far East along the Amur-Ussuri boundary do the state and ethnic frontiers coincide—Russians to the north, Manchurian, Chinese, and Koreans to the south. Elsewhere the state boundary cuts through an ancient ethnic zone dividing Soviet Buryats from related Mongols in Outer Mongolia, Soviet Kazakhs from kinsmen in Sinkiang, Soviet Central Asian people from ethnic relatives in Iran and Afghanistan. The Kazakh-Sinkiang border we have described. What of Central Asia and the Middle East? This area is beyond the scope of our book, except to point out that the Uzbeks, Tadjiks, and Turkmen have close cultural ties with the peoples of Iran and Afghanistan.

Owen Lattimore had traveled through Central Asia before, and he felt it no exaggeration to say that conditions in Uzbekistan at present are far superior to those in near-by Iran, which has been under the influence of Western civilization for a much longer period. Lattimore also drew comparisons between the economic growth in the Soviet Far East and that of China, after visiting Komsomolsk, Chita, and Ulan-Ude. "In Komsomolsk alone," he said, "the Soviets have a total of highly trained engineers greater than in all of China, where such industries as aviation fuel refining, bomber and cruiser construction do not even exist. Every single important city east of Lake Baikal has a horsepower potential greater than that of all of free China."

This great industrial potential in the Russian Far East was built up as a necessary defense measure after Japan invaded Manchuria. Likewise for protection against the common enemy—Imperial Japan—the Russians in Siberia

and the Mongols in Outer Mongolia concluded a pact of mutual assistance. Testing the strength of this pact in 1939, Japan suffered a military defeat at Nomonhan, south of Chita, when combined Soviet-Mongol forces trapped the main body of Japanese armor.

These Soviet-Mongol forces were led by a young tank commander, Gregory K. Zhukov, who in 1945 as Field Marshal led the Red Army into Berlin. Zhukov's triumph in 1945 would not have been possible had the Soviet-Mongol mutual assistance pact failed in 1939. If Japan had won in 1939, or in 1938 south of Vladivostok, the Soviet Far East would have fallen to Japanese war lords aiming at world domination. With the strength of northern Asia behind them, the Japs could have struck not only as they did at Pearl Harbor but simultaneously also at Dutch Harbor. Unprepared as we were, our Pacific Northwest would have fallen to enemy occupation.

The Soviet-Mongol pact has, therefore, in our age of global war, acted as a bastion of American defense. The long friendship between the Soviet and Mongol peoples has acted to our benefit in the past. The great war potential of Soviet Russia's Far East and of Outer Mongolia was on our side in 1945, a mighty weapon for crushing Japanese military power in Manchuria.

We have to learn to think of national boundaries in new terms. The geographic state frontiers of Soviet Asia defining its borders with the Middle East, China, and Mongolia do not strictly define the limits of the ethnic influence, defense potential, or world significance that this vast inner Asian boundary zone has for us today in our sixty-hour world. Fortified outposts are obsolete; territorial boundaries are overlapped by ethnic boundaries;

national defense has become associated with international obligation; friendship among nations and mutual assistance are stumbling blocks that can trip up any future Hitler or Hirohito.

Feeling that collaboration between Free China and Soviet Asia was vital to the future peace in the Pacific, I urged publicly while in Chungking that the Sino-Soviet frontier, like the American-Canadian boundary, should be "not one of separation but one of joining friends together." A juncture of friends rather than a line of separation, that is what the long inner frontier of Asia can and should become.

# 10

# GREAT CIRCLE, MONGOLIA-MONTANA

## *AMONG THE MONGOLS*

En route to the United States via the northern Great Circle route from Lanchow, China, we flew into Outer Mongolia after crossing the vast Gobi Desert. Not unlike Montana, Outer Mongolia is a highland country. Its territorial boundary, however, would contain four states the size of Montana. Westward, the Mongol boundary stretches along the Altai where the broad Kazakh pastures begin; northward, it reaches Buryat-Mongolia; and, eastward, it faces Manchuria, the scene of heavy battles against the Japanese in the closing weeks of the war.

Outer Mongolia is a cattle-and-sheep country with thinly settled ranges, and from its four corners all roads lead to the capital, Ulan Bator, known as Urga until the

rise of the Mongol People's Republic. Coming in over this city, we could see far out across the sparse grasslands. There were *yurt* encampments in the town's environs.

A Mongol delegation met us at the airport. All were dressed in native Oriental robes, each with a conspicuous hat. Throughout Central Asia, prominent citizens are proud of their hats, most of them felt, or braided silk like the Uzbek *tiubeteika.* The Mongol President, Marshal Choibalsang, was no exception; his proudest possession was his hat. He had a higher distinction that anyone else —he was wearing a Panama.

We drove from the airport out to a camp of *yurts,* which were our houses during two nights spent there. Our Mongol hosts showed us around the town of 100,000 people. Ulan Bator's biggest building is the Mongol Bank. Near-by, we entered a large house, now a museum but formerly the residence of the old Bogda Gegen, the Buddha Incarnation, who died in 1924. Lamaism got its start in Mongolia in the early 1700's, when the first Bogda Gegen, a great sculptor, came up from Tibet.

Though still very religious, the Mongols have been freed of the monkish control of pastureland. It is obvious that in Outer Mongolia, as in Buryat-Mongolia, Tibetan Buddhism has lost its feudal grip. Lamaist *tankas,* carved images of Buddha, and other relics are preserved in this museum, but Mongolia's last remaining influential monastery is a mere shell, where a feeble body of devout monks shift for themselves. Last century, the many lamas were a robust though shiftless lot, living at public expense on great landed estates.

Owen Lattimore had been in Mongolia before. He speaks the Mongol language, the written script of which,

based on the Uighur alphabet, is still in use among the Mongols today. The country's status in Asia, according to Lattimore, has been a triangle of claims and counterclaims put forth by Ulan Bator, Moscow, and Chungking.

The Mongol People's Government claims complete independence and sovereignty within the national domain. Until the recent agreement to recognize Mongol independence, Chungking claimed that Outer Mongolia was Chinese territory under Chinese sovereignty. Moscow recognized both Ulan Bator's claim of Mongol independence and Chungking's counterclaim of Chinese sovereignty over Outer Mongolia. None of the three contending nations would go to war over the issue, and meanwhile Mongolia has made rapid strides forward under self-government. In a plebiscite held late in 1945 the Mongol people voted to retain their independence. In the past 15 years the republic's total population increased by 600,000 to the present 1,500,000. With improved medical care, the number of syphilitics and tuberculars has greatly decreased. Ulan Bator is now connected by telephone to all Mongol towns, by daily air-mail and passenger planes to Ulan-Ude in Siberia, and is reached over a 338-mile all-weather motor road.

Russian influence is very marked in some ways. Ulan Bator's radio and weather office is operated with Russian assistance. Mongol bacteriologists trained in Moscow were the nucleus that founded the local serum plant which produces vaccine to innoculate the country's herds. In developing immunity, they use Yaks crossed with Mongol cows. The cross yields eight liters of milk, compared to six liters from the pure Mongol stock. The cross of cow and Yak improves the vaccine, and the resulting

animal is very hardy and worth scientific study. The influence of Russian science is evident. In other ways Russian influence is unexpectedly absent. The herds of livestock, Mongolia's greatest national asset, are privately owned.

We visited two Mongol encampments when the people were not expecting us. Invited inside one *yurta,* we drank guest bowls of *kumiss,* just as we had done among the Kazakhs, whose herds are collectivized. In one corner of the Mongol tent was a tiny *tanka* shrine. The host said he owned 3,000 sheep. The richest neighboring sheep owner, he said, was a woman who had 5,000 head. I asked him what he thought of the grass here. "It's no good," he replied, "but, up yonder, the lambs and calves fatten." He pointed to an upland some distance away and offered to guide me there.

We got into our car and rode up the smooth slopes to reach a high meadow. The grass was largely crested wheat grass with some fescue and a mountain form of bluegrass botanically known as *Poa glauca.* There also was a low-growing sage or artemesia which is fine for sheep early in the season. The Uzbeks and Kazakhs both call this silvery-leafed, pungent-smelling plant "bread for sheep." However, they say that sheep don't care for it much after the good grass comes on in June.

Outer Mongolia is in Asia's midcontinental pasture zone. This treeless zone of steppe and grassland extends across the breast of all Eurasia, and its natural limits to the north and south are set by the great northern forest belt sweeping across Siberia through northern Russia to Scandinavia, by the towering southern mountains extending from the Himalayas through the Pamirs to the

Caucasus. In the thirteenth century, nomad Mongol horsemen under Genghis Khan swept down from their highland home through the grassy steppe westward to the Volga and on to the Carpathians, eastward down the river valley to the Yellow Sea. Genghis Khan's Mongol Empire was founded on grass pastured by herding peoples.

Splendid Central Asian cities fell before the Mongol horsemen. A "Golden Camp" arose on the Volga, marble palaces in Peking. When Marco Polo came east to China, the Mongols ruled supreme in Central Asia. The Mongol domination was founded on the steppe, just as the later eastward invasion of northern Asia by the Cossacks from the Volga was founded on the north-flowing rivers. Neither the steppes of Eurasia nor its river system could today, in the age of the atomic bomb, support and direct similar movements of continental or world conquest. The railway, the steamer, the motorcar, the airplane have changed irrevocably all transport relations. We need have no fear of being overrun by thundering Mongol herdsmen. We do need to fear a low standard of living anywhere it may exist in our mid-twentieth-century world. Starvation in Asia is as much a threat to our security as mass unemployment in America.

In a military sense, Genghis Khan's conquests were possible because the Mongols had invented the short bow, the last word in weapons of that day. This weapon, shaped like a Cupid's bow, is made of layers of wood and horn to get the same penetrating power as the long bow of European archers. The short bow enabled the Mongols to shoot on horseback, which Europeans could not do. Before we left Ulan Bator, the Mongol military chief,

General Tsenendal, gave me one of their ancient short bows and a Mongol costume, complete to riding boots.

The Mongols were much interested in knowing that the Chinese had established a shrine to Genghis Khan at Lanchow on the Yellow River, for the storage of some relics of the conqueror. The relics had been removed from Inner Mongolia to save them from being seized and exploited by the Japanese. The Chinese effort to appropriate the memory of Genghis Khan drew some caustic comment from the present-day Mongol chiefs. They claim that nobody knows where Genghis Khan is buried, and declare that the Chinese are fooling the people when they say that the remains of the great Mongol conqueror are north of Lanchow. We visited the Chinese shrine before flying north to Ulan Bator.

In the evening of our first day at the Mongol capital, we went to the city opera house, in appearance like a huge *yurta* brought in from the grasslands. The stage setting was magnificent for the very elaborate seven-act play that we saw. It was on the theme of Gesar Khan, who was portrayed mounted on a winged horse. In the audience were 800 persons, seemingly quite unsophisticated, and all Mongols except our party. A special program and synopsis were printed in the Russian language.

We spent the night in exceedingly comfortable and very fancy *yurtas*. Next day we took off for Chita, in Russian Siberia, but ran into a dense weather front about ninety miles out of town and had to turn back to Ulan Bator. Delayed by the rain, we spent a second night in the *yurtas,* which proved to be delightful shelter. In the evening we chatted with the Mongols, who asked many questions about our government.

"It's undemocratic," one of them volunteered.

"And why do you think so?" we asked, somewhat amused.

"Well, take your Southern states," the Mongol said. "They once wanted to secede from the Union. Is that not so?"

We admitted there had been a secession movement in the South.

"But you would not let them secede," continued the Mongol. "Now, we in Mongolia had a similar movement; our northern state of Tannu Tuva wanted to secede and we let them do it."

After this original interpretation of states' rights, we gained a new insight into the way the Mongols regard their independence. Tannu Tuva is situated in the upper Yenisei valley, not far from the Minusinsk region which we visited. It is a tiny independent people's republic, closely associated both with Soviet Russia and with the Mongol People's Republic. In 1945 Tannu Tuva was incorporated as an autonomous region of Soviet Russia. The Mongols take their independence seriously, and July 11, date of the Republic's founding in 1921, is celebrated as a national holiday. The twenty-third anniversary was just eight days off when we were there, on July 2 and 3.*

* The Mongols consider 1911, the year of the fall of the Manchu dynasty, to be the beginning of their independence. The first period, from 1911 to 1921, is known as the period of Autonomous Mongolia. A second period began in 1921 with the establishment of a Mongolian People's Republic, in which, however, the Bogda Gegen, or Living Buddha, had certain rights resembling those of a constitutional sovereign. The Bogda Gegen died in 1924. No successor was appointed, and since then the functions of the Republic have not been limited by survivals of ecclesiastical authority. The present Outer Mongolia Constitution dates from 1940.

The fairgrounds at Ulan Bator were being readied for the event. Bringing their tents with them, Mongols had already arrived from distant provinces and were camping on the outskirts of town. Horsemen were grooming their best mounts for the races. Wrestlers were flexing muscles for the championship meets. The town had an atmosphere of impending excitement as we went to bed for our last night there.

Early next morning the sleeping members of our party, and some dismounted Mongols who had remained close to us during our stay, were rudely awakened by a volley of shots. Our Skymaster pilot, Colonel Kight, had shot off four rounds in joyous Fourth of July sport. But the Mongol secret service men did not know what it meant and it took much quieting down, as well as patient explaining, to get across the point that July 4 meant as much to us as July 11 did to them.

It was six o'clock of a beautiful dawn, the sky having cleared after the rain. In a cheerful mood we all went to breakfast, and although we were in Outer Mongolia our breakfast was typically Russian.

In a holiday mood that matched the Mongol anticipations, we took off by plane for Chita, heading northward on the first leg of our Great Circle flight from Mongolia to Montana.

## *STRATOSPHERE FLIGHT*

Out of Ulan Bator, our Skymaster followed Mongolia's only railway, a spur line driven northeast of town to a local coal mine. It is a short and purely local railway, having no junction with the Siberian railways, the near-

est of which is several hundred miles away. Soon we flew over green mountains, only to be enveloped in thick thunder clouds. It was the same storm that had struck our *yurtas* during the preceding night. Our plane and the storm raced northward nip and tuck. Pilot Kight reported that we might still have to turn back again, but he kept the plane nosing ahead, emerging finally, when two hours away from Ulan Bator, into clear sky as we approached Chita.

The land below looked green in the half-light following the storm. An eastbound train pulling out of Chita station was moving toward the Soviet Far East. In the *taiga* above the city was a wooded lake and a river that meandered through rolling farmland down to the Amur valley. We came down to land on Chita's cement-paved airdrome.

Sergei Goglidze was among the officials waiting to receive us again after our China trip. We went directly to the Red Army house, and after dinner were shown the newsreel of our journey through Soviet Asia that the Russian cameramen had made for us. The films were presented to me as a gift to honor our visit. Pilot Kight went over to the weather office, where advance reports of storms ahead were given him by the woman in charge.

In the afternoon we went to Chita's historical museum, which, like the museum at Ulan Bator, has an excellent collection of Lamaistic art objects, stone and copper artifacts. A typical Tungus wigwam was on display, together with a complete exhibit of tribal life among the nomads who inhabit the Siberian tundra. From the exhibits here, it appears that Siberia's northern nomads are relics of Central Asian tribes driven into the forests and then be-

yond them to the bleak treeless Arctic tundra by stronger peoples who occupied their ancient southern pastures and farmland. The Minusinsk area is one such center, the ancestral home of the Nentsi reindeer herders now found in the lower Ob and Yenisei valleys. To them the reindeer means as much as the horse does to the Kazakh or the Mongol. Tundra moss is their pasture grass. By domesticating the reindeer, they conquered the Arctic long before the white man came. All the northern peoples of Siberia number only a scant half-million and speak about thirty different languages. Except for the Yakuts, no tribe has more than 15,000 people, and some have less than 500 surviving aborigines.

Among these tribes are the Chukchi—the name meaning "rich in reindeer"—a people 12,000 strong who inhabit the tundra in Asia's Far Northeast, across Bering Strait from Alaska. Near the Alsib air base of Velkal is a Chukchi village. The old settlement of Anadyr is now the capital of the Chukchi autonomous district under which these people are governed, electing as president a tribal native. All of Siberia's Arctic tribes are organized in such autonomous districts, every one of which is associated with Soviet Russia. Each autonomous district elects one representative to the Supreme Soviet, or national congress, in Moscow. To attend sessions of the congress, delegates travel by air, since there are no railways, and except in summer the seas and rivers are frozen. Travel by dog or reindeer is too slow. Aircraft are thus linking them to a broader national life. In 1944 the Chukchi delegate was a native, Tyvlianto by name.

The Chukchi are our nearest neighbors in Asia, and it is good to know them. Among these aboriginal Sibe-

rians can be found hunters still living by the primitive customs of the Stone Age. At the sites of their offerings to the gods of the wilderness are Soviet coins alongside magic drawings to the spirits of wild game. What the Buddhist lama was to the Mongols and Buryats, what the medicine man was to our American Indians, the shaman was to the Chukchi and the Tungus. At the Chita museum we saw exhibits of shamanism, now in the discard among the forward-looking northern peoples awakened, as our Eskimos have been, to a new sense of being in the air age.

We spent the night of July 4 at Chita. In the evening I had a long talk with Sergei Goglidze. He was curious about the Chinese situation. I replied in the spirit of the Chungking joint statement. Like other Russian officials, Goglidze was concerned about the strength of the anti-Soviet elements in China. He was anxious that China remain united in the war against Japan and was conscious of the vital role the United States has in China's future. His feelings were revealed in telling incidents during our entire journey.

One night at dinner the Russian airman Mazuruk proposed a toast: "To the modernization of China." Goglidze immediately suggested a logical modification: "May China remain in the war." Without victory over Japanese militarism, China could hardly have the necessary freedom for "modernization." At dinner, after our return from China, Goglidze offered a significant toast to "Owen Lattimore and John Carter Vincent, American experts on China, on whom rests great responsibility for China's future."

The Soviet leaders were always diplomatically discreet

in expressing views on Japan that might be interpreted as official statements of policy. But the general trend of their remarks was in line with that of the Soviet press, which on the day after Pearl Harbor predicted "certain defeat" for the Japanese in their war against the United States and Great Britain. Not only did the Russians believe this from the outset of the Pacific war, they helped to make it a reality. In 1944 it was already evident that Tokyo had been told directly where the Soviets stood. The Soviet Foreign Office protocol man, who accompanied our mission through Soviet Asia, was Gregory Dolbin. Dolbin had worked with the Japs on the Treaty of Sakhalin. At that time the Japs wanted his opinion as to whether the United States or Japan would win the war. "I told them," Dolbin said, and the plain inference was that Japan would lose. The future of Japan was the topic of a discussion which John Carter Vincent once initiated. "What should be done with Japan after the war?" he asked. "The same as with Germany," one Russian present replied. To which Sergei Goglidze added: "Japan ought to be confined to her own home islands." This sounded like an echo of the joint American-British-Chinese Cairo statement that preceded the Teheran agreement.

From this it follows that Soviet leaders in the Far East look forward to a weak, demilitarized Japan and a China strong, united, and friendly to Russia and the United States, as the foundation for the Pacific peace determined in agreement with the United Nations allies. These views are in harmony with the Chungking joint declaration and are not at variance with vital American interests.

This Fourth of July, 1944, which began at Ulan Bator,

had become July 5 before Sergei Goglidze departed after our long evening's conversation. I retired for a few hours' sleep before rising at 5 A.M. to take off from Chita for what was our longest day's flight during the entire journey through Soviet Asia.

We flew from Chita straight northward across Yakutia, which Owen Lattimore had come to call the "world's largest nation in the Far North." The Yakuts number 240,000 and half their country is within the Arctic Circle. In all Greenland, Canada, and Alaska there are not more than 30,000 Eskimos. In Yakutia, Soviet geologists have located deposits of beryllium, a source of the neutrons used in splitting the atom.

At Yakutsk we stopped for luncheon, during which the Yakut president, Ilya Vinokurov, proposed a toast: "To Vice-President Wallace. May he visit Moscow after the war." I responded with a counter toast: "To President Vinokurov. May he visit Washington after the war."

This jovial luncheon proved to be our last in Soviet Asia. We had planned to stop overnight at Seimchan, but it was storming there and our Skymaster's commander, Colonel Kight, decided it would be best to fly straight through to Fairbanks. By 2 P.M. we were again in the air flying northeast of Yakutsk and climbing fast to get above the thick clouds. Soon we burst through the cloud roof into the clear upper sky and flew on above the sea of mist, exhaust vapors trailing behind toward the bright afternoon sun. We had leveled off at 20,000 feet and had to use oxygen masks. We sent a radio message through the clouds to Ivan Nikishov, *Dalstroi's* director, who had been waiting to say good-by at Seimchan.

Sending the message called to mind that remarkable

dinner party he had given us when we first arrived. On the wall of the dining room, facing the banquet table, there had been a huge framed portrait of Stalin, Roosevelt, and Churchill, seated together as they were photographed at Teheran. The painting had been done by a local artist, who copied from the news photo released after the close of that historic Big Three conference in 1943. The artist, we were told, had been in a quandary about how to paint Roosevelt's footwear, first showing him wearing brown boots. In his final effort, he had given Roosevelt a sturdy pair of black *Amerikanski* shoes, an item of dress highly prized in Russia.

Rising to the occasion, Sergei Goglidze had proposed a toast: "To Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill." The spirit of the Big Three was United Nations unity in war and peace. Teheran paved the way to Yalta, to Berlin, and to the Potsdam agreement, which brought Russia, on August 9, 1945, into the war against Japan. At Yalta Stalin had promised Roosevelt to enter the Pacific war within three months after V-E Day. He kept his promise precisely. Teheran blazed the trail to the San Francisco conference on International Security and the United Nations Charter, to which Soviet Russia and Chungking China have affixed their signatures as leading powers among the fifty United Nations.

We flew on near Oimekan, the earth's Cold Pole. It was now thirty-two hours since Colonel Kight had awakened us at Ulan Bator by a revolver serenade to celebrate July 4. He kept his flight course beamed on Fairbanks, where Independence Day celebrators were in the midst of evening parties at 9:15 of the same July 4 soon to end at the international date line ahead. Had we

flown straight through from Ulan Bator without stopover, our American summer holiday could have been twice celebrated on two continents in one day. As it was, we were content to live a second time through July 5.

Hour after hour we flew on at from 17,000 to 23,000 feet, with no ground visible until we approached Bering Strait. It was then that I appreciated John Wagner, our navigator, more than ever before. Then we saw Anadyr Bay but couldn't tell whether it was in the twilight of the evening or the dawn of the morning. Anadyr was the last Russian habitation we passed over in leaving Soviet Asia to fly across Bering Strait. Floe ice was visible in the dark waters below. We flew over St. Lawrence Island, and going on eastward crossed the international date line to re-enter the American Northwest.

It was again early morning, about the same hour past midnight of July 4 as the hour in which I had the night before retired at Chita. In Alaska we greeted the dawn of July 5 number two. In the intervening day since leaving Chita in Asia, the dawn had circled the earth to meet us again in North America.

In passing through the Arctic on the outbound flight, we got icing one inch thick on our wings near Nome and over the hemisphere's Cold Pole, southwest of Seimchan in Siberia. Coming home we ran into several blinding storms. We did not encounter icing in the Velkal area, and the local Russian weather experts said that icing is less frequent there than at Nome, on the Alaska side of Bering Strait, because the air masses move in from the Arctic across the frozen Siberia tundra and consequently pick up less moisture. Our airmen had full confidence in the weather service and airway maps supplied by the Rus-

sians, and during our East Asian journey found them more detailed and accurate than those supplied by the Chinese.

In this flight back to Alaska the Skymaster, helped by a strong tail wind, made her fastest time, 275 miles per hour. The work of Captain Wagner was amazing. He brought the plane through five storm fronts with no ground contact. Apart from a few sun shots and the metro-winds supplied by the Russian weather stations, his navigation was sheer mathematics and blind flight by instrument. The first real landfall of the entire flight was at Nome, Alaska, and the plane came in right over the town.

Nome was obscured in cloud as we flew over, but we ascended the Yukon valley in the morning sunshine. Off to the right, visible from far away, stood majestic Mount McKinley, rising to 20,300 feet the highest peak on our continent. We continued up the Yukon, whose channel, midway, twice crosses the Arctic Circle. The long polar day here dissipates the summer night. Coming home from the Orient, we had seen the Arctic's midnight sun.

In clear sunny daylight, we landed at Ladd Field in Fairbanks, having clocked 10:20 hours in the 2,510-mile flight from Yakutsk. It was the longest nonstop flight of our entire journey in Soviet Asia. The airmen brought us through the worst storms we had encountered in more than forty days of flying through eastern Asia.

That evening I played seven games of volley ball with the airmen. The Russian pilots had a good team and beat the Americans game after game by such scores as 15 to 8, 15 to 6. In two games, I played on the winning side

with the Russians, whose teamwork was better than ours. They are good athletes and good sports.

At Fairbanks I had a long discussion with President Bunnell of the University of Alaska about the agricultural features of my trip, and turned over to him some selected seeds that had been given to me in Siberia. I asked him to have the seeds that the Russians had asked for sent back by one of the Russian pilots. I also expressed the hope that the day will come when there will be a regular exchange of information between the Normal School at Yakutsk and the University at Fairbanks.

During the intervening year since our journey the Siberian seeds have taken root and produced a crop of oats in Alaska. Reports have also come to me about American seeds that have taken root in northeast Siberia and are highly regarded by Soviet Asian farmers. The strawberry seed I got at Alma-Ata produced plants for me which were just beginning to blossom on March 25, 1946, at Washington, D.C.

On our Arctic frontier, an interesting story is told that illustrates how we have in the past regarded northeastern Siberia through Atlantic eyes. The Chukchi people live two hours away by air from Nome. They are good reindeer people, no less experienced in that branch of animal husbandry than are the Lapps of northern Finland. Our Alaskan Eskimos and Indians had no domesticated reindeer until about fifty years ago, when the United States imported some herds from Siberia. The Alaskan natives were new at handling them and had to be trained in the art. To get teachers for them, the United States Office of Education went to Lapland, on the eastern fringes of the Atlantic community, made contracts with Lapp

herdsmen and brought them west, overseas and overland, almost 10,000 miles to our Pacific Northwest. Good Chukchi herdsmen, meanwhile, lived just forty miles away from Alaska, but they were across the boundary in that void of space, Siberia, the unknown. Evidently the Chukchi were out of sight and mind in official Washington.

### *THE AMERICAN NORTH FACES WEST*

The flight from Fairbanks south to Montana was the last lap of our Great Circle trip to the United States from China. All the way through from Mongolia to Montana, the Pacific was to the right of us, the Arctic Ocean to the left. In the northern hemisphere, Great Circle air travel is Arctic travel.

We traveled home to the States via the great Northwest Territory of Canada—our near neighbor in the north and, with prospects of trans-Arctic travel, a favored nation in Soviet Russia.

Flying out of Fairbanks, we detoured eastward across the Yukon watershed in Canada, where the Klondike is located, an Arctic region long famous, as Kolyma is now, for its placer gold mines. Over the mountains, the Skymaster ran again into dense storm fronts, but our skillful pilot by-passed the worst and brought us out into the seemingly clear sky over the Mackenzie basin. The Mackenzie River is Canada's Lena, for, like that great Siberian river in Yakutia, it empties into the Arctic Ocean and drains from south to north a great basin reaching far inland. The Peace River country and Edmonton are to the upper Mackenzie basin what the farmlands north

of Irkutsk are to the Lena basin. The Northwest Territory is Canada's Yakutia.

We came down at Norman Wells, from which crude oil is now being pumped via the Canol pipeline that leads southwest to the Whitehorse refinery, on the Pacific Coast. The Norman Wells are near the Arctic Circle, and were opened to get northwestern fuel for defensive and offensive air operations against Japan. Development began after Pearl Harbor.

We drove at once to a Norman Wells hotel perched on the river bank and overlooking the broad Mackenzie, where the wind was blowing up quite a sea. Some of the buildings here, recently built, having been erected without knowledge of the nature of permafrost, had sunk a foot or two in the center. At the wells, while we watched a separator at work Colonel Kight anxiously watched the lowering skies. The local weatherman told us that a cyclonic storm front was moving in. The advancing winds lifted flurries of dust from the road as we, cutting short our visit, sped back to the airport. We took off at once, with Pilot Kight racing the Skymaster south through Canada to beat the storm, just as he had done two days before flying north in Asia from Ulan Bator to Chita.

We flew southward up the river basin, with the Mackenzie Mountains on our right all the way. As we outstripped the storm, the valley below changed from the vast northern evergreen forests to the rolling plains of the Peace River country, in Alberta. In the late afternoon we landed at the ferry station of Grand Prairie, and were met by Dr. Albright, the director of the Beaver Lodge experimental station. He had been informed by radio of our pending arrival, and a steaming supper was ready for

us at the airfield. We spent the night at the field within sight of the Canadian Rockies.

Next morning Dr. Albright took us on a tour of his experimental station. Here was a man who knew more about northern agriculture from a practical point of view than either the Russians or our own experimenters in Alaska. He is doing much excellent work in alfalfa. The country here is amazingly like eastern Montana or North Dakota, but the grain yields are much higher.

The storm had interrupted our tour of the Canadian Northwest, where, as in Siberia, world-important mining enterprises are being operated far in the North. Port Radium, for example, is about 700 miles east of Norman Wells, on Great Slave Lake; both places are hundreds of miles from the nearest railway in Alberta. The radium deposits near the Port are one of the world's richest sources of this precious metal, and were discovered in a thoroughly modern manner by the prospector, Gilbert Labine, who was dropped into the country by a Canadian bush flier one spring and picked up in the fall.

Uranium and radium are the source elements for atomic power. Canada supplied the raw material for the atomic bombs that brought Japan to surrender in face of a "rain of ruin from the air."

Before World War II, Canadian airlines into the north straddled the wilderness. The bush fliers, with one foot on the railway and the other a thousand miles removed to poleward, were by 1938 carrying more tons of airborne freight in the northern two-thirds of Canada, populated by less than a million people, than were carried by all the civil airlines in the United States.

At the outbreak of war, these pioneering bush fliers

became the nucleus of the North Atlantic Air Ferry Command, predecessor of the great Air Transport Command, which delivered warplanes on their own power direct from Midwestern American aircraft plants to the fighting front in Britain, thus saving time and the extra expense of knockdown sea shipments. The northeast Great Circle route from the United States to Europe was opened with a string of bases across Canada, Iceland, and Greenland. These bases are available for postwar trans-Arctic air service to Europe, just as the northwest route is open to Asia.

After our long air journey through East Asia, we could appreciate the advance of modern aviation in the American North. A few hundred miles east of Beaver Lodge, where we stayed overnight, are the Abasands, the world's greatest known petroleum reserves in refinable shale oil. Canada may hold a key to the fuel future of the world.

And for the world's postwar airways there will be trained fliers. If in the 1920's a few score veteran airmen of World War I could initiate airlines that have transformed transportation in the Canadian bush country, what of the airway prospects for the hundreds of thousands of trained pilots who in peacetime will be looking for new worlds to conquer? One field for their effort will be in the intercontinental airways through the North.

We flew in an hour's time from Beaver Lodge to Edmonton, where we reached the first transcontinental railway since leaving Chita in Siberia to fly over the northern top of the world. At the officers' club in Edmonton we had a good steak dinner. Among the guests was Dr. Robert Newton, president of the University of Alberta and former president of the Research Council of Canada.

During the meal we chatted mainly on the agricultural problems of China and Siberia. With particular reference to Alaska, I suggested that an inter-Arctic conference be convened as soon as possible between Soviet Russia, Canada, and the United States to focus attention on the northern regions and to find out what steps should be taken in development of the Far Northern territories now opened by aviation and highway. Following our departure, Dr. Newton released this proposal to the press, with the result that it was published in Ottawa, Washington, and Moscow. Moscow's *Pravda,* on July 10, 1944, interpolated that the proposed international Arctic conference was to take place "immediately" after the war ends, "or sooner."

We had to cut our visit short in Edmonton because our co-pilot, Lt. William Golkowske, had come down with scarlet fever. To avoid being quarantined, we hurriedly flew toward the Canadian-American boundary in the evening dusk. Darkness had descended by the time we crossed into northern Montana, completing the Great Circle trip from Mongolia.

Air-route beacons winked occasionally across the open ranges of the cattle country, obscured in the surrounding night. Shortly after 10 P.M. we saw the southern horizon lit by a fixed and steady glow, in sharp contrast to the dark plains, and growing brighter as we rapidly approached. Soon, guided down by radio and landing lights, Colonel Kight brought the Skymaster to rest on the big airport at the small town of Great Falls, Montana. Lend-lease warplanes, produced all over the United States, were flown into Great Falls, assembling there for the long flight across the North to Siberia, the Russo-

German front in Europe, and the Far Eastern front against Japan.

In size the equal of Magadan, the inland town of Great Falls, like that new center in Siberia, is linked by northern airlines to the far corners of the world. Any airport can serve as an embarkation point to any destination on the globe.

Many midland cities of the United States are preparing for the coming rush of airborne cargo and passengers through the North. The Twins—Minneapolis and St. Paul—are planning in terms of seven landing fields for craft operating on the northwest run to the Orient. Chicago looks forward to a dozen huge bases along the Lake Michigan waterfront, in the center of the North American continent. St. Louis already claims the title of "No. 1 Air Capital of the Nation," after having been chosen by the United States Mission to Brazil as our midland terminal for the direct airway to Rio de Janeiro.

The midcontinental Siberian towns like Irkutsk, Krasnoyarsk, and Novo-Sibirsk already have three to four local airports, not all of them, however, able to take the largest transports such as the Skymaster. But the Siberian air facilities are also expanding for the coming tide. Tashkent, in Central Asia, has four airports and is linked by air to Moscow, Teheran, Kabul, and Chungking via Alma-Ata.

The air age is upon us, and today we in the United States can no more evade shouldering our responsibility than a boy of eighteen can avoid becoming a man by wearing short pants. The word "isolation" means short pants for a grown-up America. Transport planes like the

Skymaster have put "long pants on the Age of Flight," as aircraft engineers tell us.

Let us think of Bering Strait not as a line of separation but as a juncture of friends. Today we can, more than ever before, regard it as the leverage point of a pincers with handles in the Arctic Ocean and forceps open in the Pacific, one jaw Seattle, the other Vladivostok, and, in the squeeze between, the deflated Japanese Empire. Arctic-borne pressure exerted by Soviet Asia from the east and by Alaska and Canada from the west operated relentlessly during the war to encircle the Japanese militarists. This was true after Pearl Harbor, and especially so after the opening of the Alsib air ferry to the European front. It was true during the entire war against Hitler Germany, when Russia's Far Eastern armies, though inactive, pinned down the powerful Kwantung Army in Manchuria. It was obviously true when the Red Army, collaborating with her American, Chinese, and British allies, helped in delivering the knockout blow to Japan.

World War II made us fighting allies with the Soviet Union. We were genuine allies for war. After victory, can we be allies for peace? This question will be discussed fully in the concluding chapters of our book. Here we can point out that our Pacific frontier with Soviet Asia could be one of the joining of friends on the basis of common peacetime occupations.

In northern Canada and in Alaska and Siberia, all the native nomadic tribes, from the Eskimos and Indians to the Chukchi and Nentsi, are either reindeer herders, or trappers, or fishermen. They have common occupations and must meet common problems in mastering the Arctic environment. Again, in northwest Canada, Alaska,

and northeast Siberia, the settled peoples all trace original ancestry to some place in Europe and all, whether in the Kolyma or the Mackenzie basins, are engaged in mining, transport, and agriculture. They too share the common hardships and difficulties which a pooling of experience can aid in overcoming.

Finally, whether we look at Mongolia and Buryat-Mongolia or at Montana and western Canada, we find people engaged in raising livestock under widely varying political systems; nevertheless the Mongols and the Buryats earn their living in ways not distantly but closely resembling the major occupations of our Western cattlemen and Canadian stockmen. Having been allies to victory in the war, there is a sound basis for expectation that we can also be allies for peace.

Before proceeding to discuss the broader issues involved in our future collaboration, let us review the message I gave to the American people from Seattle on my return to the States.

# 11

# MY MESSAGE TO AMERICANS

*ERA OF THE PACIFIC*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT had asked me to speak at Seattle on my return from Eastern Asia. There, in Washington State, which has such a progressive pioneer spirit, I addressed the American people on July 9, 1944, over a nation-wide broadcast hookup, saying:

"Since I left the skies above America seven weeks ago, I have visited two great countries—Soviet Asia and China. I have not stood upon the threshold of these countries like a stranger. I have been honored with the confidence of those who are working to shape the destinies of their countries. I have been privileged to look behind the scenes.

"Today I want to tell you something of my experiences of the past weeks.

"In the first place, I am today more than ever an American. The more I examine other countries, the more convinced I am that the American way of life is the best way for us.

"In the second place, we can and should fit our own way of life to co-operation with other nations and other peoples whose way of life is different from ours but who need our co-operation quite as much as we need theirs, and who are not only willing but eager to co-operate with us.

"In the third place, I am convinced that the main area of new development after this war—new enterprises, new investment, new trade, new accomplishments—will be the new world of the North Pacific and Eastern Asia.

"This will give to our Pacific Coast an importance greater than it has ever had before, and I am glad, returning from Soviet Asia and China, that Seattle is my port of entry. No city is more American in spirit and action. But no city has shown itself more alive to the importance of our relations with the other areas of the North Pacific.

"This spirit is well exemplified . . . in the University of Washington, where for several years you have worked on integrating the study of the languages, cultures, history, politics, and economics of the Pacific.

"We shall need all our resources of knowledge and all our American readiness to think out new ways of tackling new problems when we have won the war in the Pacific.

"The day will come when the Pacific will be cleared of the Japs, and our boys, coming home from Tokyo, will land at Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

Then we shall think more and more of our West as a link with the East of Asia.

"Those who say that East is East and West is West and that the two shall never meet are wrong. The East of Asia, both Chinese and Russian, is on the move in a way which is easy for any American to understand who sees these great areas at firsthand for himself. The rapid agricultural and industrial development of this great area means so much to the peace and prosperity of the postwar world that I am glad on my return to America to give my impressions of the manifest destiny of the West of America and the East of Asia. . . .

"Vigorous two-way trade with Soviet Asia and China will greatly increase the population and prosperity of our Northwest.

"All this I knew in a theoretical way before going to Asia. After having seen as much of the industry and agriculture of East Asia as any American has seen in such a short time, I am more than ever convinced that we are entering upon what might be called the Era of the Pacific.

"One characteristic of the Pacific Era will be the building of great airports in parts of the world now thinly inhabited. The extent to which the Russians have already developed runways and servicing for airplanes in East Asia amazed me. We landed at perhaps a dozen airports in Soviet Asia the names of which not one in a thousand Americans ever heard.

"It is quite possible that for fifteen to twenty years after this war the air route to Asia via Fairbanks, Alaska, will not be a money-making one. But it is also certain that

our national future requires that we, in co-operation with Russia and the Chinese, maintain such a route.

"Soviet Asia during the past fifteen years has more than doubled its population. It is quite possible that the next 50 years will see a further increase there of more than 30,000,000 people.

"I am convinced from what I saw of the Amur River region that in the southern part of that area there will be a great increase of population. Russia, as a result of her experience with this war, will certainly shift much of her industry east of the Urals. Most of the people who moved to Siberia with their factories will stay there.

"Everywhere, from Magadan on the coast of the Pacific to Tashkent deep in Central Asia, I found the Russian people producing to the limit in the factory and on the farm. About two-thirds of the work on farms and one-third of the work in factories is being done by women.

"In the factories everywhere I found American machinery, some purchased before the war but most of it obtained under lend-lease. The way in which American industry through lend-lease has helped Russia to expand production in Soviet Asia has given me an increased admiration both for the United States and for Russia.

"I found American flour in the Soviet Far East, American aluminum in Soviet airplane factories, American steel in truck and railway repair shops, American machine tools in shipbuilding yards, American compressors and electrical equipment on Soviet naval vessels, American electric shovels in open-cut coal mines, American core drills in copper mines of Central Asia, and American

trucks and planes performing strategic transportation functions in supplying remote bases.

"I found the people, both those in positions of management and those at the workbenches, appreciative of the aid rendered by the United States and the other Allies. While it is misleading to make any comparison between the huge Soviet industrial effort and the amount of lend-lease aid we have been able to give the U.S.S.R., I am convinced from what I saw in Siberia and Central Asia that lend-lease has helped the Russians in many difficult and even critical situations on the industrial front as well as on the military front.

"On the rich irrigated land of Central Asia, a strong cotton industry is being rapidly developed. At Tashkent, a city of a million people, I found experimental work in cotton which for its originality and practical effectiveness compares most favorably with the best in the United States. Modern industry was also flourishing in this ancient seat of Eastern culture.

"From Tashkent, my farthest point west, we turned east to Alma-Ata, my last stop before entering China. There I found not only excellent scientific work with apples but also the beginnings of a moving-picture industry which may make Alma-Ata the Hollywood of Central Asia. Located at the foot of the Tien-Shan—Heavenly Mountains—the city is blessed with a superb climate, almost as good as that of Southern California.

"China is totally different from Soviet Asia. While she is eager and anxious to enter the machine age, she has not yet been able to turn out, in either modern war materials or heavy goods, more than a fraction of her needs. This situation should not long continue.

"China, with her 450,000,000 people and her great resources, should sooner or later produce a large portion of her requirements in the way of heavy and light industrial goods and also consumer goods. But to modernize her industry and train her people China needs help. We have thousands of technical and business men in the United States who are able to furnish that help. But the businessmen in particular want to be sure of one thing: they want to be certain, before they lay the foundations and make the necessary outlay, that there is no foreseeable likelihood of conflict within China or between China and Russia.

"I am glad to say that I found among those with whom I talked an outspoken desire for good understanding, and personally I am convinced that China and the U.S.S.R. will take the necessary steps to insure continuing peace and to promote cultural and commercial exchanges among the nations of the Pacific to the benefit of all.

"Asia is the center of the world's greatest land and population masses. It is our business to be friends with both Russia and China and to exchange with them the goods and information which will raise the standard of living of all our peoples.

"I found the leaders in both Soviet Asia and China eager for the most friendly relationship with the United States and expressing the utmost confidence in the leadership of President Roosevelt. Living standards can be raised. Causes of war can be removed.

"Failure to concern ourselves with problems of this sort after World War I is costing us today hundreds of billions of dollars and a terrible toll of human life. To avoid recurrence of the scourge of war, it is essential,

insofar as the Pacific basin is concerned, that relations among the four principal powers in the Pacific—China, the Soviet Union, the British Commonwealth, and the United States—be cordial and collaborative. . . .

"There is a great future for trade between East Asia and ourselves. To bring this to pass will take not only a sympathetic understanding of each other's conditions, but also a farsighted determination to make trade what it should be—a mutually beneficial transaction.

"Day after tomorrow I hope to report to President Roosevelt certain definite facts which I am not at liberty to discuss here. But I can say that everywhere I went in Eastern Asia I found rapid changes. Even in Mongolia, one of the most remote regions of the world, I found that the changes of the past twenty years had been very great.

"The United States, together with Russia and Great Britain, has a profound interest in the rapid, peaceful change of Eastern Asia to a more fruitful use of her vast natural and human resources.

"Here is the great new frontier to which Seattle can furnish much in the way of leadership. Our scientists must co-operate with the Russian and Canadian scientists in learning how to lick the problems of the permanently frozen ground of Alaska, Canada, and the north of Siberia. We must exchange agricultural and weather information.

"I have found a splendid disposition on the part of Russian scientists to co-operate in agricultural matters and a frank readiness on the part of Chinese administrators to consider America's position as well as China's in discussing future economic co-operation. This gives me great hopes for the long future.

"The American businessman of tomorrow should have a broad world outlook. I have faith that American economic leadership will confer on the Pacific region a great material benefit and on the world a great blessing. The new frontier extends from Minneapolis, via our Pacific coast states and Alaska and through Siberia and China, all the way to Central Asia.

"Here are vast resources of minerals and manpower to be developed by democratic, peaceful methods—not the methods of exploitation but, on the contrary, the more profitable method of creating higher living standards for hundreds of millions of people.

"It was a wonderful trip. I am grateful to President Roosevelt for giving me an opportunity to talk to people in every walk of life in Asia who are aiding us in winning this war. With victory, we can continue to work together in peace.

"We want a higher standard of living in America. We want full production, jobs for our boys who come home, and peacetime jobs for those who are now employed in wartime work. Trade with Russia and China will help keep the factories of America busy in the days that lie ahead. We are on our way."

This coast-to-coast radio address marked the end of an air journey across the north of two continents. That night our party was forced down by a storm at Bismarck, North Dakota, where, reassured by the weatherman, we took off again and arrived in Washington airport on the morning of July 10, 1944.

My Seattle speech was inspired by the fresh impressions of a traveler just returned from a long journey

through present-day Eastern Asia. Was the picture then drawn of a new era for American enterprise in the Pacific overoptimistic? Can we still look to Siberia and China for trade that will help keep our factories busy in the days ahead? A positive answer to these questions is as vital today as it was in 1944. The current outlook for Pacific trade, particularly for our future trade with Siberia, will be discussed in the next chapter.

# 12

# PROSPECTS FOR AMERICAN-RUSSIAN COMMERCE

## *ROOSEVELT BROKE THE DEADLOCK*

SHORTLY AFTER my mission returned to Washington, President Roosevelt also returned, in August, 1944, following a tour of our Pacific defenses. With his usual foresight he declared in a public address that "with the end of a Japanese threat, soon, we hope, there is an excellent outlook for permanent peace in the whole of the Pacific area.

"It is therefore natural and proper," he continued, "for us to think of the economic and the commercial future. It is logical that we should foresee a great interchange of commerce between our shores and those of Siberia and China. And in this commercial development Alaska and the Aleutian Islands become automatic step-

ping-stones for trade, both by water and by cargo planes."

Have these prospects been dimmed by subsequent events? If anything, the prospects of expanded trade with Siberia and China seem brighter than ever before, as we now look into the postwar Pacific world. If there be still those who doubt the wisdom of Roosevelt's foresight, a little hindsight should suffice to awaken renewed confidence. In 1944 President Roosevelt's vision of our nation's future in the Pacific was as clear as it had been a decade earlier, in 1934, when through his efforts the first exchange of diplomatic envoys took place between Washington and Moscow. By this action he broke the sixteen-year diplomatic deadlock in our relations with the Russian people, a deadlock which Japan had utilized against the Russians in Siberia, against the Chinese in Manchuria, and ultimately against ourselves.

Japan invaded Manchuria in 1931. Ten years later the Japs hit Pearl Harbor. Pearl Harbor would have been not an initial setback but an outright disaster, had not Roosevelt eight years earlier taken steps to keep Siberia on our side as a potential holding force to split the spearhead of Imperial Japanese aggression. Recognition of Soviet Russia in 1933 did just that, in a strategic sense, for our national defense.

In the Soviet Union, Franklin D. Roosevelt's name became associated forever with the act of recognition, one of the first steps he took shortly after assuming office as President. Following his death in 1945, the Russian press in memorial articles pointed to him as "the first American President who correctly estimated the great significance of friendship between the peoples of the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A., both for the two powers concerned and

for the entire world." Moreover, the Moscow press recalled that on November 16, 1933, in a note to the Soviet Foreign Office, President Roosevelt had written: "I hope that the relations now established between our people will always remain normal and friendly and that our peoples in the future will collaborate to their mutual benefit and for peace in the entire world."

Recognition in 1933 not only broke the diplomatic deadlock, it also opened the way for expanded trade that benefited American business firms which had previously been conducting trade with the Russians sub rosa—sub rosa in the sense that they had no American consul to represent them in the Soviet Union.

The outlook for our trade with Soviet Russia was far different in 1944 when Eric Johnston, then president of the American Chamber of Commerce, told a hundred Soviet trade leaders in Moscow: "Almost all Americans today deeply regret the difficulties that arose between you and us at the end of the last World War. Few of the old scores, gentlemen, are worth preserving. Let us do two things:

"One, let us resign ourselves to the fact that, certainly for a long time to come, you and we are going to live in two different economic ways. Two, let us visit and trade. Let there be more Soviet businessmen who know the Mississippi Valley. Let there be more American businessmen who know the valley of the Volga."

By 1944 and 1945, the Soviet Union was spoken of in the United States as a "billion-dollar market" for goods of American manufacture, and our Russian customers, completely sold on the goods we offered, were genuinely

"buy-American" conscious. All this happened after Roosevelt broke the diplomatic deadlock in 1933.

## *SOVIET RUSSIA, OUR FRONT DOOR TO ASIA*

Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, as Roosevelt said, will become the "automatic stepping-stones" for our expanded Pacific trade, and in so far as this commerce moves by air the Soviet Far East is our front door gateway to the Orient. This will eventually result in strengthening the direct commercial transactions between American Western cities and the Trans-Siberian towns reached both by ship across the Pacific and by air over the northwestern Great Circle route. The full force of this reorientation in our traditional Atlantic-minded outlook will perhaps be more clearly appreciated if we briefly review some of the salient features of our commerce with Siberia in the past. This commerce took place in a roundabout fashion through Europe, and our review begins on the Atlantic seaboard a hundred years ago.

In 1842, when Major George Washington Whistler arrived in St. Petersburg (later Petrograd, now Leningrad), he was under contract with Czar Nicholas to supervise the construction of the St. Petersburg-Moscow railway, Russia's first important railroad. Major Whistler was already known for his work in the building of the B & O and other early railways driven inland from our Atlantic seaboard, and he did a creditable job in Russia and was decorated with the Order of St. Anne.

The success of Major Whistler created an atmosphere very favorable to an extension of commerce between the United States and Czarist Russia. American steam excava-

tors and pile drivers were imported for use on public works. Czar Nicholas later sent to America for bridge builders and millwrights, much as Peter the Great had sent to Holland for blacksmiths and carpenters. Almost every steamer brought some enterprising son of New England, and one Yankee was even elected an honorary member of the Imperial Society for his work in improving Russian agriculture.

It was this fine atmosphere that made Perry M. Collins' journey across Siberia to the Amur River in 1856 so highly satisfying, when his eyes were opened to daring projects in which America and Russia might join hands across the Pacific. On his return to Washington, he found that Hiram Sibley and other practical Yankees with imaginations were equally convinced that through collaboration with Russia the American people could fulfill "their untransacted destiny." Sibley, one of the organizers and the first president of Western Union, backed the plan to link the United States to Europe by overland telegraph line via Alaska and Siberia. In 1861 a coast-to-coast wire service was opened between New York and California. Irkutsk in Siberia was connected by through wire to London in 1864. The Alaska-Siberian line would link California to Irkutsk, and bring European news to New York with electric speed instead of by ships. The moment for launching the project was equally propitious in Washington and St. Petersburg. A Russian squadron, commanded by Admiral Lissogsky, had called at New York in 1863 in a gesture not unfriendly to the North during that fateful year of the Battle of Gettysburg. Sibley helped to entertain Lissogsky and, the following winter, went to Russia, where he was reciprocally entertained. A

former shoemaker, he was an embarrassing problem to the Czar's protocol experts. At an Imperial reception, they finally ranked him second, behind the French ambassador and ahead of the Russian Prime Minister, Prince Gortschakov, who derided him throughout the dinner about his democratic ideas. Americans in the flesh were often objects of undisguised curiosity, if not disdain, in exalted social and official circles abroad.

The Alaska-Siberian telegraph line was ultimately launched as a $3,000,000 project, backed by the Western Union and the Federal Government. The Czar granted permission to the American concern for construction of the Siberian line from Anadyr to Verkhneudinsk and the Amur. Exploring parties set forth from San Francisco, working north up our Pacific coast through British Columbia and Alaska, working south from Bering Strait through Russia's Far East. Though the project did not lack public support, energetic promotion, or government sanction, it failed to materialize. The reason was that in 1866 the first Atlantic cable was successfully laid, bringing to New York European news with electric speed. The overland project was abandoned, and with its passing the public lost interest in joining hands across the Pacific.

Our electric communications with Russia were riveted to the Atlantic cable and routed through Europe. Only in 1940, seventy-five years later, did we get that direct trans-Pacific link, with the opening of the direct radiotelephone circuit between the United States and Russia. An American engineer helped make it possible. He was P. D. Carter, during the late war a United States Army

major, who in the 1930's supervised the construction of the vital Moscow-Khabarovsk telephone line.

Lack of a direct electric communication link with Russia meant that we grew accustomed over the years to handle cabled business transactions through European intermediaries. This was not the sole reason for the practice, but it was an important one. Another hampering factor in our nineteenth-century commerce with Czarist Russia was the dominance which European banking gradually assumed over Czarist finances, and the slow growth of industrialization in Siberia. Americans like Perry Collins and Daniel Butterfield, a New York banker, tried in their time without success to get concessions for building railways in Siberia. Around 1890, the Czar is reported to have offered the project of building the Trans-Siberian railway to American engineers, but they failed to get the contract because of Russia's involvement in west European finances.

Other examples of European influence in our dealings with Russia, especially Asiatic Russia, can be cited. Early in 1900 certain American mining engineers went to work in the Kirghiz steppes, behind the Urals; they were in the employ of a London firm. In 1901 an American made a study of how farm machinery manufactured in the United States was being used in Russian agriculture. He reported seeing in Siberia millions of dollars worth of American-made machinery "with the original name-plate replaced by that of some German or Russian firm."

The economy of Czarist Russia was very much under the influence of foreign concessionaires who conducted mining to get raw materials for industry in England and Germany. With its finances controlled in Paris, London,

and Brussels, Czarist Russia was a semicolony of Europe. American exports reached the country via the Atlantic, and the normal flow of commerce was often deviously diverted en route. After the downfall of Czarism, the new Soviet Government was subjected to a commercial blockade. Only gradually could Russian trade relations be restored abroad, at first strongly influenced by Germany.

The United States did not recognize Soviet Russia until 1933, though some American-Russian commerce had been carried on earlier. Prime movers in the resumption of American-Russian trade were the American engineers who went to Russia on technical-aid contracts. In this respect the pioneering of Colonel Hugh Cooper at the Dnieper Dam, around 1930, was analogous to the work of Major Whistler around 1840. Major Whistler helped the Czar launch Russia's first railway in the early days of the era of steam-power industry. Colonel Cooper helped Stalin build Soviet Russia's first great hydroelectric station in the early days of electric-powered industry. The effect in both cases was the same—an atmosphere favorable to the growth of American-Russian commerce.

In the five years from 1928 to 1932, more than a thousand American engineers went to Russia on technical-assistance agreements, and many of them were from our Middle West. Steel engineers from Cleveland and Chicago thus helped to build the mills at Kuznetsk in Siberia and Magnitogorsk in the Urals, mills which meant so much in Russia's successful defense against the Hitler invasion. This commerce in engineering talent began before, but helped pave the way for, recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States.

Today we look directly across the Pacific to the vast

country of Soviet Asia with its new industries created and to be created. What are the prospects for trade there? Here is what Mr. Ernest C. Ropes, Russian trade expert of twenty years' experience in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce under the United States Department of Commerce, has to say:

"The development of the huge area between the Ural mountains and the Pacific Ocean is of even greater promise than the reconstruction of devastated areas in European Russia; for it envisages an expansion of civilization, and the industries and transport that go with it, over an area comparable in size and paucity of population only with our Great West of a hundred years ago. Here is a virgin field where the Russians, with American goods, technique, and personal leadership, can be kept occupied for fifty years. That new, tremendous market will not be the monopoly of the manufacturers of our East Coast. Already those of our West Coast are talking about *their* markets in the Far East, of which the Soviet Union is the most attractive at present."

## *COMMERCE FOR PEACE*

Both in a strategic and commercial sense, our nation is embarking upon a new era in the Pacific. We must face up to the problems confronting us there. We must trade in the most friendly way possible with Latin America because that is our back door. We must trade with England and Western Europe because that is our side door. We must trade with Russia to prevent the world splitting into two hostile ideological camps.

After the last war ideological differences did not pre-

vent either Russia or the United States from pursuing a parallel course in world affairs. Both sought to preserve the peace by retreat into isolationism. Both failed. Both have learned their lesson. Russia and the United States have had a profound effect upon each other. Both our nations shared in the march of freedom, which during the past 150 years has been a long-drawn-out people's revolution. Our capitalism today differs from the Soviet socialism. Our republic differed from the Czarist autocracy. But we have never gone to war over these differences of internal administration.

Both the Russians and the Americans, in their different ways, are groping for a way of life that will enable the common man everywhere in the world to get the most good out of modern technology. There is nothing irreconcilable in our aims and purposes. Those who so proclaim are wittingly or unwittingly looking for war—and that, in my opinion, is criminal. They proclaim that, because the ideologies of the United States and Russia are different, war between the two is inevitable. They seize upon every minor discord to fan the flames of hatred.

President Roosevelt had the rare gift of closing his eyes to the little discords and at the same time focusing his attention on the big possibility—namely, permanent peace through world organization. President Truman is Roosevelt's successor. He is keeping his eye on the main chance for world peace.

In the years immediately ahead, the United States, Russia, and the British Empire will probably produce 85 per cent of the world's industrial output. But there are stirrings of a rapidly expanding industrial consciousness in Latin America, India, China, and the Near East.

Without going into heavy economic argument, I will say that I am convinced, for political and security reasons alone, we must help promote the industrialization of these countries. We must assist China particularly, because future world peace may depend on the friendly and sound industrial development of her people.

We cannot do the work of these peoples, but we can point the way and we can furnish the "seed" capital and the knowledge of how to use "seed" capital to produce a "high standard of living" crop. There is a greater probability of a strong democratic China if we help her in the postwar period than if she follows the methods of either Japan or Soviet Russia and tries to do it chiefly by herself.

Both the United States and Soviet Russia want to see the so-called backward nations industrialized so that the standard of living may be more uniform over the entire world. In the eyes of many of the so-called backward peoples, Russia is the symbol of economic democracy based on universal education and jobs for everybody. The United States is the great world leader of political democracy. The one way in which the United States can effectively assist in guaranteeing the long-time peace of the world is by helping promote economic conditions everywhere that will favor continuous growth of freedom and equality in all lands.

In the Far East, Russian interest is not likely to be that of territorial expansion. Russia's relation to Pan-Asia may come to resemble in many ways our own relation to Pan-America, with the same choices between good neighborliness and imperialism. The Russians want friendly regimes in the countries along Asia's great inner bound-

ary. To the Russians the term "friendly" does not imply a desire for socialist governments but for governments that will work with Russia, not against her. This is vital for Soviet Russia as a matter of security in protecting her Far Eastern frontier.

Americans tend to think of Russia as an incomprehensible enigma, without realizing that we ourselves often appear just as darkly enigmatic, not only to Russia but to other countries as well. It would be wholesome to remind ourselves that many countries, in Asia as in Europe, are prepared to compare what they can learn from the Russians with what they can learn from us. Moreover, we are not the only big country that can grant favors and help others.

It is important that we make Asia and the North Pacific an area of co-operation, not of conflict, between us and Russia, as well as between China and Russia. If we are to expect this, we cannot demand that Russia play our game, according to our rules, when we finally decide what the game is and draw up the rules. To be real allies for peace, we must invite Russia to join us and other nations with vital interests in the Far East in deciding what the game is and what the rules are.

As a buying nation, Soviet Russia places orders in Canada and Britain. They are our chief competitors for the Russian market. As a selling nation, Soviet Russia trades with many nations in Asia that are also customers of American concerns. Russia therefore has opportunities for multilateral trading agreements, no less than we ourselves.

I am not worried about a large volume of foreign trade for the United States during the next four or five years.

The real trouble will come five or ten years hence, when our foreign customers will try to find a sound basis of payment for the quantities of American goods they would like to buy from us. How will the Russians pay for what they buy?

There are several ways. Soviet Russia can pay in gold, of which she is the world's second largest producer. She can pay in silver and platinum; her reserves of these precious metals are estimated at from one to two billion dollars. She can pay in manganese, which we have long imported from her for our steel industry. She can pay in furs, also a long-time, staple, very valuable import from Siberia. Russia's cash credit is highly rated, and before the war American firms sold freely on terms of payment forty-five days after shipment. The prewar tourist dollars spent in the Soviet Union were also a means by which the Russians paid for goods imported from the United States.

In the years immediately ahead, undoubtedly, a large volume of American investments will be made in many lands, not least among those in the Pacific basin. But, sooner or later, sound business demands that we import more than we export or that we accept from foreign countries a very large volume of tourist services or gold.

Our great mistake in the decade of the 1920's was that we gave foreign nations reason to believe that we never would allow them to send enough goods into the United States to balance our exports, or even enough to pay the interest on the money which we had loaned abroad. If we are to avoid the mistakes of the 1920's, it is important that we start, and start now, specialized research to discover just what types of imports will best help the econ-

omy of the United States. We must learn to look upon imports as a benefit to the United States, not as a detriment.

In Czarist days, Germany built up a considerable trade in the United States by buying Russian products, then processing, sizing, or merely repacking them, and selling them to us as German. The Soviet Government has worked hard to re-establish these lines of export to us, with some success, though usually buying from three to four times as much in value as it sold. Part of our postwar trade policy, therefore, must be to seek ways to buy more from our good customers, especially the Soviet Union, of the goods which we ourselves do not have, or have in insufficient quantities.

Our Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce has a list of over 200 Russian products that have found a market in the United States during the last 20 years; and many American importers, including department stores, will find it worthwhile to study the Soviet Union as a source of imports. The tremendous purchasing power of the United States can hardly be used better than to build up a large import trade to balance the export business which our factories and farms can maintain, with benefit to our employment situation.

Our peacetime trade with Soviet Russia is conducted through the Amtorg Trading Corporation in New York. Amtorg is enlarging its quarters and increasing its personnel to take care of postwar business, which it is expected will run higher than ever recorded in the history of United States trade with the Soviet Union.

I hope Amtorg will find ways of buying more and more goods from the 3,000,000 struggling small businessmen

in the United States as well as from the few hundred big concerns.

In my opinion, foreign trade is important not only as a source of material well-being, it is also important as a material symbol of the ties that hold the world together. In all truth, we are members "one of another." Imports are as beneficial to us as exports. It is good to read in the American trade press suggestions that the big stores should use their display windows to drive home to the public the stake that we all have in an expanding two-way foreign trade based on sympathy and understanding with all the peoples of the world.

## *MANIFEST DESTINY: U.S.A.–U.S.S.R.*

The war from which we are now emerging might also be called another Thirty Years' War, and the world-wide peace to come in our time bears comparison to the European continental Peace of Westphalia in 1648. War in our generation began in 1914 and has, in the main, continued in one form or another for more than thirty years. Only for a brief time in the twenties was the world really at peace. When we dip deeply into the economic and scientific causes of these thirty years of terrible struggle we find the outstanding factor to be the unequal growth of industrialization and the consequent unequal growth of population and political power among nations.

The differing speed in industrialization and population growth produced tensions that were used by ambitious, ruthless nations to cause international earthquakes. As a result of these earthquakes, the United States and Russia now emerge as the two most powerful nations in

the world. The United States has nearly half the world's industry and Russia is on the way to developing a large share of the remainder.

Since 1928, Russia has changed from a predominantly agricultural nation to one that is also powerful industrially. Moreover, her population is growing faster than that of any other great industrial nation. The enemies of peace know that the United States and Russia are the two most powerful nations in the world, and that without both of them in the world organization peace is impossible.

Technology and war have destroyed Western Europe as the center of world power. In a geopolitical sense, the center of world power is shifting toward the Pacific; its primary foci of industrial strength being midcontinental North America and the heartland of Eurasia, now linked together by air across the north, by water across the Pacific. This will be the axis of strategic power in the coming era of the Pacific.

The two nations that now come to the top are so geographically placed that they have never had conflicting basic interests. Both have pioneered in mastering continents, moving in different directions toward the Pacific. Before the rise of aircraft and radio, farsighted men both in the United States and Russia had visions of linking our two nations more closely through the Far East. A kindred spirit to the promoters of the abortive Alaska-Siberian telegraph line was the Russian democrat, Alexander Herzen, who emigrated from Czarist persecution to live in London.

"Both America and Siberia," Herzen wrote in the late nineteenth century, "possess the strength, plasticity, spirit

of organization, and a determination which knows no obstacles. . . . Searching for their boundaries through tremendous space, both roll into endless plains, and reach them from opposite shores, dotting their paths with cities, towns and colonies. . . . In her future Russia has only one comrade, one fellow-traveler—the United States of North America." *

The continental position of both the United States and Russia and the need for developing rich resources unmolested from without have caused the peoples of both nations to have a profound hatred of war and a strong love of peace. The Russian and American people instinctively like each other. Roosevelt instantly felt at home with Stalin. Neither the Russians nor the Americans want to use modern technology as an instrument of war. We want to raise our own standards of living and we do not want to exploit other people.

We in America have reached a state of development somewhat analogous to that of England seventy years ago. On the United States for the first time falls the responsibility of world leadership. It is much the same kind of leadership as that which England gradually assumed after the Napoleonic wars a century ago. We are the only great nation with industries unbombed and with highways and railways in good working condition. Our economy is ready not only to give our own people a higher standard of living than they have ever had but also, through a program of sensible investment in those nations that want to help themselves, to bring about a restoration of world productivity.

* A. Herzen, *Works* (St. Petersburg, 1906), IX, pp. 400-401.

The "little Englanders" of the nineteenth century have their counterpart in the "little Americans" of today. The "little Englanders" could not see across the English Channel. The "little Americans" cannot see across the oceans. Fortunately, for England and for the world, the men of vision triumphed in England after the Napoleonic wars. Long-term investments were made all over the world. New countries were opened up. New commodities were produced. Obstacles to foreign trade were removed. The nineteenth century saw the most rapid increase in population, with the greatest expansion of world trade, and the most rapid rise in the world standard of living that has yet been seen.

I have great faith in the vision of the American people. I believe they can rise to the challenge of the twentieth century with as much vigor and foresight as the British showed in the nineteenth century. As an industrial nation engaged in trade with Siberia, our country has stepped into the role once played by nineteenth-century England. This circumstance can be readily appreciated from the following example.

The English etcher, Thomas Witlam Atkinson, traveled through Siberia in the 1850's. In the Urals he found machines from the "first manufactories in England" and talented engineers who had spent "several years in one of the best establishments in Lancashire." When Atkinson sought for words to convey to his countrymen in the British Isles the significance of the Ural steel center of Zlatoust, he declared: "Zlatoust is the Birmingham and the Sheffield of the Oural." * With equal aptness for con-

* Thomas Witlam Atkinson, *Oriental and Western Siberia,* (Philadelphia; John E. Potter & Co., 1858), pp. 69, 81, 96.

temporary Americans, we have begun to speak of the new towns behind the Urals in Soviet Asia as actual and potential Pittsburghs, Detroits, Chicagos, and Kansas Cities.

The direct wartime shipping route across the Pacific to the Siberian ports of Vladivostok, Nikolayev, and Magadan will continue in the postwar period. For this coming trade we transferred permanently to the Russians sixty Liberty ships which in the months preceding Russia's entry into the war against Japan in 1945 had been shuttling stock piles of material from the United States West Coast ports across the Pacific to the Soviet Far East.

Like the United States, the whole of Soviet Asia has emerged from this war with towns unbombed and industries intact, and, what is more important in terms of commerce, the towns and industries are in process of rapid expansion. The people are "buy-American" conscious, and their needs are multiplied in the very process of growth. An expanded foreign commerce is just as necessary to us as a means to insure full employment and full use of our resources. The Postwar Problems Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers (businessmen all) has wisely declared that increased production in other countries will not reduce living standards in the United States. No business prospers without prosperous customers. That is plain common sense. We can continue to trade with Soviet Asia to the mutual advantage of Americans and Russians.

Only two nations in the world can safely talk about the luxury of almost self-sufficient resources. They are the United States and Russia, and even they stand to gain more by expanded commerce than by a national autarchy

in economy. To us here in the United States great power has been given. On us a great responsibility has been placed. From us great service will be expected. We may not in every case get thanks for our assistance, but in following our higher impulses and aspirations we shall find that by helping others we have also helped ourselves. It is our duty to trade with the world with courage and foresight, expanding first our exports and eventually our imports. It is up to those who are leaders in foreign trade to push this great work.

Siberia and the Urals have long been famous for mineral wealth. Large fortunes were made there during the last century by Russian mine owners and merchants, who built themselves mansions that the English etcher Atkinson described as "equal to any found in the best European towns. . . . Attached to most of their dwellings," Atkinson added, "are large conservatories, in some of which are choice collections of tropical plants and flowers, such as few would expect to find in so severe a climate."

Atkinson traveled by river boat and carriage for three years across Asiatic Russia, sketching the Siberian landscape from the Urals to the Altai and Lake Baikal. Just as the Ural conservatories with tropical plants were to him a curiosity, so the Lake Balkhash botanical garden in the Kazakhstan desert was a surprise to us. In Atkinson's day, experimental agriculture was the whimsical fancy of a few cultured individuals. But today, while many of the farms in northeast Siberia are of the hothouse variety, Soviet Asia's experimental farming is a highly scientific undertaking, promoted with state sup-

port to increase local food resources and make the cold north country a habitation.

What are the experimental stations like and what success are they having today in the North of America, in Siberia, and in Central Asia? The answer is given in the next chapter, a report on the new agriculture.

# 13

# THE NEW AGRICULTURE

*IN THE AMERICAN FAR NORTH*

FROM THE Peace River country in northwest Canada up to Fairbanks and across Soviet Asia to Yakutsk, there is a vast extent of territory where the ground is permanently frozen and only a foot or two of the surface thaws out during the summer. After talking with the agricultural experimenters in northwest Canada, Alaska, and northeastern Soviet Asia, I have reached the conclusion that much could be gained by an exchange of information.

Let us start with W. D. Albright of the Beaver Lodge experiment station near Grande Prairie in the Peace River country. He is just south of the permafrost, but his third of a century in the Peace River area has given him great faith in all the north country. The more I talked with Albright and the more I examined his experimental

basis, the more I became convinced that the Far North country is so tricky that the individual farmer is almost certain to fail unless he has the opportunity to call continually on the experience of men who have been in the locality long years and therefore know something about the strange habits of northern soil and climate. For example, a hundred-foot difference in altitude may make all the difference between success and failure. At the top of the hill there may be 90 days free from frost in the average year while at the bottom of the hill, half a mile away and 120 feet lower down, there may be only 30 days free from frost. The bottom land may be all right for hay and pasture but impossible for growing grain. However, when there is a little lake in the bottom land, the rules of the game change again and grain can actually be grown.

Albright has had interesting theories about handling the permafrost. He says that in the muskeg country the solid frost can oftentimes be found at from six to eight inches beneath the surface even in mid-July. But after the air has been let in, the ground becomes pulverized, the moss no longer acts as an insulator, and more and more of the permafrost is melted away. The ground temperatures then rise and it is found as a result that agriculture can be moved farther north than had heretofore seemed possible. A similar phenomenon has long been known to the Chinese colonists of North Manchuria.

I was amazed at the luxuriance of the crops at the Beaver Lodge experiment station. The long hours of daylight throughout the summer seemed to act as a powerful tonic. The rhubarb, for example, grew almost as tall as my head. The quality of the wheat and oats is

superb. For 20 years the yield of spring wheat at the station has averaged 37 bushels and oats 90 bushels. Peas have averaged 38 bushels to the acre. Alfalfa does well and can be cut twice a year, but the best results are obtained as a rule by cutting only once a year.

Perhaps the greatest contribution that Albright might make to the Arctic agricultural conference would be his knowledge of how to clear land cheaply with Diesel-powered caterpillar tractors, which shove a huge instrument looking something like a V-shaped snowplow but with a sharp cutting edge along the sides. This tool can cleanly cut, at the surface of the ground, trees up to six inches in diameter, and is ideally adapted to handling the birch and aspen of the north country.

North of the Beaver Lodge experiment station 500 miles or so is Norman Wells, famous Canol petroleum source. Here the Americans bumped into the trickiness of the permafrost. I noted that the first attempts at gardening were rather unsuccessful, not because of the climate, but because the soil had not yet been sufficiently oxidized by exposure to the air.

Farther to the northwest, I visited with Dean Gasser and President Bunnell of Alaska University, at the experiment station at Fairbanks. There, as an average for the past thirty years, they have been able to harvest a yield per acre of twenty bushels of wheat, seventy bushels of oats, and fifty bushels of Wisconsin barbless barley. The best pasture grass is brome, but bluegrass does almost as well. Everywhere in the north country, all the way across to Novo-Sibirsk, brome grass is No. 1 among the grasses.

I asked Dean Gasser which variety of wheat did best,

and he said the chugot. He says it ripens in ninety days and has a fine milling quality. All the spring wheat varieties from Canada and the United States are too late. The chugot variety was brought in many years ago from Siberia, but I never was able to find anyone in Soviet Asia who had ever heard of it. I asked Dean Gasser how many acres of land in Alaska were capable of producing from fifteen to twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. He replied: "More than 60,000,000."

This is an area nearly twice that of Iowa. The difficulty is that, under the methods customarily used, it costs nearly a hundred dollars to clear an acre. President Bunnell said that with tractor equipment the clearing could be done by machine for less than one-fourth the cost of hand clearing. It will take careful overhead organizational work of some kind to clear Alaskan and northwest Canadian land at a reasonable cost. Undoubtedly it would be possible to grow 100,000,000 bushels of wheat in Alaska, but the chances are that Alaska will never grow as much as 5,000,000 bushels, for the simple reason that it costs about twice as much to grow wheat in Alaska as it does in the United States. Because the freight from the United States to Fairbanks is very high, it probably will pay to grow all the wheat in Alaska that can be consumed there, but not a bushel more.

At the Fairbanks agricultural station I was interested in the pit silo lined with wood. The silage is made from oats and peas. The cows are Holsteins and are fed the same kind of rations as in the United States, with about the same results. The man in charge of the dairy experiment farm at Fairbanks is from Iowa. As a matter of fact, he went to school at Ames with my son, Henry B. I asked

him about the soil and he said it was lacking in both phosphorus and nitrogen. After a little phosphorus is supplied and a little Siberian alfalfa grown, the nitrogen is rapidly built up. Curiously enough, the freight on fertilizer and seeds from the United States to Alaska is less than half as much as on feed and flour.

The farthest-north commercial dairy in North America is run by a man named Cramer. He was shipping in his alfalfa hay from the States at $80 a ton. His mixed feed cost him $100 a ton. He was producing his own brome hay and oat-pea silage. He asked me if it was true that brome grass turned into quack grass. I told him no. He cursed the man who first brought quack grass into the Fairbanks territory. The previous day Cramer had worked in the field from half-past four in the morning until midnight. The absence of any summer night is hard on the nerves in this north country because a man tends to work himself out. Cramer complained that the labor of Alaska was getting too high wages. He was paying $200 a month plus board and room, and still could not get enough labor. Everything seems to be about twice as high in Alaska as it is in the United States. Cramer's barn was a typical dairy barn, but was equipped with furnace heat. His one boiler took care of both the house and barn and required only thirty tons of coal in the winter of 1943-44 to keep both sufficiently warm. He said the reason was that there is very little wind in the winter.

### *FARMS IN SIBERIA*

The day following our look at Cramer's dairy cattle, I was on the Russian side of Bering Strait, at the little

town of Velkal, with General Semeonov, looking at thirty-eight of the finest Yorkshire pigs I have ever seen anywhere. There were snowdrifts near-by but inside the pig house everything was comfortable, with each pig in his own individual pen. Their feed has to be shipped up from Vladivostok. The Russian Yorkshires are straight-nosed. They are all descended from about 800 pigs imported from England in the early twenties. A dash of Ukrainian and Siberian pig has been bred into the Yorkshire to give him additional hardiness and straighten out the pug nose.

Southwest of Velkal several hundred miles is Seimchan. Here the situation seemed to be remarkably like that at Fairbanks. It is only two feet down to the permafrost, but on top of the permafrost beautiful larch trees were growing. The only reason for agriculture in most of the northeastern part of the Soviet Union is to service the 250,000 miners who are busy taking coal, lead, and gold out of the earth. Dairy cows, pigs, and chickens are fed on grain shipped in from Vladivostok. Some hay and oat-pea silage is produced locally. There are hundreds of hotbeds and greenhouses producing tomatoes and cucumbers. Cucumbers seemed to take the place in the Russian diet that lettuce does in the American diet. The best hog man I met was a Lett by the name of Valaskayen. He told me that the breeders of his section had tried the Danish Landrace as well as the York, and had found that the York did better. In 1944 he raised 3,200 pigs from 320 sows. The ration is 80 per cent barley, 10 per cent cooked fish and 10 per cent rutabagas. On this diet the pigs gain two and two-tenths pounds per day. The pigs are also fed sprouted barley in order to make sure there is plenty of

vitamin B in the diet. This Lett was paid 4,500 rubles a month, or about $4,000 a year. Considering the high cost of living in the Far Northeast and his unusual expertness with pigs, I would say that this was not a bit too much.

At Komsomolsk on the Amur, the dairy cows were half Simmenthaler and half Kholmogory. The Simmenthalers are a yellow breed that originally came from Switzerland. Probably they are larger than any other domestic breed of cattle. The Kholmogory are a modified Holstein, introduced into the Archangel region from Holland in 1710. The Russians have found that a cross of these two breeds gives excellent results.

The chickens were all white leghorns. On none of the up-to-date farms in Soviet Asia did I see anything but white leghorn chickens and Yorkshire hogs. The cattle are usually Simmenthaler, Kholmogory, Holstein, or Yaroslav. Nowhere did I see any beef cattle of the Shorthorn, Hereford, or Angus type. On the state farms the cleanliness observed in connection with the pig houses and cow barns was in excess of anything I have seen in the United States, although the equipment was not equal to that of our experiment stations.

At the gold-mining center of Bereliakh, I found an acre in greenhouses and a half-acre in hotbeds. This is too far north for potatoes, but cabbage will grow well. Strangely enough, watermelons will grow well also provided they are started in late March in the hotbeds and the glass is left off during the summer. The chief agronomist at Bereliakh, Palman, was paid only 3,000 rubles a month, but he was just as well informed about greenhouse and garden practice as the Lett hog man was about pigs.

Proceeding farther southeast, we came to Yakutsk. The town is still in the area of the permafrost, but about forty miles south of Yakutsk there is a very interesting experiment station which reminded me in many ways of the work being done at Fairbanks. The climate is almost identical. At the station were 200 employees and 10 directors of scientific research, supervising the work on 500 acres of land. The station is the seed-distributing center for an area two-thirds as large as the U.S.A. Their long-time average wheat yield is 18 bushels an acre, oats 30, barley 28. The favorite variety of oats is the Golden Rain. Both the soil and the climate seemed to me to be a little less favorable than at Fairbanks. The winters here are very severe, but the farmers have found they can carry apple trees through the winter by training them to grow parallel to the ground, and then in the fall covering them with pine boughs and putting earth on top of the pine. In the spring the trees are uncovered and painted with whitewash to prevent sunscald. The ordinary tree, when it reaches a height of about two feet and a spread of ten feet, yields around five pounds of fruit.

About 1,200 miles southwest of Yakutsk, near Irkutsk, there is a state farm known as the First of May that specializes in fruit. In many ways the climate and soil compare to that at Beaver Lodge experiment station. The apple trees grow about ten feet high and yield many times as much as in the Far North country. Here are found many of the varieties originated by Michurin, the great Russian horticulturist, who has a considerably higher reputation than Burbank. I found it interesting to note that the lower branches of the apple trees bloom much earlier than the upper branches. The favorite varieties

of apples were Tungus, Ania, Record, Teefovka, Ranet. This particular state farm sells millions of trees every year to the collective farms. Most of the workers were women and were paid 200 rubles a month, plus room and board. The manager of the dairy barn was a young woman who had graduated from the institute at Moscow. She was very proud of her cows, among which was one Simmenthaler that produced about ninety pounds of milk a day. She told me that their milk was being sold wholesale for about eight cents a quart but was retailing in town for twenty-five cents.

We visited a collective farm of 142 families that had 400 men in the army and 70 women engaged exclusively in war work. There were so few men to run the farm that the women were operating the tractors. Asked how the women got along with the tractors, the female manager said: "They do more work than the men ever did." During 1944, women earned 71 per cent of the aggregate workdays put in on all farms throughout the Soviet Union; over a million collective farm women were tractor drivers.

The government owns the land, but the collective farm has a lease in perpetuity to the land. In return for this lease and for the tractors and combines furnished by the government tractor stations, the collective farm is obligated to sell 60 per cent of its grain to the government at one-fourth its market value. Every worker on the farm has a rating. A tractor driver may have a rating of one and a half labor days. The average family receives about 560 labor day units. By doing more work, people can increase their rating during the year. All this means a

lot of hard work for the bookkeeping staff of three. We were given the bookkeeper's account of this farm.*

The government, in addition to the land, the tractors and combines, also furnished the schoolhouse and the schoolteachers. It was a seven-year elementary school, but I was amazed on visiting it to find how much emphasis was placed on the teaching of science, even in the lower grades.

In my session with the professors at the Irkutsk University, the soil man told me that most of the local soil needs nitrogen. Some of it needs phosphate also. The Garnet variety of wheat from Canada seemed to be quite

* The Red Dawn Collective Farm—June, 1944
(Irkutsk district, East Siberian *oblast*)

*Land Distribution*
(in acres)

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Total | 20,000 | | |
| Subdivisions: | | *Inventory* | |
| 1. Plowed land | 5,100 | | |
| 2. Fallow land | 3,300 | Horses | 112 |
| 3. Hay fields | 1,800 | Tractors | 9 |
| 4. Common pasture | 1,900 | Combines | 3 |
| 5. Gardens of individual members | 140 | | |
| 6. Hot beds | 5 | Yield-average | |
| 7. Orchards | 12 | 860 lbs per acre | |
| 8. Vineyards | .... | | |
| 9. Communal buildings and homes | 42 | | |
| 10. Handicraft shops | 32 | | |
| 11. Forest | 5,400 | | |
| 12. Protective wood belts | .... | | |
| 13. Cutover land with stumps remaining | 100 | | |

| *Earnings per "Labor Day"* | | *Personnel* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cash | 7.50 rubles | Member families | 108 |
| Grain | 4.4 pounds | Men in army | 400 |
| Potatoes | 6.6 " | Women in industry | 50 |
| Cabbage | 6.6 " | Work done by women | 70% |
| Beets | 2.2 " | Agronomist | 1 |
| Carrots | 2.2 " | Veterinarian | 1 |
| Other Vegetables | 4.4 " | Bookkeeper | 1 |
| Honey | 0.11 " | Clerks | 2 |

popular. Here, as at Yakutsk, the Golden Rain variety of oats appeared to do well. The two popular varieties of potatoes were the Early Rose and the Lorch. The Lorch is a variety developed near Moscow and seems to thrive all over Soviet Asia.

The farm-machinery man told me the Russians now make all their own tractors, and that 70 per cent of the land around Irkutsk was being plowed by tractors. In that immediate vicinity were 3,500 tractors and 1,500 combines. According to the forestry man, 80 per cent of the territory around Irkutsk was covered by woods; chiefly of larch, then pine, cedar, spruce, and birch.

The Thaelman collective farm, 80 miles east of Ulan-Ude, has 305 families and 6,750 acres of cultivated land, of which about 3,000 acres are in wheat and 1,600 in oats. The farm has 3,500 acres of pastureland; its herds number 730 horses, 4,200 cattle, nearly 800 sheep, 130 pigs. The cows yielded only about 200 pounds of milk, but they were the Mongol breed which has a 6 per cent fat test. Here I found for the first time a typical silo. They said the plans had come from the University of Wisconsin. It appeared to be an octagonal, formed by nailing boards twelve inches wide one on top of the other, thus giving walls a foot thick. This preserved the silage quite well but the cost of construction was very high. For some reason, possibly because the soil was poor, this collective farm paid less to the government than the one near Irkutsk. The armed services had taken 283 men, and 27 had been killed. I was told about one of the Mongol heroes who had killed 1,442 Germans.

In the old days, the Mongols of the Thaelman farm were nomads following their flocks and living in felt

tents called *yurtas* by the Russians, *ger* by the Mongols. As a result of the leadership of the Russians, they shifted over to wooden houses, which are much more comfortable in winter. As a result of shifting to the wood houses, they soon found they were overusing the near-by pasturage. During the past two or three years they have gone back to tents for the summer, as they can take one down and set it up in two hours and thus follow their herds to fresh pastures. This particular collective farm has three veterinarians. Telephone lines are strung out to key points in the pasture so that a veterinarian can rapidly be summoned. The workday wage on this farm was six or seven rubles plus about five pounds of grain, milk, and butter.

In Buryat-Mongolia they have one of the finest botanical stations anywhere in Soviet Asia. Here are eighty different types of alfalfa, derived from three different species. The director of the station, Valentine A. Svyatogor, has produced 242 different hybrids and has some very promising possibilities. Among the promising pasture grasses he listed were brome grass and three different relatives of crested wheat grass, none of which we are growing at the present time in the United States.

Going still farther south and west, we came to the experimental station near Abakhan, a gold and coal mining town of 80,000 people. This is in the southern part of the Yenisei valley. Here for the first time I was far enough south to find an interest in corn. It is planted about the middle of May and harvested in September. The farmers harvest three cuttings of alfalfa, with a yield of four to five tons to the acre. The favorite variety of wheat is the Kitchener, with the Meelturum in second place. This is

the part of Siberia where the best fruit is raised. With the help of irrigation, the farmers get excellent yields of sugar beets. If I wished to obtain Siberian seeds of apple or other fruits for trial in Minnesota, North Dakota, and Montana, I would write to Director Anatolia Yakovlevich Banteliev at Abakhan.

We flew farther east to Novo-Sibirsk, and near there visited what was known as a fruit-berry selection station, the director of which, Andrei Chenko, was extremely interested in gooseberries. He had only 100 acres in fruits and berries but he employed 4 scientists and 40 workers at rather intensive labor. He was experimenting with crossing the gooseberry and the currant, and the cross was fruiting in 1944 for the first time. He told me the Saxonka, which had been introduced from Germany, was an excellent strawberry. Farther north, I had found the Victoria strawberry the most popular. It was at this station, near Novo-Sibirsk, that Dr. Hanson, the hardy fruit man from South Dakota, had apparently established a friendly relation several years ago. They still speak of him and are trying out his varieties of plums. They are testing 2,500 different sorts of apple and many different strains of the Shadberry or June berry. Their work with the Shadberry is especially interesting because Albright of the Beaver Lodge station in Canada is also trying to develop a superior strain of that variety.

We went up the Ob River by boat to the grain-experiment station. The workers there have done a lot of experimenting with winter wheat, but so far results have been discouraging. I am sure that the director of the station, Mr. Vasiliev, would appreciate receiving some strains of hardy winter wheat from Minnesota or North

Dakota. My guess, however, is that there is no winter wheat in existence that could stand the kind of winter that comes to the Novo-Sibirsk section. The most popular spring wheats have been developed by crossing the variety known as Kitchener. The Thatcher variety, recently developed in the United States, is liked—because it is stiff-strawed. I was told that some of the best wheat-breeding work was being done at Omsk, but unfortunately I was unable to go that far west.

The station workers were doing extensive experimenting with esparset, which they said was hardier than alfalfa and even better from the nutritional point of view. It is a legume that vines quite a bit. So far as I know, we haven't experimented with it in the United States for many years. They seem to like very much a kind of vetch with the scientific name of *vicia peekta*. About twenty acres were being devoted to the breeding of brome grass, and they were very proud of one sort that was very deep-rooted but had only a small number of root stocks and therefore did not become as sodbound as ordinary brome grass does. They also had about ten acres in slender wheat grass. They have developed a very early type of millet, known as proso, which is nonshattering in the wind. The ordinary proso drops a high percentage of its seed on the ground. They gave me some of the seed, which I transmitted to our Department of Agriculture. They also promised to give me some seed of a watermelon that grows outdoors and matures in this rigorous climate. Unfortunately, in the haste of the trip, I failed to get the seed. Also, I was unable to visit the animal-husbandry station, where extensive efforts are being made to develop a new hardy breed based on a cross of Holstein with

the hardy Siberian cow, which gives very little milk but milk with over 6 per cent fat.

### *IN SOVIET CENTRAL ASIA*

The next day we traveled several hundred miles farther to the southwest, to Semipalatinsk, the land of broad pastures and little rainfall. Semipalatinsk prides itself that it slaughters 16,000 head of cattle daily and is second only to Chicago in the slaughter of cattle. In some ways the country reminded me of the Texas Panhandle as I had known it in 1909, when I drove across the prairie in a Stevens automobile from Plainview to Lubbock. This time we drove forty miles across country having practically nothing either in the way of fences or roads. Finally we came to what was known as the Kalinin Kazakh collective farm. This might be called a peripatetic collective farm, because its seventy-five families lived in *yurtas* the year round and continually picked them up to follow their flocks and herds whenever the pasture played out. This particular *kolkhoz* had 3,000 sheep, 300 horses, and 200 cattle. And the veterinarian servicing these livestock was a girl.

The president of the *kolkhoz,* Mukhan Ilyashev, invited us into his very nicely furnished tent and offered us big bowls of *kumiss.* This is mare's milk that has been fermented a day or two. It contains 3 or 4 per cent of alcohol and is very acid. *Kumiss* is undoubtedly in good part the explanation for the health of the desert tribes. Mr. Ilyashev told me the mares gave about nine quarts of milk a day apiece.

Most of the Central Asian horses have had top crosses

of English thoroughbreds, but in this particular collective there had been no crossbreeding. I hope that no outside blood is introduced, because I think these Kazakh horses have greater milk-producing ability than most horses. The Kazakh horse reminds me somewhat of a Morgan, but its temperament seems to be much milder. If evenness of temper is a value in a horse, it might be worthwhile some day to import some of the Kazakh horses into the United States. About half the sheep in the Semipalatinsk territory seemed to be black or brown in color. The wool is the long carpet type. There are many camels. Proso is one of the favorite grain crops. Before leaving, we were entertained by a concert; the girls sang Kazakh folk songs and an old man strumming a primitive banjo sang a song about the railroad.

We flew still farther south and west, to Tashkent, the land of the Uzbeks, where the climate is much like that of Los Angeles. Here they have some excellent scientific work that goes back to the time of the Czars. I was amazed to see in their office files some of the latest English and American scientific literature and excellent microscopes and technicians. They knew all about our most up-to-date insecticides and were eager to get some to try out.

At the cotton experiment station, the workers pride themselves on their colored cotton. Our cotton breeders have long wanted to test some of it, but thus far the Russians have not let it leave the country. The brown and green colored cottons were developed by crossing with the wild brown varieties of western Asia. Good yields have been obtained from crosses involving the Mexican sort known as Acala. Some 2,500 different sorts are being

tested at the station, including the wild tree-cotton from Mexico, which will stand a temperature of 20 degrees. Most of the wild cottons have only 26 chromosomes, and to cross them with the regular American cotton it was necessary to double the chromosomes. This they do by applying 2 per cent of colchicum and lanolin (grease of sheep's wood) at the growing point.

Tashkent is in about the latitude of New York City; therefore the days are much longer than in American sections where cottons are customarily grown. As a result of these long days, many of our Southern cottons will not come into flower at Tashkent unless they are grafted on a northern stock. The Russians, especially Lysenko, the famous antagonist of Mendelism, place great emphasis on the influence which can be exerted by the stock on the graft.

The cotton work at Tashkent is excellent from both theoretical and practical points of view. Yield and staple-length of the cotton have been greatly increased in recent years. The Tashkent workers claimed yields of several bales to the acre. I found that hard to believe even though all the cotton is irrigated. They are doing much work with alfalfa around Tashkent. They reap from four to seven cuttings per year and from six to ten tons to the acre.

This is where the Russian rubber-producing dandelion came from, known as *Kok-sageez*. They also have another rubber plant known as *Ta-Usaleez*. The secret of growing this last plant is to plant the seed in the fall.

The next day we went to a vegetable experimental station where much work is being done with watermelons, muskmelons, potatoes, and tomatoes. There I learned for

the first time that the Russian watermelon has the male and female elements in the same flower, whereas the American has the male and female flowers growing in separate places on the plant. Because the American watermelons that have been experimented with in Tashkent cross-pollinate very easily, it was impossible to keep them pure. The Russians specialize in storing the watermelons through the winter. The secret is to keep them in a place where there is no light and hold them at a temperature of from 40° to 60°.

The most popular early potato at Tashkent is the Courier. The farmers like to plant it about January 20 and then harvest the tubers in June. This is when they have the big crop. However, they plant again about July 20. The purpose of this second planting is largely to grow the best possible kind of seed to plant in January. In other words, since the Tashkent farmers can't go to Minnesota or Maine to get superior seed potatoes, they have to grow their own. An Uzbek woman was in charge of the potato work, and, like the many other women in scientific work in Russia, she seemed to know exactly what she was up to.

Great quantities of garlic were being harvested. It seemed that garlic was in tremendous demand in the Russian Army as a source of vitamins and antibiotic substances. The Russians found out some years ago that both garlic and onions can serve in much the same way as penicillin. The Russians want strong onions; they say our American sorts are too weak.

We visited a *kolkhoz* of 240 families near Tashkent where apparently the farmers were making quite a bit of money. Incidentally, we met the brother of the president

of the *kolkhoz,* who had the distinction of having killed a hundred Germans. At this collective farm a tractor driver receives for a season's work of a few weeks about $100 in cash plus 15 bushels of grain. When the tractor season is over he is free to do other things.

From Tashkent we turned west again to Alma-Ata. The country around that city is like western Oregon in many respects, though it is perhaps more sunny. At the fruit experiment station, the workers are doing some fine things with apples, plums, grapes, strawberries, currants, raspberries, and prunes. Their best red apple is known as the Alexander. The best raspberry is the Marlborough. They think they have developed an especially fine prune, known as the Markova. Andrei G. Pruss, the director, told me that some of the best apple work in Russia was being done by a man called Yakovlev. The name of the man dealing most extensively with plums was Tikhonov, from Kharkov. The cherry man was Teteorov, from Leningrad. Both at Alma-Ata and at Tashkent, they are doing extensive work with grapes.

From the American Far North, through Siberia to Central Asia, in all the vast country of Soviet Asia where the whole range of climate differences are like those of the United States—Tashkent like California, Alma-Ata like Oregon, Novo-Sibirsk like North Dakota, Buryat-Mongolia like Montana, Yakutsk like Fairbanks—everywhere I found the experimenters busily at work.

# 14

# NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER

## *MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING*

AGAIN I am in Washington. My office is no longer in the Senate Building of the Capitol. Now I receive callers at the Department of Commerce, opposite the Washington Monument. In the winter and fall I walk down to the office. But in the summer I rise early, as usual, and go out to tend my garden.

Sometimes while at work in the garden I have occasion to reflect about keeping the peace, which is becoming more and more world job No. 1, and is much like keeping a garden in good order. You have to work at it day in and day out, otherwise the rains wash away the soil and the weeds get so deeply rooted that it is impossible to pull them out without destroying many good plants as well. If we are not to break faith with the boys who have died,

we must invent and use better machinery for weeding the world's garden.

In working at the job of keeping the peace, we must always remember that the people of America are our most valuable possession. The people of any nation are its most valuable possession, because men are more important than dollars or material blessings. Since human beings are every nation's most important resource, it follows that friendship among peoples is the surest pledge of enduring peace. Friendship, like every human relationship, has to be cultivated as constantly as a garden to keep it flourishing. Mutual understanding among the world's peoples is the certain road to world peace. What means have we today to foster mutual understanding among the world's peoples, and with Soviet Asia in particular? These means are modern airways, the world-wide firsthand contacts they make possible, and consultation on common problems within the framework of a world organization. Let us examine each in the order named.

## *AIRWAYS OF THE FUTURE*

I personally would like to see the day when there is an airport every 200 miles along the Great Circle route across Alaska and Siberia, and when it is possible to travel from Buenos Aires to Paris by jitney plane. En route, travelers could stop at Washington, Chungking, and Moscow. They would fly almost entirely overland, cross four of the earth's continents, and become familiar with four of the great world cultures—the Latin, the Anglo-Saxon, the Chinese, and the Soviet Russian. Re-

turning home, each would expand the mental horizons of his fellow countrymen, promoting an atmosphere favorable to enduring friendship among the United Nations.

The fifty-odd nations of the world can in fact become linked together and developed through modern airways in much the same way that the forty-eight states of our Union became welded successively by prairie schooner, railway express, and transcontinental motor road. Some imperialist-minded individuals, seeing the opportunities before us, urge that after the war American aviators ought to be permitted to fly anywhere in the world, but that not a single foreign plane should ever fly over any part of the United States. This astonishing idea seems to be first cousin to the fallacy that we can sell our goods everywhere in the world at the same time that we keep foreigners from selling to us. Many problems are bound up in the question of our postwar relationships with other nations in the field of aviation. We shall never solve them in a constructive way—and in a way that will promote peace instead of war—if we base our approach on such absurd and fuzzy thinking.

Air power has taught us that distance is no guarantee of security, and at the same time has given us the opportunity for vastly wider contacts among the world's nations. Future security will rest in developing our new international contacts on the basis of multilateral agreements in which there is freedom of give and take. Critics of my mission to East Asia pictured me as having gone to act as "Santa Claus for the State Department," my reindeer the powerful motors of a transport plane, my bags bulging with gifts like those of "any child's Kriss Kringle

on Christmas Eve." The picture is false and one-sided. Our biggest baggage was seeds, and we carried out an interchange. There was give and take, a fundamental to any good-neighborly relation. And to be a good neighbor is the essential spirit of the American community.

In cultivating the new contacts with East Asia, and with Soviet Asia in particular, our Pacific Northwest up to Alaska will play the major role because the direct shipping lanes by sea and air pass that way across the ocean and through the Arctic. Alaska must therefore be our first care in promoting new developments at home. President Roosevelt realized this when he said in 1944 that it "has only been scratched and it is still a country of pioneers." President Truman also has the future of Alaska in mind, and has advocated the completion of the great Alcan highway as a vital defense project. This highway, on completion, will bring Bering Strait within reach of vacationers traveling by family motorcar. It will also open new land to settlement.

On the prospects of settlement in Alaska, I would add a word of caution. In my opinion disappointment awaits the returning war veteran or any other person of pioneer spirit who goes north in the hope of doing everything by himself on an individualistic basis. The new settlement in Alaska if it is to be successful must be on a co-operative basis. We can learn a lot from the Russians about how to colonize the northern frontier. The new towns in the Siberian North were all founded as community projects—with housing, food supply, and recreational problems tackled on a social basis in advance of large-scale settlement.

We can also learn much from the Scandinavian coun-

tries—Norway, Sweden, and Finland—where the climate, the crops, and other resources are quite like those found in Alaska. In spite of cold and winter darkness, these countries have developed civilization to a very high and prosperous level. We can learn from our next-door neighbor to the north, Canada, and should extend every support to the newly founded International Arctic Institute of North America that has been organized by American and Canadian scientists.

Because all northern countries stand to gain from a discussion of common problems, I proposed while at Edmonton that an Arctic Agricultural Conference be convened, with Alaskans, Canadians, Scandinavians, and Russians participating. Such a conference could be convoked under the auspices of the Social and Economic Council of the new United Nations Security Organization.

### *FIRSTHAND CONTACTS*

Soviet Russia is our nearest neighbor in Asia. With her we share a common border in the North Pacific and nowhere else in the world. In our commerce and diplomacy, the United States and Soviet Russia do not need any brokers or middlemen. We can deal with one another directly.

The people of the United States should have been taught the truth about the Russian Revolution from the very start. The lack of this knowledge of the true Russia could either have cost us our national life or the lives of millions of our boys.

Soviet Russia's valiant stand against Nazi aggression saved American lives, and it was with deep gratitude that

I shook hands with many a Soviet Asian farmer who had the distinction of having killed upwards of a hundred Germans, potential slayers of our own young men. Russia, as my friend Senator Claude Pepper once remarked, through her powerful Red Army, "has given us as a gift the lives and futures of a million American boys." By her timely entry into the war against Japan, Soviet Russia helped shorten its duration and saved addditional American lives that might have been lost in prolonged Pacific battles.

I personally think Russia and the United States can be of great benefit to each other and to the world. They must understand each other directly and not through intermediaries.

That is why Alaska is so important. That is why the Polar Bear Airways proposed by Colonel Kight and Colonel Mazuruk seemed to be so significant. That is why I did what I could to facilitate the exchange of seeds and literature between Alaska University and the experiment station south of Yakutsk. That is why I proposed the Arctic Agricultural Conference.

I hope the Russian Government will let American tourists travel freely in Soviet Asia. And I hope the American tourists prove worthy of the privilege. Once Americans learn to speak the Russian language, they will find the ordinary Russian folks exceedingly interesting. I know that the farm people of the Middle West can understand them, so long as they do not get involved in ideological talk. I hope for the day when a dozen American farm boys will be studying agriculture at the University of Irkutsk.

As a result of traveling through Soviet Asia, I became

more than ever convinced that a broader basis for American-Soviet understanding was important not only for speedy victory but also for permanent peace. More Americans should study Russian, should attend Russian universities, and should live in the smaller Russian towns. We should take whatever steps are necessary to enable more Russians to come to our universities to study. The more firsthand contacts there are between the United States and Soviet Russia, the less likely we are to have World War III.

Those of us who have traveled among many peoples know that the languages and customs of all nations are matters of the most profound interest. The souls of the people are reflected in the customs that have come down out of the past. How often have I heard our late President Roosevelt toast a distinguished foreigner at a White House banquet, and in so doing display the most intimate insight into the psychology of other peoples.

As an axiomatic first principle, study the language, the customs, and the history of the people you plan to visit before you rush down to the airway terminal to book passage abroad. Aircraft have made it easier to meet people at firsthand in all parts of the world and to put this first principle of international understanding into effect, but air power has not altered the imperative force of this axiom in human understanding. Long before the rise of modern rapid communications, the great medieval interpreter between the Orient and the Occident, Marco Polo, had learned this first principle well.

Marco Polo journeyed overland by camel and pack animal through Central Asia 650 years ago from the Mediterranean to the Palace of Kublai Khan at Peking.

There he so impressed the great Khan with his learning that the Mongol emperor appointed him an envoy to an outlying province six months' journey from the capital of the great Eurasian empire which had risen on the conquests of Genghis Khan. In his classic book of travel, Marco Polo explained his success by saying that he had mastered "well not only the used language and conditions of those people, but also three other languages and could write and read them."

Marco Polo's book makes interesting reading even today, especially to anyone who has seen modern Eastern Asia. "Tartary," Polo wrote, was a province in which "groweth no kind of sustenance, neither corn nor rice, and the people live only upon the flesh and milk of mares, and no man maketh war against them, nor they against no man." Marco Polo's "Tartary" is evidently the area of inner Asia known today as Kazakhstan or Outer Mongolia.

Farther to the north and west, Polo wrote, was the country of "Rouseland," which was "a strong country. There be very fair men and women, and unto no man they give tribute. There is a great merchandise of noble furs for apparell. In Rouseland there be found many mines of silver, also such fervent cold that people can scarce live."

Marco Polo has been called the father of modern geography. He could also be named the prophet of the progressive spirit of modern man. His habits of observation, his mastery of languages, his venturesome spirit are all A-1 qualities for a traveler or envoy abroad today, even though we meet our neighbors in the Pacific, as else-

where, at a thousand points of common contact where Marco Polo had but few.

In travel-time, the whole world is actually smaller than our little country was in George Washington's day. When he was inaugurated 156 years ago, it took 7 days to go by horse-drawn vehicle from Mount Vernon to New York. During the Constitutional Convention of 1787, James Madison, a Virginian who became our Fourth President, wrote that "of the affairs of Georgia I know as little as of those of Kamchatka." Northeast Siberia was the remotest place imaginable to Madison, who felt the state of Georgia was equally remote.

When I was in Soviet Asia on the other side of the planet, the talks that I gave to the Russians were later broadcast by the Moscow radio. Short-wave listening stations here in the United States picked up the broadcasts and released the texts to the American newspapers. As a result, people at home could keep tab on what I said while traveling through the once-distant country of northeast Siberia, "Tartary" and "Rouseland." Distance can no longer be pleaded as just cause for us to remain ignorant of lands abroad.

Remoteness has disappeared as a factor retarding a broad world outlook. We have the tools of integration to gain wider understanding. The tools themselves can be overemphasized. But when events are measured in terms of our national destiny, the rowboat that carried Washington across the Delaware at Valley Forge was on a par with the Skymaster plane which carried President Roosevelt overseas to Casablanca, to Teheran, to Yalta. With both men, our nation took a step forward. The tools of communication we use are always accessory. The primary

thing is man and his role in the struggle for freedom. It follows that the more firsthand contacts there are among freedom-loving peoples, the less chance there is for any new attempt at world domination to succeed.

"Today, science has brought all the different quarters of the globe so close together that it is impossible to isolate them one from the other," said Franklin D. Roosevelt in an address to Americans that he wrote the night before he died. "Today," he continued, "we are faced with the pre-eminent fact that, if civilization is to profit, we must cultivate the science of human relationships—the ability of all peoples, of all kinds, to live together, to work together in the same world, at peace."

## *ALLIES FOR PEACE IN WORLD ORGANIZATION*

In 1946 I am more than ever convinced that the peace and prosperity of the future depend on the United States and Soviet Russia living together harmoniously as fully participating members of the World Organization. One will be the exponent of free-enterprise democracy, the other of directed democracy. One will lay its primary emphasis on the political freedoms, the other on the economic rights.

Our two countries will inevitably affect each other. Russia already is granting her people more of the political freedoms. We in the United States are talking more and more about what President Roosevelt called the economic bill of rights.

This does not mean that the United States is adopting communism nor that Soviet Russia is coming over to free-enterprise democracy, with freedom of the press and the

right of private ownership. But it does mean that the common man is in the saddle and that his desire for a job and maximum production widely shared without loss of freedom will have a profound effect on both nations and through them on the entire world.

Our free-enterprise democracy is constantly changing, and the Soviet-guided democracy is changing, and the peace of the world demands that we have a friendly understanding of each other as we change. It is because of my belief in the high importance of this understanding that the foregoing report on Soviet Asia has been prepared.

In my journey to Eastern Asia, I was the messenger for President Roosevelt. Roosevelt was the No. 1 citizen both of America and of the world. He understood and loved the Latins. He never looked on Pan-Americanism as a regional instrument of power politics. Rather, he felt it to be the prelude to world democracy. No one had such a vantage point as he from which to survey the whole world. He recognized fascism for what it is, a world-wide disease. Its greatest threat to the United States will come now, *after the war,* either via Latin America or within the United States itself. Fascism in the postwar world inevitably will push steadily for Anglo-American imperialism and eventually for war with Russia.

If Roosevelt were with us, he could still say today, as he did in 1942, "the road ahead is dark and perilous." He would not underestimate the strength of the enemies of peace. The enemies of peace are those who are deliberately trying to stir up trouble between the United States and Russia. They know that the United States and Russia are the two most powerful nations in the world, and that

without both of them in the world organization permanent peace is impossible.

Before the blood of our boys is scarcely dry on the field of battle, these enemies of peace try to lay the foundation for World War III. These people must not succeed in their foul enterprise. We must offset their poison by following the policies of Roosevelt in cultivating the friendship of Russia in peace as well as in war. I know this is the intention of President Truman. I am also satisfied that it is the will of the vast majority of the American people.

I am likewise sure that it is an objective in the work of today's leaders in Soviet Russia. A fortnight after President Roosevelt died, the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. assembled in Moscow for its annual session to discuss the national budget. The opening speech at this Soviet congress was made by N. M. Shvernik, now President of the Supreme Soviet's Presidium, and he began with this tribute to Roosevelt:

"The Soviet people will always honor the memory of the great President as a man with whose name is associated the establishment of solid mutual relations between the peoples of the Soviet Union and the United States, as a great organizer of the struggle of freedom-loving nations against the common enemy, as a fighter for the attainment of security in the whole world.

"To our profound sorrow, Franklin Roosevelt did not live to see the day of final victory over the enemy. In commiseration with the American people at the untimely death of Franklin Roosevelt, the Soviet people are convinced that the work to which the late President devoted so much effort and energy will be continued with success.

"Let the friendship between our peoples, having endured the test of war, flourish also in the future as a grand memorial to the late President Roosevelt." Standing with bowed heads, and before turning to the crowded agenda of Russian national affairs, all members of the Supreme Soviet observed a moment's silent tribute to Roosevelt's memory, the memory of a global trumpeter for peace and security after the war.

And so I say that, though Roosevelt is gone, his spirit still lives, and as long as he lives in the hearts of his countrymen there will be peace with Russia and such an accord between its people and ours that, together, we shall preserve the peace of the world. Working together, there are no limits to what we can accomplish for human well-being, just as there is no limit to the human misery that would be caused by the fomenting of suspicion and hate between us.

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